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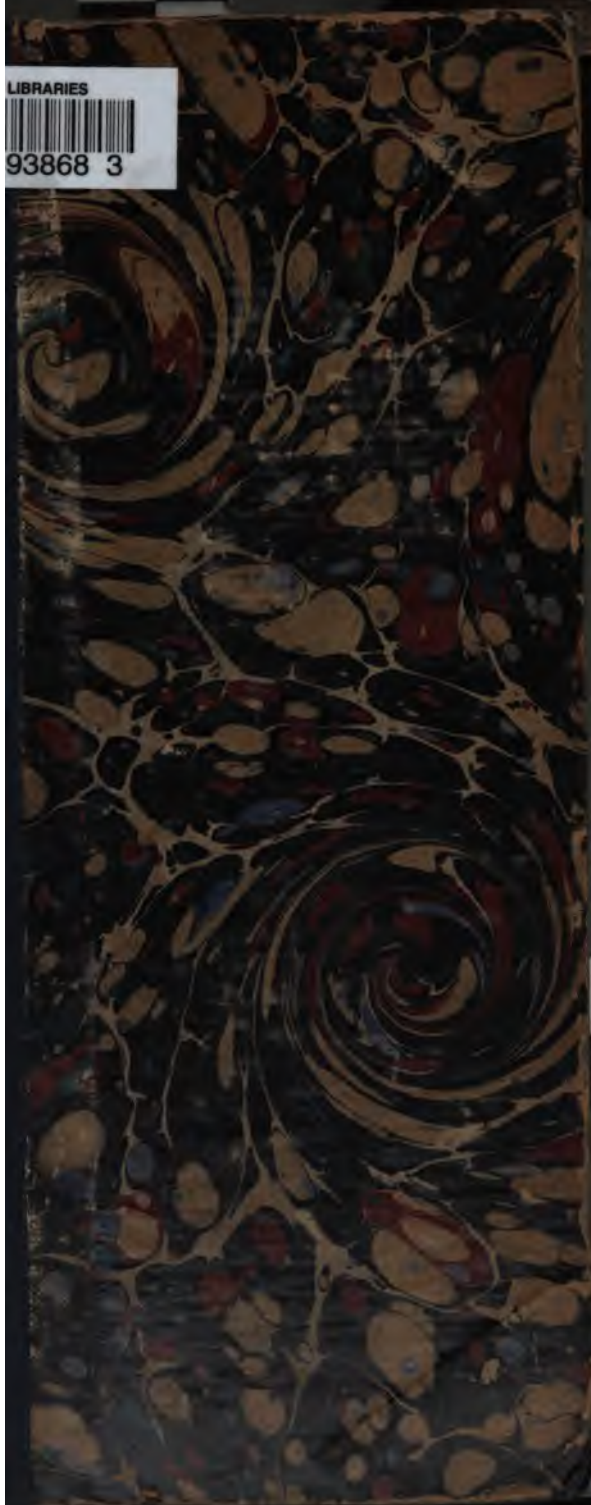
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# LOVE.

by Charlotte Susan Maria Campbell,  
afterwards Bur

BY THE AUTHORESS OF

"FLIRTATION," "THE DIVORCED," &c.

What 'tis to love:

It is to be all made of sighs and tears;—  
It is to be all made of faith and service;—  
It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;  
All adoration, duty, and observance;  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;  
All purity, all trial, all observance.

SHAKESPEARE.

Oh Love! what is it in this world of ours  
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah! why  
With cypress branches hast thou wreathed thy bowers,  
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?

BYRON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

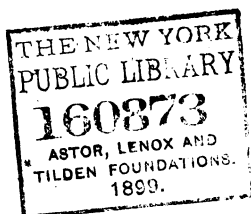


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# L O V E.

## CHAPTER I.

### BILLIARDS.

Who loves, raves—"Tis youth's frenzy—but the cure  
Is bitterer still; as charm by charm unwinds,  
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure,  
Ner worth, nor beauty dwells from out our minds.  
\* Ideal shape of such, yet still it binds  
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,  
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft sown winds;  
The stubborn heart its alchemy begun,  
Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest, when most undone.

CHILDE HAROLD, C. IV., st. CXXIII.

"Or all the men who have ever touched the subject of love, not one knew what form it takes in woman's breast so well as Lord Byron; and even *he* is sometimes at fault. A *woman only* can paint the endless varieties of the passion as it exists in various women under various stages of its ravages, and of their several stations and situations."

So spake Miss Clermont one day to Lord Herbert, as she sat in a window with a volume of the poet in her hand.

"What do you say, Miss Clermont?" he asked, as he pulled his dog's ears till he made it scream, merely for idleness—"what horrid weather it is; I cannot get one day's coursing."

"Well, never mind the weather, try to amuse yourself at home. Will you teach me billiards?"

"With the greatest pleasure," he answered, as if she had done him the most essential service by finding him at that moment a pleasurable occupation. They proceeded to the billiard-room. Lord Herbert chose a mace from the stand, and gave it her.

"No, no," she replied. "If I undertake any thing, I like to do it thoroughly: I will play with a cue, or not at all."

"Phoo, Miss Clermont, you will never learn with a cue, believe me; begin, at least, by the less difficult instrument."

"What shall we play for?" asked Miss Clermont—taking up two or three cues and poising them in her hand, as she ran her eye along them to ascertain their weight and truth of line.

"Play for! That's a good joke; as if you had a chance with *me*. You, who never played before."

"I have played a little," she answered, "with my brother when he was in town; but you knew little how we passed our hours at that time; we seldom saw you *then*; but come, let us to our game—what shall we play for?"

"Nay," replied Lord Herbert, "since you are so skilful, let our stake be that the winner shall pay the loser whatever guerdon may be most acceptable to them."

"Done," said Miss Clermont. "Done," echoed Lord Herbert; "and now to our game."

She bowed, threw her cue lightly in the air, twisting it, and caught it dexterously.

"Well done: that dexterity of hand and eye makes me look at my antagonist with fear. I give you the first ball, of course—to a lady I could not be so uncourteous as do otherwise."

"A game is a game," said Miss Clermont, "it is a strife and must be striven for fairly. We will both strike our balls, and according to the rule, that which lies nearest the allowed mark, shall be the right of precedence in playing."

Lord Herbert laughed, and bowed, and did as he was ordered; but he looked more at his antagonist than at the table, and drawing a quick sharp stroke, his ball rebounded back against the cushion, and then wandered over the table in all directions. Not so Miss Clermont's, she had placed one foot firmly on the ground, lifted the other gracefully, not in a masculine attitude in the air, and bending her figure slightly over the table, drew a gentle but deliberate and sure aim, and measured her distances so precisely, that the ball stepped, as it were, into its own place.

"Now," she said, "I *take my right*, having gained it. Into which of the pockets do you choose I should bag the *red ball*?"

"You do not mean to go through the game in this style?" he answered, laughing.

"We shall see," was her reply.

"Into the right hand pocket, then," he answered, his eyes expressing a sort of surprise, that it was pleasant to her to create. Again he beheld the graceful line of her bending figure; her rounded arm, the delicate hand, the eye of searching and assured glance. Again she gave the electric blow; the balls flew, reeled on the pocket's brim, and then both dropped into it, as though it had been the business of her life to have mastered the game.

"By all that is skilful," exclaimed Lord Herbert, "I wish I could do as much! but it is not possible you should always play thus; it is accident, confess it is; a lucky chance merely."

"Will you do me the favour, Lord Herbert, to place the balls?" He obeyed. "Now, shall I cannon on the right hand side or on the left, by *ricochet*?"

"Oh! the *impracticable* by all means;" and the impracticable appeared as practicable to her as the easier achievement. In fine Miss Clermont carried the whole game, without giving Lord Herbert time to make one single ball. His surprise was extreme, his praise of her skill unbounded; and as he eulogized her knowledge of the game, his own peculiar favourite game, he felt that her fascination was as complete as her skill. Some days after, Lord Herbert had collected various sporting gentlemen from distant parts of the county, and they had met at dinner; he talked of nothing but of Miss Clermont's wonderful skill and knowledge of billiards, and proposed to her, in the evening, to play with him, that all might witness the truth of what he had asserted. Miss Clermont acquiesced, and she commenced in her own brilliant style of play, but gradually Lord Herbert became piqued; she saw he did so, and she imperceptibly declined from her usual security of aim, made several false strokes, and finally ended by allowing him to come off victorious; then he lauded her skill to the very skies; and she was aware that she had not piqued his vanity; *she played well, but he played still better.* Thus must it ever be in regard to every thing a woman does or says, if she would wish to maintain her power over a man. The judges who had stood round the table watching the game, were quite as much deceived as Lord Herbert him-

self; they believed him to be the best player. Miss Clermont whispered to Lord Herbert,

"Make a match between me and any of your friends. Give them odds—even in their favour. Let the sum you stake be first moderate, then double it; and you shall see whether my hand will forget its cunning, or my right hand its skill."

He looked at her in a very peculiar manner, and then proceeded to make up a match with one of the gentlemen, backing Miss Clermont. At first she allowed her adversary to take the lead. Lord Herbert began to tremble for his hundred pounds; but, by a very complicated and difficult manœuvre, she took the lead, and never suffered him to play again, but carried the game with an ease and a security which astounded the beholders. The murmur of applause was great, and the surprise genuine; but they could not believe that her success was attributable to skill: they conceived it to be a lucky chance, as Lord Herbert had done when he first played with her, and the man who was defeated was anxious to renew the contest.

"Double, or quits." "Agreed."

Miss Clermont lost, or *seemed to lose*. He was quits with Lord Herbert. She appeared much vexed; but again nearing Lord Herbert, she said in an under tone,

"Touch him for five hundred now; and I will put the money in your pocket, assuredly as I will this ball into the back pocket on the left hand;" which she did on the instant.

Lord Herbert, although somewhat alarmed, was now completely under her control: he proposed five hundred to the gentleman, and it was accepted. All stood round, deeming Lord Herbert sure to lose; for, they argued, the greatness of the sum must render her nervous; and, though she plays brilliantly, still it must be only a matter of chance after all. This time Miss Clermont put forth her whole strength; she might have been said to walk over the course; she took the lead, and held it throughout the game. Once she paused, and said to her adversary,

"Come, I will not pocket the red ball this time, but I will lay you so close to the cushion, that you shall make nothing of the advantage."

Lord Herbert looked dismayed. She will lose, he thought, by her imprudence—like all women, she will be confounded by her own success; but he was mistaken, it



was even as she had predicted. Her coolness and taunt had had the effect of provoking her antagonist: he totally missed his stroke. It was again her turn to play, and she carried the game without ever allowing him to have a single chance. There were murmurs of astonishment, and shouts of applause; and Lord Herbert's face was flushed with a thousand various expressions. Miss Clermont betrayed no visible emotion beyond a smile; and her downcast eyes seemed to evade the glances of admiration which she received from all the men—from all except Lord de Montmorenci. Lord Herbert saw in his countenance some expression which he disliked, and as he passed him he said, in a marked emphasis not to be misunderstood,

"Those who do not feel happy when I have obtained success, are not my friends; and to cast a puritanical reproach upon the person—a woman too—who has done me such a signal service as Miss Clermont has done, is not sincerely interested in my welfare."

Lord de Montmorenci made no reply at the moment; but the next day he requested to speak to Lord Herbert alone—and he did so. What the subject of their interview was, did not transpire; but probably it was not of a nature to endear them to each other, for that same day Lord de Montmorenci left Moreton Park. From the time of Miss Clermont's success at billiards, she became a person of great consequence in Lord Herbert's estimation; and it was curious to observe how she, who had hitherto been regarded by the household as a creature on sufferance, appeared now to be of infinite consequence, and to receive the obsequious attentions of the various domestics, especially of the steward of the household, Lord Herbert's prime minister. This change was not lost upon Miss Clermont, neither was the homage distasteful to her, but it was not enough—it was only a stepping-stone to the goal she aimed at. Lord Herbert was in excellent good-humour; and, from the day Lord de Montmorenci had left the house, there never was a frown on his brow. His wife basked in this sunshine, and thought, the blossoms of her early hopes were not entirely cut off—"the fruit is set at last—Herbert's heart is all mine own." Not so thought Miss Herbert. It is marvellous to observe how different dispositions sometimes give to the brow of youth a coronal of care, while to the maturer age a fond and blindly-confiding nature will totally obscure the truth, and deck it out in illusory

brightness. Miss Herbert's mind had been too early ripened to the crimes and follies of life—she could not forget what she had witnessed, it had wrought a premature and withering experience of human nature—she could not forget the Lanti, the ruby heart, the scene in Greenwich Park with her father, nor the whole, in short, of what had passed before her observation from the time when she was capable of observing any thing; and although there were periods when her penetration was lulled into quiescence, still it was too often freshly aroused by what she saw passing before her. What had her father to answer for? He, who ought to have been the example and instigator of all good to his child, sowed the seeds of the knowledge of crime in her young breast. It is a cruel, it is a criminal self-indulgence, to suppose that children are blind; they are acute observers upon the conduct of others; and, without any intentional design, of becoming their parents' censors, it is wisely ordained by Providence that they should become such, even, as it were, in despite of themselves; for it is one of the consequences of the holy tie of marriage, that our offspring should be an additional stimulus to all goodness in the parent, or become their bitterest punishments when they swerve from the right way—however tender, or fond, or indulgent to the faults of the latter a child ought to be, or is. The very sight of them is a living reproach to the careless or the wicked. Was this the case between Lord Herbert and his daughter—his once so much loved Sarah? It was hard to pronounce that it was so, for he caressed her more markedly than ever—he showered down presents upon her; but the spirit in which these gifts and graces were bestowed, was not what it once had been. He often said that Sarah was not able to walk as far as the point to which he intended to go. *She* was growing, and long walks were not good for *her*—or else she must not leave her mamma alone, and therefore he dismissed her from his side; but frequently, after having thus parted from her, she learnt that Miss Clermont had been the companion of his walk—either she had met him by accident, or she had discovered a covey of birds where game had never been seen before—or she wished to point out to him some deer which had broken down a part of the park paling—or show him some snares set by the neighbouring villagers to catch game; the excuse was always new—but the intention ~~the~~ same. “I cannot tell mamma what I think,” said Miss

Herbert, mentally; "but what do I think?" and she blushed and started, and felt as though she had been guilty of a crime in indulging the misshapen visions which were perpetually forcing themselves upon her attention. "Why did Lord de Montmorenci go away? it was cruel in him to leave us." And then Lord Claude's image took place of those painful ones; and she nursed unconsciously within her breast the thought of his virtues, his enchanting manners, his faultless character, till he became her daily vision and her nightly dream. But Miss Clermont the while, though assuming a power and exercising a control in the family, which became the conversation and the speculation of the whole neighbourhood, was by no means satisfied with the advance she made. It chanced, as the whole family were showing the conservatories to some strangers who had come to see the place, that she espied one branch of grapes in the graperies which had been tied with a scarlet thread, to which she took a particular fancy, and pointing it out to Lord Herbert, desired him to cut it for her.

"I would do so," he said, "with the greatest pleasure, but Lady Herbert has marked it, as you see, with an intention to take it herself to the Horticultural Society at the approaching show of fruits and flowers."

"Phoo!" said Miss Clermont, "tie the bit of thread on another bunch, it will just do as well."

"So will any other cluster do, I am sure, for you; for see, there is one which is just as fine close to it."

"May be so; but I will have that particular one, or none."

Lord Herbert laughed.

"How tyrannical you ladies always are; but I will ask Mabel if she will forego her right to the cluster; and she is so good-natured, I dare say she will."

Before Miss Clermont had time to make a reply, he addressed his wife, and asked her to give that bunch to Miss Clermont, pointing to the chosen specimen. Lady Herbert hesitated a moment, coloured, and then replied,

"If you wish it, I shall certainly resign my right to preserve that sample of our fruit."

"By no means," said Miss Clermont, smiling, having drawn sufficiently near to the speakers to hear what had passed; "I would not, on any account, do so silly, so unreasonable a thing, as have that bunch touched for me. I was merely joking to plague Lord Herbert. Remember,

Lord Herbert, *I was* joking, and shall never venture to do so again, since you take such jest for earnest;" and thus the matter apparently passed off.

Some time after, a great coursing match was made up, and the ladies, relations of the gentlemen who owned the dogs, were to have a ball in the evening. So many took one side, so many the other; and the parties were distinguished by wearing either red or blue ribands. Lord Herbert's colours were blue. In the mean while before the day arrived, much interest was taken in training and exercising the dogs, and Miss Clermont never missed attending at the hours when they were led out to exercise, or when fed.

"You seem really to take a delight in these sports," Lord Herbert said; "I never before knew any woman who understood these matters so well—it is quite a relief to have such a companion in the country; as to Mabel, she is a dead letter in all that gives zest to a country life."

"Lady Herbert was brought up in London, and used only to a London life. You cannot expect impossibilities. She has other qualities of much higher kind."

"Yes: but not half so agreeable."

Miss Clermont's eyes sparkled as she replied,

"That one person fulfilled one walk in life—another another."

"Very true," he said, "but Mabel is so *exigeante*. If she would only let me have my enjoyments and pleasures, she is quite welcome to have hers."

"Every body who loves is *exigeante*, Lord Herbert."

"Would you be *exigeante* if you loved any one?"

She replied by saying,

"Yes. For what is love but the resolving of all considerations—all tastes—all habits—all *ties*"—and she pronounced the last words with great emphasis—"into the will and pleasure of one object. I do not love sporting; but if I loved a man who did, I would make myself mistress of the subject, or any other that pleased him; and then in return, I should expect that man to forsake all else for me."

Lord Herbert looked at her steadfastly. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, but his were riveted on her; and she knew they were so—she felt it in her inmost being.

"Do you know, Miss Clermont," he said, after a pause, "though we have lived so long under the same roof, it is only of late that I feel to be acquainted with you—and

even now I do not quite understand you. You are certainly different from any other woman I ever before lived with in habits of intimacy, except that you have the same love of power; *that* seems to me to be an integral quality of all womankind."

"Not of womankind only; it is a regular strife from the cradle to the tomb between the sexes, which shall rule. As to myself, I certainly have a desire of power, but it is confined to a very small number of persons—a very limited sphere of action."

"I am sure you cannot be disappointed of your aim; whatever it is, Miss Clermont, you will obtain it."

"Do not prove a false prophet," she replied, "and I shall be satisfied."

The day appointed for a coursing match arrived. There was as great a stir in the house and neighbourhood of Moreton Park as though a battle were to be lost or won. The ladies proceeded in open carriages to a high spot of ground, from whence they could have a fair chance of viewing the sport. Even Lady Herbert and her daughter confessed it was a pretty sight to see the leashed greyhounds led along with their flaunting ribands, and the fine horses in their different actions of grace or strength prancing along; while some equipages, and an innumerable throng of peasantry, crowded the roads and fields in long lines of various-coloured garments. A dark wood to the left—a bright open country to the right—a quiet tinting of the pale blue sky—an autumnal breath in the light wind that occasionally wafted the odour of decaying vegetation, and the scene and the season is described. Some little barking curs were sent into the wood, to rouse the game; several hares showed their timid forms; the men and dogs were on the alert—"Not yet, not yet, cried the knowing ones. At length one harmless frightened creature, made bold by terror, dashed fairly out of the cover, and crossed the open country. Now for it—let slip the dogs; and with one halloo they rushed, fleetest than the wind, after their prey. Poor innocent victim of the wanton sports of man! it doubled to mislead its pursuers in vain—it was quickly caught—its torture was brief, a few piercing cries like those of an infant's wail, sharp and harrowing, and the chase was ended. Lady Herbert hid her face, and shuddered.

"Why did I come here?" she said to her daughter. "I never could endure sights such as this—to me this sport is only agony."

"I give you joy, Lord Herbert," said Miss Clermont, as he approached her, "Fleetfoot has won; she bore down upon her prey in capital style; the run was too short, but it was quite beautiful!"

"Only we saw the death, and heard the dying shrieks too plainly," added Lady Herbert.

Lord Herbert laughed, and only replied,

"Now don't be sentimental, Mabel. Hares have died from time to time, and men—ay, and women too—have eaten them; but that is no reason why you should go into fits of despair. I wonder why you came here, for my part," he added pettishly; "for you are only a kill-joy."

"I came because I felt interested in your dog's success, Herbert, although the sport itself, I acknowledge, is what I never could enjoy; but I feared you would have thought me unkind, had I stayed away. Otherwise"—

"Well, well, say no more about it; only do not trouble yourself another time on any similar occasion—or me either. Sarah, I hope you have at least been amused?"

"Why, papa, to say the truth, the screams of the hare are too like that of a child—they have made me feel sick and faint."

"I think," observed Miss Clermont, "that persons who have weak nerves should not attend this sort of amusement, as they only disturb the enjoyment of others."

"Very true," rejoined Lord Herbert. "Do, Mabel, go home, and I will drive Miss Clermont in my cabriolet to see another course; for she is not troubled with so many nervous qualms."

Lady Herbert and her daughter followed this advice, and they left Miss Clermont to the undisturbed enjoyment of the sport. It was not, in Lady Herbert, the least degree of affectation which influenced her expressions on this or on any similar occasion; it was an unfortunate quickness of physical as well as moral feeling, which made her appropriate every expression of pain to herself; so that, whether in regard to a person or an animal, she was alike quick in feeling their anguish, and when she witnessed bodily suffering, it was as though she herself endured the pain.

"How I lament," she said to her daughter as they returned home—"how I lament this unnecessary degree of aptitude of perception to suffering. Where it can do good to others, I would retain it, whatever it might cost myself;

but to have my sensations lacerated, as they constantly are, by the various accidents of life, is a great wear and tear of existence, and I sometimes wonder why such feelings are inflicted upon a few persons, while the generality are exempt from their endurance; and it is those double-cased people who do not wear themselves or others out, and who please much better than I, or such as I am, who pause to reflect, to feel, and to endure—or rather, who feel without reflecting, and whose impulses of anguish vibrate responsively at every touch of sorrow or of suffering.” †

“Oh! dear mamma, you have made me like yourself; and being so, I must own that I would not change my feelings with any body’s. As to Miss Clermont, she is, I think, as hard as a flint; a flint may strike fire, you know, though it cannot be softened.”

Lady Herbert thought upon these things; and, though she dreaded her child’s disposition might not conduce to her happiness, yet she could not wish it were exchanged for one of ruder mould.

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## CHAPTER II.

Not the pure open prosperous love,  
That pledged on earth and sealed above,  
Grows in the world’s approving eyes,  
In friendship’s smile and home’s caress,  
Collecting all the heart’s sweet ties  
Into one knot of happiness.  
No, Hinda, no—thy fatal flame,  
Was nursed in sorrow, silence, shame—  
A passion without hope or pleasure,  
In thy soul’s darkness buried deep,  
It lies like some ill-gotten treasure,  
Some idol, without shrine or name,  
O’er which its pale-eyed votaries keep  
Unholy watch, while others sleep.

MOORE.

WHO can look around them and not see the two principles of good and evil in constant operation: oftentimes the



latter seems to prevail, and the feeble in faith might well nigh quail altogether in their belief, when it seems to ride triumphant in the world; but the strong in faith remember "the end is not yet," and they are sustained. An incipient smouldering unholy flame had long been gathering in Miss Clermont's breast—it had met with no opposition from religious principle, and it had gathered strength in proportion to the other obstacles against which it contended. From the peculiar circumstances of her position, nay, even from the very indifference with which her passion was received by the object of its unhallowed violence, there was every excitement to stimulate such a mind as hers to pursue her evil course. Hitherto she was aware she had made no progress in her criminal plan; she had, indeed, through the medium of the Indian boy, procured Lord Herbert a perfect insight into the confidence he ought to place in his friend Sir Charles, and the woman who was the creature of Sir Charles's will. Miss Clermont's letter had produced the effect of sending Lord Herbert to be an eye witness of the fact, and she had thereby rid herself of two dangerous rivals; but, in doing so, she had restored Lord Herbert to the bosom of his family, and he had lost the shame and provocation of knowing himself to be despised and tricked by his worthless associates, in the caresses of his faithful and fond wife, and his beautiful and innocent child; with whom for a short time he found real happiness. These were, perhaps, more effectual barriers to her unholy passion, than even the others had proved to be; so that now, with diabolical ingenuity, she set about uprooting these fruits of sacred growth. If there is an active agent of evil in the world, more subtle than all else, more prone to delight in mischief, more powerful to effect it, it is that which attends upon money. After Lady Herbert had left Miss Clermont, on the day of the coursing-match, alone with Lord Herbert, Miss Clermont thought, "Now is the time to obtain his confidence—he does not love *me yet*, but he loves money"—She knew that there was a part of the cover they were skirting along, which he had for some time wished to add to his estate; and she asked him in a careless way, if it was not speedily to come into the market.

"Yes," he said, "and I am sorry for it."

"How so? I thought I had heard you say you intended to purchase it."

"I wish to do so, but have not the money."

"Oh! we can always get money when we really want it," she replied laughing, by some means or other; "I wish every thing else were as easy to be obtained—for instance, love!"

"Miss Clermont," he exclaimed, with unfeigned surprise, "I never should have guessed that you were a person to care about love—and if you did, you could never know its disappointment," he added, with something more of warmth in his glance, than she had ever before remarked in his expression.

"That is as it may be," she answered, and then quickly rallying her thoughts to their post, went on to say, "Surely your rich friend Sir Charles Lennard could advance you any money you wished, or Lord de Montmorenci?"

"To the first, Miss Clermont, I am already deeply indebted; to the latter, I would not be more so than I am on any account: there is nothing to be said against De Montmorenci, unless it be that the very name of guardian always makes one man hateful to another for life."

"Nay now, Lord Herbert, you are very unreasonable. I hope you are not jealous?" fixing her eyes upon his.

"Jealous! of whom, of what?" and he coloured violently.

Miss Clermont resumed, "Ay, very true, of whom, of what, indeed; Lady Herbert is still so in love with you, even after seventeen years of marriage, that you may well ask that question, and it is not the idle rumours of an envious world which ought to shake your confidence in her, only the bitterness with which you named Lord de Montmorenci made me for a moment doubt—"

"Doubt what? Oh no; it is quite another affair," he said, "which makes me dislike applying to him for the loan of money; quite another, I assure you. I don't dislike Lord de Montmorenci personally—it is only, as I said before, that sort of feeling which comes over one in the presence of a person who is supposed to have a right to give one good advice, which made me show any impatience at the mention of his name."

"I can understand that feeling, I own I never could bear advice. But, to change the subject, I wonder that you allow this beautiful piece of ground to pass out of your domain; if it does, I dare say the cover will be entirely removed, and it will be sown with turnips or wheat, or put to some utilitarian purpose, which will sadly spoil your favourite sport."

"That will be provoking, indeed; but I cannot devise any way in which to raise the money to purchase it, unless Lennard would lend it me."

"Surely," interrupted Miss Clermont, "you would not place yourself again in his power!"

"The fact is, I am so much in his power already, that a little more or a little less will not make much difference."

"I grieve to hear it; yet stay," and she seemed to think of some other resource, "what would you give me if I procured you the money?"

"Miss Clermont, what do you mean? have *you* any command of money?"

"I make you an offer of the sum necessary to buy the land, therefore I believe I can command it; but I shall only require security for the loan, and my reward for having raised it, when I place the sum in your hands; I confess, however, that, nothing (in this world at least) is done for nothing, and I intend to have my reward, for serving you." There was a glittering fascination in her eyes as she spoke, as if Pluto himself were enthroned in them, and Lord Herbert was conscious that Miss Clermont had obtained power over him.

"I have known you from a child," he replied, "but it is only lately that I appreciate you as you deserve to be appreciated; who could have guessed that you possessed so many talents, of such varied kind, while they laid in abeyance as it were? but now called forth by accident, and exerted in my favour, I am at a loss how to thank you, I am so astonished!"—Yes, *he was* astonished, but astonishment was not the sentiment she cared to inspire, and a look of profound melancholy overspread her features.

"Are you not well, Miss Clermont? Does any thing vex you?"

"I am not well, and many things render me wretched,"

"What," he said, with great interest, "what can make *you* wretched?"

"Is it not enough to account for unhappiness, Lord Herbert, to be an orphan—to be dear to no one—to be a creature upon sufferance? Do you require any farther reason? for if you do, I could give you another, surpassing all the rest."

"To be dear to no one," he replied, "how *can* you say so? Does Mabel not love you? Does Sarah not love you? I do not name your brother, because that is a thing of

course, and do I not feel for you, have I not ever felt——” he paused, as if the same expression were not that which suited the sentiment he entertained for her; at length he completed the phrase hurriedly, “do I not feel for you a brother’s affection?”

She had awaited the close of the sentence breathlessly—it fell on her heart like lead. “Oh! yes, perhaps,” was her reply, “I dare say it is all very right; let us change the subject;” and she went on to ask questions relative to the sale of the property, of which Lord Herbert had expressed his desire to become proprietor, and finally declared that he should not lack the means.

One might have supposed, that, the evening after such an extraordinary conversation, Lord Herbert would have been more *aux petit soins* than was his wont—that something of a desire to pay his quota of agreeableness to the family circle would have been exerted; but no, as usual, he slept the evening away in his arm-chair; and, as Miss Clermont looked at him, she thought, “Will it be ever thus? Is it impossible to animate this beautiful statue? How can I wonder that his wife should have been mortified? But she never took the right way to rouse him from his indifference. There is a philter more powerful than all the fabled ones of ancient times—that philter is gold; and, cost what it may to purchase, I will administer it.” Such were the dark and evil thoughts that occupied Miss Clermont as she sat before her work-frame in company with Lord Herbert’s wife and child. She looked upon these, and the last sand of expiring conscience ebbed away, as mentally she said, “What a monster I am to wrong these persons!” the one had been to her as a mother, the other as a sister—ay, they had been such to her, and more than these relations often prove; but yet she deliberately resolved to proceed on her criminal career! If there is a love which bears a heavenly origin, there is a counterfeit of the angelic semblance which owns a demoniac birth; and when it lights on a being devoid of religious principle, it may be called a possession of the evil one. Such was Miss Clermont’s uncontrolled passion for Lord Herbert. It chanced that night, as Lady Herbert was drawing from a vase of flowers which was placed before her, that the recollection of an old ballad, one of the many with which her memory was stored—“*Faire Annette*”—came to her mind, and she warbled the air at first in a low tone, then, like the lark, she broke forth into

full song, and her daughter joined in a second, so that their rich mellow voices blended in one, and seemed unearthly music. Miss Clermont felt a sharp pang of evil spite, as she saw the unintentional and innocent act of the wife and child exert an influence over him which all her wiles failed to produce. Lord Herbert had awoke, and was standing behind his wife's chair with an expression of fond affection towards these legitimate objects of his love. To her, the music and the whole scene was like the sight of Adam and Eve to the serpent in Paradise; and like the reptile, she determined to poison their innocent happiness. The ballad too, its story, the dagger of the rival that drank the heart's-blood of the innocent victim, all thrilled through every fibre of her frame—it was as though Lady Herbert sang her own requiem. When the story closed she pronounced, in an undertone, an awful, a diabolical amen, and rising up, suddenly left the room. "I am afraid," said Lady Herbert, "Anna is not well; do, Sarah, go and see. I have observed lately that she has become changed in her appearance. I cannot help thinking that she regrets having rejected Captain Danesford. If that is the case, we must endeavour to bring about a meeting again; but in the interim I am anxious for her health." The next day Miss Clermont was seized with a violent fever; so violent, that an express was sent to the neighbouring town for a physician; and her malady was pronounced by him to be a brain fever, brought on by some intense anxiety of mind. Both Lady Herbert and her daughter tended her with incessant care. On the third day of her illness, when Miss Clermont was at the very worst, a carriage was heard driving up to the front door. Suddenly she started from a stupor into which she had fallen, and sitting upright in bed, asked anxiously what carriage it was. "It cannot be the doctor's, for he is here," she said. As her senses had frequently wandered, her friends were thankful to hear her utter any rational words, and to see that she had strength sufficient to sit up without support; but the extreme anxiety she testified to know who was arrived, impressed upon Lady Herbert's mind the idea that she was attached to Captain Danesford, and that she entertained a hope he might return to her. It was not Captain Danesford, however, but Lord de Montmorenci, who was come to Moreton Park. "Lord de Montmorenci come back here?" she said,—"that is strange!"—and then she reclined again upon her pillow. There were other persons

Besides Miss Clermont who marvelled at his return; though every one showed an appearance of being glad to see him, but Miss Herbert's demonstrations of delight "passed show." Greater expectations had been formed from Miss Clermont's apparent strength and clearness of intellect during a few hours after this event, than the subsequent day justified; for she relapsed into restlessness and wanderings of mind, which were followed by stupor. Miss Herbert watched for Lord de Montmorenci as he came from her father's room, and catching his arm, she said,

"Tell me, Lord de Montmorenci, without disguise—tell me what the doctors said to mamma respecting Miss Clermont; do tell me," she added coaxingly, and looking up to his face; "let me for once hear the undisguised truth, is she better or worse? Mamma will not tell me the real state of the case, and papa says always what he wishes, as if that could bring the event to pass; but I cannot trust to what he says. You, you are the only being in whom I can confide."

"Sarah—Miss Herbert!"

There was a mixed expression of kindness, and yet distress, in his manner of replying to *her manner*, that any third person must have understood; but they were alone together, and they did not understand each other—at least she did not, and he would not—so he answered,

"Indeed I do not know what the doctor thinks of Miss Clermont's malady; but your mamma will on all occasions speak truth to you, dear Miss Herbert, and you may ever safely rely upon her for every thing."

"No, no," she replied impetuously; "it is right in you to answer me thus in as far as regards mamma; nevertheless you know, as well as I do, that she would hide from me whatever she thought would give me pain; and her report will not afford me any real comfort. You, you alone, I repeat, can give me the information I seek. What is Anna's malady?—or rather, what has occasioned it?—and do you think she will get over it or not?"

Miss Herbert paused. Lord de Montmorenci's eyes looked every way to escape her gaze. At length they encountered hers, and again they sank confused; but the real cause of that confusion was unknown to the person who occasioned it, and she renewed her entreaties to be told if any circumstance had occasioned Miss Clermont's illness,

and what the doctors thought of it? Lord de Montmorenci professed his ignorance in both respects.

"Well, then," she said, "I shall be very angry with you, since you are ignorant of these circumstances, if you do not make it your business to find out for me. You once said you would do every thing to make me happy that was in your power, and I am very unhappy now, for I think Anna is in danger. If it is so, keep me not in suspense, let me be prepared for the worst; if not, relieve me from much sorrow by ascertaining the fact."

"I would indeed do any thing to make you happy, dear Miss Herbert, did you require any effort of mine to ensure your felicity; but you have, fortunately, no need whatever of my poor services. In respect to Miss Clermont's recovery, do not make yourself uneasy, I think she will soon be well again."

"You say you would do any to make me happy if I required your poor services," she repeated, evidently displeased; "but you will not *actually* do a little, a very little, favour which I ask of you. You will not *desire* the doctor to tell you the real truth, and pronounce his judgment; neither will you tell me what has occasioned this sudden and violent sickness—for something has occurred to vex her, I am sure there has, and it strikes me that your unexpected return has some connexion with it."

"Nothing, upon my honour—nothing, Miss Herbert."

"Well, well, time will show;" and she left him in displeasure.

On reaching Miss Clermont's room, whither she went, the door was ajar, and the nurse gone; for the latter had stolen softly down stairs to enjoy herself, as she called it, over a glass of something comfortable, deeming the patient asleep. "Alone, *quite alone!*" said Miss Herbert. "How very cruel it is to have left her in her helpless state! but I will not leave her;" and she seated herself by the bed-side to keep watch. She, too, thought Miss Clermont slept; and, her heart and thoughts being filled with one engrossing idea, Lord de Montmorenci's return to Moreton Park. She indulged in revery. She reverted to the coldness of his manner to herself, and the way in which he had answered her questions. A mixture of disappointed tenderness and wounded self-love caused tears to fill her eyes. "So, he refused me," she repeated several times; and her cheeks



glowed with offended pride. "He refused to do what I asked him; but it is the last time he shall ever have it in his power to do so. I will never ask him for any thing so long as I live;" and she sobbed aloud, forgetting her sick friend, her own pride, and every thing but the unreasonable state of passion into which she had excited her feelings. Suddenly these were arrested by the sound of a low broken voice: it proceeded from Miss Clermont. Sarah Herbert drew the bed-curtain gently aside; and, by the light of a lamp, she saw her lips move. Sarah bent over her, and gently pressed her hand; but Miss Clermont still slept, though she pronounced a few unintelligible words.

"Do you want any thing, Anna?" she asked in a whisper. The latter made no reply; but in a few seconds Miss Clermont spoke distinctly, though unconsciously and in broken phrase, saying,

"No, this will not do: I will not be satisfied with such love as this. Francis, you do not love me. No, leave me—I am tired of this—professions will not do for me. Hush! hush! Fred will know it, and then there will be—murder!"

She screamed out the last word, and leaped up in the bed, but fell again upon her pillow, as though she were exhausted. Miss Herbert had listened breathlessly, and again bent down over her to catch some murmured words; but they were uttered in such an indistinct manner, that she could not understand them. She hesitated for a moment whether or not to awaken her from this uneasy slumber, and then, taking her hand, thought it best to do so—calling her softly by name—"Anna, Anna, you have some unpleasant dreams—it is I, Sarah Herbert, who am trying to awaken you." But the sleep was heavy; it had been procured by artificial means—and the opiate had not finished its effect,—so she fell again into that leaden sleep which it is almost frightful to behold in those we love. "What dreams she must have had! How strange!—how wild!" thought Miss Herbert. "Surely she is as ill as ever. I wish mamma was come back from her walk—it is very late for her to be out—it is quite dark. I wish the doctor was arrived, I would make him tell me the truth. I will repeat what she said, and how she called so tenderly, too, on the name of Francis.—Papa's name? That was very odd; but there are other men who have that name besides him. By the way, I think I remember to have heard

that Captain Danesford's name, one of his Christian names, is Francis. Poor dear! I am sure she is regretting that she refused, and is pining for him. How I wish he was near her at this minute!"

Lady Herbert now advanced, and smiled to see her child performing the office of nurse with such a fixed intensity of countenance.

"That is right," she whispered; "I like to see you so kindly watchful; it is what you should be, dearest Sarah: and there is, thank God, no infection in this illness, it is not catching."

"Oh! dearest mamma, I do not think about that; but, indeed, Anna is very ill: she has been wandering so in her mind, and talking in her sleep apparently in some great agitation of spirit."

"No, Sarah, you alarm yourself unnecessarily. Miss Clermont is certainly on the whole better; any sleep, however procured, is preferable to the constant wakefulness she has had these many nights passed; but it is time now that you go away from this hot room, I will keep watch while you change the air."

The physician pronounced, that, if Miss Clermont had strength to bear the fever for three weeks, she would, in all probability, recover; and so it proved: even before that time she could bear to be placed on a couch, and to pass many hours in the society of her friends. They were unremitting in their attentions, and had alternately taken their station in her sick-room during the whole progress of her illness. Now that she was better, Lord Herbert and Lord de Montmorenci occasionally joined the ladies; and the former, in particular, never omitted an opportunity of passing some part of every day in her society. Frequently he was alone with her; and whenever that was the case, she always turned the subject of their discourse upon money. Then his eyes brightened, and his attention was all awake. She was aware that that subject alone was the one by which she could acquire or maintain power over him; and, mortifying as this acknowledgment was to herself, she held to it with pertinacious determination. At length, one day, Miss Clermont seemed more depressed than usual and she said, in a trembling voice,

"Lord Herbert, I have a secret to confide in you—promise me you will keep it."

"What is there you can ask me, that really interests you, which I could refuse?"

She shook her head, and her eyes filled with tears. She seldom betrayed any soft emotion, or indeed any emotion, so that what was tiresome in his wife was touching in Miss Clermont from its novelty; and taking her hand, with much interest, besought her not to agitate herself, and repeated his promise of keeping any communication secret with which she might honour him. Still his affectionate manner was not that which she wished to witness, even more outward coldness might have expressed greater warmth of feeling. She said abruptly, and looking at Lord Herbert very steadily,

"I am going to be married."

There was a pause—he did not immediately answer; but, for some cause or other, he spoke confusedly when he did speak.

"Married! You astonish me! Yet why should I be astonished? Nothing can be so natural. I only wonder you were not married long ago: only, after the peremptory manner in which you declared to me that you could never marry Captain Danesford—indeed that you could never marry any one—I own I am much surprised, may I ask who is the fortunate man?"

"Fortunate!" re-echoed Miss Clermont in a most emphatic tone. "If it is fortunate to be tied to a log of inert matter, a heartless, if not a hating being, such will prove the lot of the man you call fortunate, the rejected Captain Henry Francis Danesford, now the accepted *Fortunatus*. Such is the name of 'the bridegroom elect.'"

There was a bitter irony in her tone and manner which would have made it very difficult for any one to have answered her extraordinary speech. Lord Herbert felt an inclination to laugh. He betrayed that feeling; and again Miss Clermont's eyes were filled with tears.

"It may be sport to you, my lord, but it is death to me."

"Good heaven! Miss Clermont, what do you mean, what can you mean?—You shall never marry any man you do not love: I will not suffer it."

The door opened and Lady Herbert approached; her husband walked to the window, whistling, and Miss Clermont immediately said with her usual presence of mind, "I have been pleading to go to my cousins at Roehampton."

for change of air, but Lord Herbert, with his usual kindness, dreads my removal so soon after my illness, and says he will not suffer it."

"Indeed, Anna, I think he is right, it would be very imprudent in you to hazard a journey before you are more recovered: wait at least till we return to town, and can convey you there."

Lord Herbert turned on his heel, and marvelled at the ready turn Miss Clermont had given their previous conversation. He admired her presence of mind, and passing over the duplicity, thought only of the cleverness of her character.

"Yes," he said, "that would be much wiser, I could drive Miss Clermont by easy stages, and she likes an open carriage. Do stay, we shall all go next week—why should we not, Mabel? Now I think of it, the country is becoming very dull for you women, and I would as lieve go and hunt in Leicestershire, as remain here."

"As you please," replied Lady Herbert.

"As you please," rejoined her husband, pettishly, "that is a sort of phrase which you have used these last hundred years, and seems always to imply a kind of *victimisation*, which is especially provoking, as I have always allowed, nay *wished* you to do exactly that which best pleased your own taste."

Lady Herbert gulped down the rising sob, commanded the starting tear, and assuming a gay voice, said, "I will go and give orders to have things ready for our removal next week." She left Lord Herbert and Miss Clermont once more alone together; the latter observed, "Lord de Montmorenci is very fond of the country, I believe," as Lady Herbert shut the door after her, "and so is Lady Herbert: it is a pity you should have vexed her by taking her to town before the time you had previously stated. Why should you think of *me*? You know it is always easy for such an insignificant person to be conveyed to their destination, without exciting fuss or trouble. I do not like calling down the animadversion of Lord de Montmorenci, so I beg you will allow me to depart without making any change in your family arrangements."

Lord Herbert could not reply, as his daughter came into the room with a book in her hand, and laughing so heartily, it was a pleasure to look at her.

"Anna," she said, "you are well enough now to listen

to reading, and I have got such a delightful laughter-loving witty book, that I am determined to make you as merry as myself. Oh! how I should like to know the author! whoever he is, he must be the very cleverest creature in the whole world. I should be so fond of him, I am sure I should, there is such a kindness in the drollery. It is not a bitter biting sarcastic wit, but a kindly gaiety like a playful sunshine among leaves, dancing and sparkling, and doing one good as it scintillates in brightness."

"Now Sarah is in her heroics, it is time for me to be off. Good morning, Miss Clermont," and Lord Herbert left the room.

### CHAPTER III.

I could have loved with such a vowed heart,  
 With such a pure unchanging tenderness,  
 And acted all devotion's hallowing part,  
 Whether in hour of joy, or of distress:  
 Heightening each joy, making each sorrow less;  
 Watching the wish untold, the glancing eye,  
 Feeling the pure and perfect happiness,  
 When in my sway the blessed power did lie,  
 Of giving bliss, the bosom's noblest ecstasy.

"ANNA, have you any cause for vexation—what makes you so low-spirited? Gilbert Gurney is so entertaining; there is nothing in the pages I have been reading to you to make any one weep—tell me, dear, what are you crying about?" and laying down her book, she took Miss Clermont's hand, and reiterated her request; but the latter did not reply, indeed she could not at the moment, for, though her tears flowed from a criminal source, they were genuine scalding tears. "Anna, dear, speak to me, to your friend, your playfellow, tell me what distresses you? Come, be open with me, I shall cease to be your friend if I see that you place no trust in me. You have had no bad news from your brother, I hope—no letters have come lately from him, I think—nor from any one else, I hope?" laying

a stress on the *one*. She stopped speaking, and looking steadfastly in Miss Clermont's face, awaited her reply. Glad to avail herself of the suggestion Miss Herbert's words presented to her, she rallied her spirits and observed,

"I might receive a letter from my brother without your knowing it, Sarah."

"What then, you have heard from him, I sincerely hope he is well; he is too good for any evil to befall him." She uttered these words with so much kind-heartedness of feeling, that Miss Clermont blushed at the consciousness of the truth of it in herself. "Poor Mr. Clermont, I was cross to him the last time I saw him; tell me, Anna, has any thing happened to him that vexes you?"

"Why tease me so, Sarah? No, I repeat, that I believe, I trust, my brother is well; but if he knew you inquired so kindly for him, his crushed hopes would be reanimated. Ah! Sarah, you will never have a more ardent, a more faithful lover. I must tell him your warm expression of interest, it will give him such pleasure, nay, it will almost inspire him to renew his suit, Miss Herbert. Dear Sarah, forgive me, but let me say you did give him encouragement *once*, till an insidious friend stole in and took his place in your heart—was it not cruel in you—yet I would not have you say any thing which you might repent of saying hereafter; again I ask your pardon, if my compassion for my brother makes me forget his inferiority of rank and station. Your high pretensions, his lowly fortunes, in short, if I plead for him in despite of every consideration. Yes, I did hear from him—in health well—but in heart sick, sick to the death."

"Anna, now it is my turn to be distressed. I can only repeat to *you* what I said to himself. I like him very much as a friend, I honour him as a man, I love him as *your* brother, and my own cousin; but I never did, indeed, I never did, and as far as I know myself, I never can love him as a husband; therefore I would not have you say much about me to him, although I wish him happy with all my heart: but surely, this subject is not the cause of your secret tears. Why did you cry so? you, who never cry, you are recovering fast from your illness, you will soon be able to enjoy life again. You have no reason that I know of to be melancholy, unless—Miss Clermont interrupted her.

"My weakness arises merely from depression, occasioned

by recent bodily suffering, but I shall soon get the better of it; it is not my usual wont to indulge this womanish propensity, and I particularly dislike having it observed, so I beg you will not mention it to any one."

"Oh! trust me, dear Anna, I will not do any thing to vex you; besides, I have a superstition about talking of any thing that gives me pain. Narrating a melancholy circumstance is like setting a seal to a deed; my old nurse bade me never repeat a sad or an evil story, only I will not encourage you, Anna, in this humour; you must determine to be cheerful—remember, that murmuring without a cause is too often the fore-runner of actual misfortune. Oh! let us be happy whilst we can be so, the evil days may come back again, dear Anna; but just now papa is kind to mamma, and we, who love her, ought to be thankful and happy for such a blessed change."

"Yes, Sarah, we ought to be happy." Some person entered, and they said no more.

The sojourn of Lord de Montmorenci at Moreton Park did not seem to afford any pleasure to himself or others. Lady Herbert could not but perceive that her husband's manner was constrained towards him, and that, for some cause or other, he appeared little less at his ease when in her presence. Miss Herbert endeavoured, by unusual attention, to relieve him from the unpleasant feelings under which he appeared to be labouring, but all would not do—there was a gloom upon him beyond what the knowledge of his past disappointment in life could account for; and when Miss Herbert expressed this to her mother, and wondered what could occasion such a change, the latter only replied, "that she hoped her husband would dissipate or assuage any sorrow under which Lord de Montmorenci might be labouring." The day fixed for the return of the family to town was fast approaching, and Lord Herbert was unusually gay and agreeable; he insisted on Lord de Montmorenci's remaining at Moreton till they should all go together, and he agreed to the proposal, though apparently with much pressing. Miss Herbert had observed that many queer-looking men, as she called them, were constantly riding and walking about the park, and one of them, she said, she observed taking a ground-plan of the place, while another was measuring some peculiarly fine trees near Lady Herbert's favourite walk. The latter grew pale at her daughter's information, but turned off the subject as though it



were of no moment, and Miss Herbert forgot it in the bustle of preparation for returning to town. Not so Lady Herbert. To the young, there is always a degree of pleasure in change of place—anticipation evokes for them the fairest imagery in the future; but to riper years there exists, on the contrary, a sense of dread in entering upon a novel scene—all change to them wears an aspect of awe; and though there are no real characters to be read upon the face of inanimate matter, such as the ancients fabled of old, on the leaves and herbage, still there is a language to be read there, which, to the eye of experience and of feeling, is full of sweet and bitter fancy. The day previous to that on which she was to leave her home, Lady Herbert took a lonely walk to her favourite haunt. The joyous song of birds was hushed, it was late in autumn—many trees were nearly bare of leaves—the holly and the yew formed the prevailing colour of the now altered wood; while the sear and yellow leaves frequently fell from the spray, though not a breath of air shook them off, and the declining sun tinged the orange and scarlet hue of the plane and the maple with a gorgeous robe of crimson and of gold—a sweet odour of decaying leaves came over the senses with melancholy power, wafting the presage of approaching winter, and there was a solemn pause in creation which, generally precedes the change of seasons, and their equinoctial storms, which, like that granted to human life in its various stages, is admirably and mercifully given to the heedful of God's ordinances, in order that they may prepare for the coming time. Lady Herbert lifted up her heart in thankfulness for the late hours of peace and comparative happiness which she had enjoyed; but a nameless foreboding of evil, an analogy drawn between her feelings and the solemnity of the landscape, viewed under its present aspect, inspired her with that deep, but calm melancholy, which is perhaps one of the very highest and most pure estates that the mind can attain to upon earth. Lady Herbert wondered, indeed, how it would fare with her when next she should tread those paths; but there was no restless anxiety in this involuntary anticipation of the future, for in humble, but heroic confidence, she placed her whole trust in the Great Disposer of all destiny. In this calm frame of sober-mindedness did Lady Herbert take leave of Moreton Park. She made a review of her whole life—she acknowledged her own imperfections—she did not exalt refinement of feeling into

virtue—she looked dispassionately upon herself as it were *out of herself*; and though her existence had not been that which in the blindness, perhaps in the presumption, of self-will, she might have wished it to have been, yet, with a true and beautiful warmth of steady piety, she confessed the manifold mercies she had enjoyed, and bowed her wishes to the ordinance of God.

Arrived in town, the Herberts began to lead another mode of life; for though few persons were said to be in London, yet London is never wholly devoid of acquaintances; at least, to those who live much in the world. All those, from whom any thing may be got of any kind, have at least *soi-disant* friends, willing to lighten them of the burden of time at all seasons of the year, and of these there were no lack. Some whom the good-hearted Lady Herbert received and fostered simply because she had ever done so—others who had better claims upon her kindness—and a few who, styling themselves Lord Herbert's friends, were forced upon her. Of these Sir Charles Lennard was one. She had flattered herself, for the second time, that her husband had ceased to find amusement in his society, and that she should never again be obliged to suffer the presence of a man who had grossly insulted her; but, to her astonishment and regret, Lord Herbert desired her, previous to his departure for Leicestershire, to be civil to Sir Charles, and to receive him as she had ever done. She looked at Lord Herbert, there was a sentence half formed on her lip to refuse this command; but one of those terrible frowns, which were to her like the stroke of death, made her put a force upon her feelings, and she bowed in silent acquiescence. About three weeks after the time they arrived in town Sir Charles was once more a sort of rightful visiter at Herbert House; the servants were as obsequious to him as they had ever been—opening the door to his knock without a question of whether Lady Herbert was at home or not; and there he was in her drawing-room reading, or writing, or looking out of the window, as though he were a part of her establishment. During this time Lord Herbert had resumed his previous habits, seldom dining at home, remaining out the greater part of the night, and being cross and fault-finding when he was in his own house. Lady Herbert knew that her troubles had recommenced; but she ascribed these to the state of her husband's pecuniary affairs, which from various complaints of the servants, and a total

change in the arrangement of her household luxuries, she was conscious must be in great disorder. Once or twice she ventured to hazard a word of remonstrance on the subject of expenditure, but was met with the same peremptory command to mind her own affairs.

"Are you not satisfied, madam, with the table prepared for you?—are my servants not good enough to wait upon you?—if so, I see but one remedy for the evil."

"Nay, dearest Herbert," she replied, "do not answer me so captiously—so unreasonably. You know my motive for touching on the subject. You know that for myself any thing, with you enjoyed, is perfect enjoyment; but I dread lest your indulgence to your servants should possibly bring on that ruin which it does to so many families, who might otherwise have continued in affluence all their days."

"Oh! Mabel, do not let me find the school-mistress in you. I am too old to be whipped into any thing. Take my advice—don't bore me."

There was a hopeless severity in this manner of speaking which effectually silenced Lady Herbert; and she had only to pray secretly that the misfortune she feared was gathering thick around them, might, by some unforeseen means, be warded off. Lord Herbert's absences from home were more frequent—more unaccounted for than ever; and his manner to his wife coarser and more offensive. The same meek and quiet spirit was opposed to his violence; but Lady Herbert felt that it was easier for her to exercise this forbearance than it had once been, for even her love waned at last.

Miss Clermont continued to complain of not recovering her strength, and several times expressed impatience that her cousin so long delayed her return from Brighton—"for I must leave London, in order to regain my health; before I do so, however, Lady Herbert, I have a confidence to make to you, which I have postponed, only because my own mind is not entirely made up on the subject. Now that it is so, it is time I should inform you, that in six months hence I shall marry Captain Danesford."

Lady Herbert expressed her joy that she should have at last considered the worth of the person who was so truly attached to her, and the advantages which would accrue to her from the alliance. She chided her gently for not having earlier informed her of the event, "for," she added, "I

feel certain that your illness was brought on by anxiety and incertitude of mind; a friend's counsel sometimes assists decision. I fancy I could have spared you the struggle of doubt which harassed your frame, and sooner enabled you to make the resolution, which will, I trust, be for your future happiness. And when may we expect to see Captain Danesford, dear Anna, will your brother come to witness your marriage? But why do I ask? of course he will."

"My brother, as yet, cannot know that I have accepted his friend, and Captain Danesford cannot return to England under four or five months, so that I shall employ that time in making a thousand little arrangements, and above all, in endeavouring to recover my health, which, as yet, I have not done. I purpose therefore, in a very few days, either to meet Mrs. Elliot at Roehampton, or join her at Brighton."

"Well, dear Anna, we can only hope you may be guided in all things for the best; and since you feel this removal to be necessary to you, I will myself accompany you to Mrs. Elliot."

"Oh! upon no account would I give you that trouble, Lady Herbert. My cousin is such a particular old lady, she would be exceedingly disturbed by seeing any thing so fashionable and great as yourself. You know I have always declined introducing her to you, though you have so often kindly pressed me to it; but she is such a strange personage, that I would not on any account hazard offending her. I shall not even take my maid along with me, and shall go in one of the coaches in order that she may not accuse me of finery."

They continued to converse on the subject for a considerable time, and when Miss Herbert joined them, she also was made acquainted with the subject of their conversation, and rejoiced at the news. She blamed herself for having ever felt dislike to Miss Clermont, and ever since her illness had redoubled her attentions to her, and she participated with all the warmth of her very affectionate heart, in the promised happiness of her friend. The usual visitors coming in, put an end to their discourse."

"What do you think, Mabel?" said Lord Herbert, speaking aloud, and in a triumphant tone of voice, "there's another of your bosom friends, one of the purities, started out of the course: that is always what comes of being over stiff laced. Mrs. de Vere is discovered to be no better

than the less rigid, and de Vere must in self-defence speak out at last."

"Yes," said Sir Charles Lennard, "there will be a divorce, depend upon it."

"You think so," rejoined Lord Herbert.

"I am sure of it," replied Sir Charles, "for ten thousand pounds are not to be rejected, as consolation for an affront, there are few misfortunes that would not derive solace from ten thousands pounds, don't you agree with me, Herbert?"

"Ay! perhaps," said Lord Herbert, with an abstracted air.

"What a pity," observed Miss Clermont, in her tranquil tone of voice, "that that pretty woman should have been so silly, and she looks so good."

"Looks!" Miss Clermont, and he added with a peculiar emphasis, as he spoke, "many *look* good, you know, who are bad: the fairest fruit is often most rotten at the core."

"A woman's *looks* is often not the mirror of her soul. Mrs. de Vere married for love, did she not?" asked Miss Clermont, addressing Lady Herbert, who had hitherto sat silent.

"Yes, I believe so, or what is usually called *for love*, but I fear it was not a love that rested on principle, or which was based on esteem of character."

"At all events," resumed Miss Clermont, "if she obtained the man of her choice, and then swerved from her duty she was inexcusable, do you not think so, Lady Herbert?" and she looked first at Lord de Montmorenci, then at herself.

No one replied to this remark, but Sir Charles Lennard endeavoured to conceal a malignant pleasure under the mask of a smile, and turning quick to Lord Herbert, said, "What will you bet that Mrs. de Vere does not run off with Cuthbert, this day week?"

"Nothing, thank you, Lennard, I would not bet a shilling on any love affair; for there is no subject on which people change their mind so frequently as on love, and very likely the little de Vere will not speak to Cuthbert to-morrow morning. Mrs. de Vere is an old friend of yours, Lady Herbert, is she not?" addressing the latter.

"A friend is a word of mighty import, an acquaintance, yes."

"Well, but you are sufficiently intimate with her to give

her a word of kindly warning. Do save her from a rash act—she is really too pretty to fall a sacrifice to that disagreeable fellow, Cuthbert.”

“I don’t conceive myself justified to interfere with Mrs. de Vere. She has children, a husband, and one who loves her. A woman so circumstanced, can require no *advice* from others; a friend’s part, or the part of one who wishes her well, is merely to defend her fame when they hear it unwarrantably attacked. I for ‘one, give no credit to the idle tales in circulation, and I request I may hear no more of them.”

“I quite agree with you, Lady Herbert; after all, these rumours are only rumours, and except to amuse Herbert, I should not have disseminated them.”

Lord Herbert bowed to him, and said ironically:

“I did not know that you had turned Saint Lennard.”

The whole scene and conversation was peculiarly disagreeable to Lady Herbert; she deemed the discussion of such reports always an insult to herself, and still more so to her daughter; and although she had lived long enough in the gay world to be quite accustomed to similar ordeals, she never forgot that they were debasing to the mind, and demoralizing to the spirit; so that, when obliged to listen to them, she fenced herself from their contagion by encouraging the disgust they had never failed to produce.

“I never saw any one derive so little amusement as you appear to do, Lady Herbert,” said Sir Charles Lennard, “from the news of the day.”

“Pardon me, I am amused at harmless news; but I dislike scandal, and take no interest in ill-natured rumours. I confess, upon the whole, I would far rather talk of things than of people. There are a thousand subjects which amuse me very much; and, when I am happy, I am full of interest on topics that never pass upon the fancy.”

“*When you are happy!*” rejoined Sir Charles Lennard, catching up her words—“so then you are *not always* happy?”

Lady Herbert felt provoked that she should thus unconsciously have said any thing to such a man, which he might take undue advantage of, and colouring deeply, she answered quickly,

“No human being is happy at all times; it would not be well for us that we should be so.”

“I am no moralist, Lady Herbert; but I feel, that, were

I one who might claim the privilege of affording you pain or pleasure, I should think my life well employed in warding off the one, and supplying the latter. As it is, I can only see and lament that a net is wove around you from which you will shortly not be able to extricate yourself. Would that I could show you the snare; but, unless you place some confidence in me, it is in vain that I attempt to save you from it!"

Lady Herbert felt an inward thrill of terror, but she concealed her feeling, and replied,

"That she was quite satisfied her safety and happiness should reside in the protection and care of her husband."

"Lady Herbert, it is possible to be too good for the sake of those you love most. Remember my words—beware!"—and passing by her, he wished Lord Herbert good day, and left the room.

But the poison he had infused into Lady Herbert's mind was not so readily dismissed. When alone she ruminated upon his words; and she had not in the kindness of her husband an encouragement to go to him for an antidote. Never before had she been so totally estranged from him—never had she felt so hardened to misery as now—and yet she dreaded something worse still. But perhaps, of all her sufferings, none was more heavy to be borne than the consciousness that she loved Lord Herbert less and less—but, in measure as this apathy increased, the passionate affection she bore her child grew stronger and more strong; it seemed as if every tenderness which she had felt for her father had now fastened itself upon Sarah Herbert, and like those plants which are torn away forcibly from some sustaining stem, and whose tender fibres cling to the nearest object for support, so did the fondness of Lady Herbert grapple at the young scion which sprung up from the parent-root, and to which alone she could now look for reciprocity of affection.

Mean while the warning, which Sir Charles had sounded in her ear, was not without foundation; but he well knew that it would not be listened to, coming as it did from him. To trace step by step the progress of Lady Herbert's altered condition, would be to record a history of the heart, rather than go rapidly through the most marked epochs of her existence, and by a mere outline convey the story of her love. Lord Herbert was frequently waited for at dinner-time till the dinner was spoiled, and the patience of the

guests was worn out, till at last a message would come to say his lordship was unavoidably prevented from being home in time, and then she was obliged to frame some awkward excuse, and, with her mind harassed by care, to appear as though nothing painful agitated her. But this constant restraint became too much, and she resolved that no more company should be invited. Herbert House was closed to every one but Sir Charles Lennard, who continued to frequent it day by day as usual; and who made no observation when he sat down to Lady Herbert's dinner, or found himself the only gentleman present.

Miss Clermont had joined her cousin, Mrs. Elliot, at Brighton; Lord de Montmorenci had ceased to come since Lord Herbert had left his home; and there was a look of desolation over the house difficult to describe, but which the absence of the master or mistress always imparts.

For a time, when Miss Herbert inquired for her father, Lady Herbert replied,

"He is hunting in Leicestershire, and has not leisure to write to us."

Sarah Herbert made no answer—she saw her mother's heart was broken. Many serious hours of hopelessness and dismay had been followed by reconciliation and renewed brightness, but this epoch seemed to bring with it a certainty of calamity. No letter from Lord Herbert arrived. Lady Herbert knew not what to think. Of one only thing she was certain—that she was a forsaken wife, and that her part was to resign the interest which she had lived for hitherto, and to sink into a loveless, joyless age. If ever there was a woman made to love in the purest, truest, rarest sense of real love, that woman was Lady Herbert. With devotion unparalleled, with tenderness unequalled, with a singleness of purpose that owed nothing to rank, or station, or fashion, she had wedded her husband in the flush and glory of her young and faultless beauty; and, when thousands sued to her, she only cared for their homage as it might throw into the scale something grateful to the being for whom she would have literally sacrificed the world, had it been hers to give. Nor was this passionate love the offspring of an ephemeral fancy—it withstood disparity of intellect, it withstood a love of low company, it outlived unparalleled brutality of temper, and lived on still unimpaired for years, feeding upon itself—it even withstood the certainty of being left for the unworthy and the mercenary—



it breathed no prayer that was not a prayer for him—it forgave, though in itself it had never swerved one instant during sixteen years from its allegiance, and had not, in thought or wish, done one thing for which itself required forgiveness; but the time was now arrived when the beautiful growth of this love was to be cut off, root and branch, when it was to be torn up from the soil where it first had birth, and the place thereof was to know it no more. Oh! the utter desolation of that vacancy which such a change conveys to such a being as Lady Herbert.

#### CHAPTER IV.

“There is no darkness nor shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves.”—*JON.*

If there be love in mortals, this was love;

He was a villian—ay, reproaches shower

On him, but not the passion, nor its power.—*BRON.*

ONE night, walking home late from a club, where Lord Herbert had drank sufficient wine to render him confused and irritable, Sir Charles Lennard said to him,

“So, Herbert, at last you are jealous—and of your own wife, too!”

The latter started, tried to laugh, and said—“No.”

“Well then, Herbert, either you are the most indulgent of fashionable husbands, and have worn the rose-coloured spectacles of matrimony more gracefully than your competitors, or you are more comfortably blind than even *they* usually are, proverbial as their blindness is. What, you have not found out that Claude de Montmorenci is in love with Lady Herbert?”

“No, truly—is he? Well, you surprise me, Lenn.! I never supposed he could be in love with any thing but himself.”

“You are mistaken though, I assure you, Herbert; and your wife is in love with him too!”

“Phoo, phoo, Lenn., nonsense!—poor, good Mabel never cast a thought on any one save your humble servant in her life. No, she is too great a goose for that, and is become

rather a bore; but she is perfectly good—perfectly honourable.”

“Oh! you know we are all perfectly good—perfectly honourable men—ay, and women too—by courtesy; but courtesy is a *liberal*, and your award is not precisely in unison with that sweeping clause of honour.”

Lord Herbert felt he had no ready reply—he was in a painful situation—a situation no man likes to be in—*vis-à-vis* to a quondam friend: for he was under vast obligations to the informer against his wife—he was in his power—else would he have received the news very differently; he would have demanded by what authority, and on what proof, he dared to traduce his wife!—as it was, he remained silent. After a pause, Sir Charles Lennard recommenced speaking.

“Herbert, I see you take the matter as a wise man, under any circumstances, should do—coolly; but, beside that, I know a secret of yours.”

Lord Herbert again tried to laugh.

“You know all my secrets, Lenn.”

“Ah! but I know one you never *confided* to me.”

“Do you so? Will you impart it to me?”

“Will you like to hear it?”

“Ay—why not?”

“You are in love with Anna Clermont,” replied Sir Charles quickly, and in a decided tone. “I know you are—therefore it is in vain you say nay. And what matters? She is in love with you too. But is the affair settled?—is it a serious, or a passing business? Is it, I mean, a question of running off with her, or only a flirtation? Be honest with me, Herbert—it is your *interest* to be so; and perhaps I have it in my power to serve you in *that way* also, as in all others. Nay, you hesitate—why so cowardly? ‘Faint heart never won fair lady.’ Why so discreet with me? ’Tis not the first time I have been your confidant on similar occasions. I am not surprised that you like better to live with that young, merry creature, Anna Clermont, than with your prosy Lady Herbert, who is *sur le retour*. You’ll forgive my calling her so, won’t you, Herbert?”—and Sir Charles enjoined the inward writhing of the contradictory passions he awoke in Lord Herbert’s breast.

The latter laughed—what a laugh!

“Oh yes,” he said—“certainly Mabel is not *de la première*

*jeunesse*—devilish handsome though, still. And Anna is very young, and all that sort of thing; but I hate making a noise. If I were to run off with Anna, it would cause a fuss in town. I don't like putting myself *en scène*—it is vulgar."

"Bah! a nine days' wonder, Herbert, if so much. I will undertake to clear you from all blame by throwing it on others—that always keeps the scale of the world's opinion even; and you could so soon return from Dieppe or Boulogne, or some of those romantic places to which true lovers and ladies in dilemmas go for a short season, and then reinstate yourself here *comme de coutume*, *la petite Annette* would establish herself near you, and all would go on in good taste."

"Why, to say truth, I am half inclined, Lennard, only—Mabel"—

"Oh! hang that old lady's name, she is certainly a witch, you are so afraid of her."

How that word *old*, disenchant a man; but witch—he could not swallow his wife being called a witch.

"No," he said, "she is not that!" and a pang shot through the coward's heart, as he denied the justice of the appellation.

"Well, well, I see how it is; you have the fear of Lady Herbert in all her buckram purity before your eyes. But I can give you some information on that score also, which will very much lessen your respectful terror of her. On the evening, or rather night, of a certain Tuesday, 15th of May last spring, when Lady Herbert and your daughter were at Lord de Montmorenci's villa, I beheld a tender scene in the garden betwixt your wife and him, and overheard a conversation that passed between them of a nature which enables you not to hesitate to follow your own inclinations. Remember, I am ready to give my testimony if called upon; it is quite sufficient, believe me, to make her silent, whatever you may choose to do in future. You are free, remember, I tell you so; good night, Herbert;" and suddenly turning away, he darted down a by street, and was gone before the latter had time to recollect himself.

"If this be true," said the latter, muttering to himself, "I can have no scruples;" and, in order to drown the last struggles of conscience, he determined to believe it was true. So, when he slept off the fumes of the last night's

revel, and awoke with the languid, unstrung nerves that follow it, the first thing that greeted him was a letter from the wicked Anna Clermont.

"I love you—I live but in the assurance that you return my love. I am willing to lose heaven and earth for your sake: come to me, I am alone and wretched!"

"Poor soul! I must reward her attachment—I must, at least, go and see her," was Lord Herbert's resolution as he read these words. "And after all, what a fool I have been not to have perceived that De Montmorenci was in love with Mabel; but I have not cared to see it—I have not thought about it—yet that such is the case, I can no longer doubt. Ah! now I can understand why he has never married; and when I reflect upon the subject, her manner towards him was confused and strange." But not all the sophistry of guilt, enabled Lord Herbert to recollect any fact, which could in the slightest degree affect his wife's honour, nevertheless, it does not require facts to criminate those upon whom the malignant or the guilty determine to affix a stain. Lord Herbert's own delinquencies made him pronounce his blameless wife in fault; and finally, he said, "I need no longer hesitate, why should I put any restraint upon myself for Mabel's sake?—she has found some one newer and more fascinating than her husband, just as I have done in respect to herself, just as every one does in the course of a long married life. I will not mar her amusement, and certainly not my own; no, no, I will make Anna Clermont happy and myself, yes," he continued with a half stifled sigh, "I shall be happier than I have been for a long time." It was certain that he had not been happy for a length of time, but why had he not been so? simply because he had ceased to deserve it. Every ingredient to constitute happiness was in his possession, but he had scorned and cast them from him, and as those are most happy who, by God's blessing, are the artificers of their own felicity, so those are most wretched who, forsaking or contemning his laws, are by Him forsaken, and create their own wretchedness. Nevertheless, this weak and wicked man did not leave his home and all the holy ties that bound him to it, without so severe a pang, that even in the commission of that sin he met his punishment.

At the time when Miss Clermont had determined to make Captain Danesford believe that she would marry him, she fancied him sufficiently distant, and bound to the duties of

his profession, to prevent his coming to claim her promise, or even to prevent all personal intercourse with him at the time being; but with the zeal of true love, he contrived to obtain a brief leave of absence, and came directly to London, almost as soon as his letter could arrive there. His surprise and disappointment were equal, when, on reaching Herbert House, he learnt that Miss Clermont was at Brighton, but he lost no time in following her to that place, and, according to the direction given him by Lady Herbert, he found her at a lodging in Kempt Town. The rapture he felt at beholding her was considerably abated, by the great change he beheld in her appearance. She was exceedingly thin, and there was a deep flush in her cheek, and a wild sparkle in her eye, which alarmed him beyond all possibility of concealing his feelings, what those feelings were he could not define, but their nature was most painful. When the first incoherent phrases were interchanged, which naturally flow from persons situated as they were, she informed him of her illness, and implied that it was brought on by distress and uncertainty of mind respecting the step she had taken. How much did this declaration, confirmed too, as it was, by the visible alteration in her appearance, affect the honest hearted and attached Danesford; every thought was merged in that of her having been dangerously ill, and he said all that a true and warm nature could dictate of kindness and of trust. He pressed for a mitigation of the sentence of six months' delay of their marriage, and at length obtained his suit.

"Oh!" she said, "if my fate is not decided in three months, it will never be decided, so in three months be it, if it is indeed ever to be."

Then followed on his part the expression of those thousand delightful anticipations of a life to be passed in living for one another, and the plans formed for her future comfort; but he asked at last, not that he cared much for what he asked, "am I never to be presented to Mrs. Elliot?"

"I trust you will very soon, but my cousin's eyes are so much affected by the influenza that she is obliged to sit in a dark room, and is otherwise so unwell, that for some days it will be quite impossible I should make you acquainted with her."

"Some days! alas! Anna, for the present you know I must leave you immediately, I have only stolen away from Portsmouth, on a day's cruise to you."

"Well, well, Mrs. Elliot will not be angry, and when you come again—"

"It will be to be blessed, tell me so, Anna, repeat it to me a thousand times, three months from this day you will become my wife."

"Yes, if you still wish it."

"Nay, now, that *if* is most unkind, but surely, you have taken the resolution of being mine willingly, uninfluenced by any persuasion. Anna, I cannot suffer a doubt on this subject, yet, once more before we part, assure me solemnly, that no motive save affection, has induced you to relent. Speak the whole undisguised truth, I beseech you, for I had rather know what degree of attachment binds you to me, than deceive myself with an imaginary return of that which I feel for you, and then find myself disappointed, and if it is but a little love that you feel Anna, a very little, I will foster it till it becomes more. I will not murmur at the scant portion you bestow on me, for, to be loved in the slightest degree by you, is more than to possess another's whole affection, only do not subject me to the mortification of an expectancy that cannot be fulfilled. Anna, beloved, you do not answer. Well then, at some future time you will love me more than you do at present. Say but *that*, and I shall be content." Then, without waiting for an answer, he continued. "If devotion to your happiness, Anna, day after day, year after year, can win your love, I shall win it, only swear to me you do not marry me out of pique. Sometimes I have fancied you loved Lord de M—. Is it so?"

"No, no," replied Miss Clermont, interrupting him with ready earnestness, "on the contrary," and she spoke the words with emphasis—"on the *contrary*, I do not even *like*, far less love him. He is of too hidden and deep a nature to please me: Lord de Montmorenci is a man of mystery, and if I mistake not, he is the enemy rather than the friend of the family whose society he so frequents; do not trust him with any thing; above all, not the secret with which I trusted you. If Lord Herbert was aware that Lord de Montmorenci knew of the loan he made from you, it would I am sure be exceedingly disagreeable to him."

"You surprise me. I had thought Lord Claude de Montmorenci was an amiable man; and, although not perhaps altogether suited to me as a friend, still sincerely such to the Herberts. Nor was I angry that he should seem to

scorn me; how could he do otherwise?—a man so much my superior in every way.”

Miss Clermont shook her head, saying,

“No: he is not your superior;” and smiled so sweetly, that poor Captain Danesford was made quite happy, being convinced there existed no cause for his jealousy.

As they met, so they parted. He was loving, confiding, honourable. She was—but let the sequel tell that which is already surmised, but not developed. After Captain Danesford’s departure, Miss Clermont sat at her window watching the sun as it sunk in the horizon, and longing to hasten its course; its slanting beams rose from the waves, and cast a splendour on their dancing undulations; but the shadows lengthened every moment, and she loved the darkness rather than light—at last the colouring was lost in one gray veil of obscurity. Then she took her shawl, tied on a large straw bonnet, cast her veil over all, and, with rapid footstep, ascended towards the highland, above the baths. She had not gone far when a greyhound bounded to her feet, and in another moment a man muffled in a cloak, joined her.

“You are punctual, Anna, are you still determined! Think well before you bid me fulfil your wish.”

“Nay, ask me not such a question—we have gone too far to go no farther—the stake is deep for which we have played the game of life, but the price is paid, and the result we must not shrink from. Have you been able to get a birth in the fishing smack to Dieppe?”

“Yes: it sails in an hour. Anna, do you not tremble?”

“Yes, but with eagerness to be gone. Let me not think *you* hesitate—that is the only evil I can dread *now*; and if I thought it, I would not dread it long.

“By all that is spirited and inspiring, you are the only woman I ever saw worth losing the world for. Come, Anna, come, freedom and love for ever.”

He hurried her along—they were soon at the pier—a small boat was waiting to convey them to the Mermaid, which lay to, waiting for the passengers—and in a quarter of an hour these wretched ones were bending their course with a fair wind to Dieppe. No adverse gales—no threatening storms assailed their bark; they landed in apparent quiet and security—they took up their abode at the *Aigle Noir*.

The next day, Miss Clermont was alone in the small

room of that hostelry which looks sideways on the pier. The different garb of the common people amused her eye for a short time; but the hurry of her mind, which her conduct forbade should ever again enjoy quietude, suffered her not to rest. She listened for the returning footsteps of him for whom she had forfeited earth and heaven. He came not.

"He is only gone for half an hour," she repeated to herself. "I need have no fear of *his* forsaking me. Oh! no—he *does* love me *now*."

But she shuddered as she remembered the time when he had *not* loved her, and a doubt crossed her mind which goaded her to madness—"Even now he may abandon me!" It was the first moment, since she met Lord Herbert at Brighton, that she had been alone, and she trembled, for she felt as though a veil had dropped from her eyes. She saw herself in her true colours—she beheld the gulf she had passed over, and which could not be repassed.

"Oh! no"—she repeated to herself, with a fiendish joy of despair—"I need have no fear of his forsaking me *now*—he has overstepped the barrier even of the world's indulgence to his sex; but that is not the question with me—no matter whether we are spurned or not from society—but does he love me?"

A strong doubt was on her mind that he did not. She had laid the net for him. With all Lord Herbert's crimes and errors, he could not be called the tempter. Miss Clermont knew well the wiles which she had practised, and the means to which she had recourse, before he shared her guilt; and now the added torture was upon her to think that she had bartered every thing to obtain that one which was not hers. Miss Clermont paced to and fro as these heavy doubts stirred within her. At length she sat down, and fixed her eyes on the clock of the neighbouring church, and watched its slow motion till it reached the point at which the half-hour struck, when she leaped up, saying,

"The half-hour has expired at which he promised to return, but he has not returned;" and she rushed to the window, threw up the casement, and gazed down the narrow street among the market-women till her eyes ached; but five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and he was not come back—half an hour more, and he was not arrived.

"It is cruel in him," said his guilty paramour, "to stay away from me." She thought not of her own cruelty in



taking him from his innocent and adoring wife, his child, his everlasting peace. "It is cruel in him to leave me alone in this public inn;" and then she added, "If he forsakes me as he has done others;" and the images of those guiltless ones presented themselves like furies to her distorted thoughts. "If he does," she added, in a deep and hollow voice, "I will be avenged! It cannot be that he is detected, known, and obliged to have recourse to subterfuge in order to elude pursuit?" This was another goad of misery—wherever her thoughts sought for refuge they lighted on torture. There is no peace for the wicked. "But why do I allow these puerile fears to master my reason?"—she resumed. "We are safe from being pursued—we are unsuspected, and for a length of time must remain so—none can harm us or part us. What if Mabel Herbert was to come in person—Sarah even—Lord Claude de Montmorenci—the guardian angel—devil in sheep's clothing!—what would they—what could they all do? The deed is done! I have won him, and will wear him as my conquest proudly, though the world below or above were leagued against me. But then, is he safe? Yes: there is none who can or will challenge Herbert's actions. His wife has no brother, no male relation, to avenge her injuries. The only two persons I dread, are far, far away. Frederick is pacing his deck in perfect safety, dreaming of glory. He little thinks of the laurel I have placed on his brow!"—and a short malicious laugh followed—half-hysterical, half-fiendish. "No: my fears are the offspring of weakness. None can part us—none shall part us—none but himself. Ah! he seemed indifferent this morning—his manner was confused—he was absent when I was worshipping him." Footsteps approached.

"One hour after your time, Francis," she said, as she tried to speak in a gay, clear voice. It was a waiter that opened the door; but some one followed him close, and entered. The door was closed, a person advanced towards her; but Miss Clermont's eyes grew dim—a film spread itself over her sight—she recognised the voice which called her by name—she remained rooted where she stood—for that voice was Frederick Clermont's.

In a few minutes, however, she made a desperate effort to ward off the catastrophe which she felt must ensue, unless, by a bold fraud, she could impose on her brother.

"I have been very ill, dear Fred.," she said; "almost

dead; and the happiness of beholding you once more has been too much for me."

She sunk in his arms, and nearly fainted, as she uttered these words. He looked at her with a stupified stare. Again she spoke—

"You are shocked at beholding me. You can hardly know me, but I am better already for change of air. Lord Herbert kindly persuaded me to come here for a few days from Brighton; and poor Mrs. Elliot, in whose house I wrote you, and with whom I was living, had such an inflammation in her eyes, that she could not accompany me; so I must hasten my return back to her."

There was an unnatural flurry in the manner of uttering these words which would have excited suspicion even in the mind of an indifferent hearer; and the young sailor, who had never quailed at the cannon's mouth, shook before the altered aspect and demeanour of his sister.

"Yes, Anna," he replied at length, "you must have been very ill indeed, to look as you are now looking. I grieve for your illness, but I grieve more for the cause. Some terrible event surely has befallen you?"

"It is a terrible event, indeed, to have been as near death as I have been. Poor Lady Herbert! I was the occasion of great uneasiness to her. I believe she was quite relieved when I took my departure for Brighton."

"Lady Herbert expressed herself with her usual kindness, Anna, respecting you; and the day or two I was obliged to remain in London, she insisted on my occupying my old apartments; but it seems Lord Herbert had been absent from her a long time. How comes he to be with you?"

"With *me*?—he has only been with me these last three days. Our coming across the water was the fancy of the moment. Lord Herbert, I heard, arrived at Brighton to be present at a match of pigeon-shooting. It was very kind in him to escort me here; but I believe he is gone now to find a vessel in which to return—perhaps he has already sailed."

Would that I could send him a note, she thought, to bid him do so; but she knew not where he was—she knew not how to elude her brother's vigilance—for she was aware that he suspected her.

"But, my dear Fred.," she resumed, after a pause, "to what do I owe the happiness of your unexpected return to

England? Why did you not write me word you were coming?"

"I had a mind to surprise you, and am happy to observe that I have done so agreeably."

The ironical manner in which he spoke informed his sister that she had every thing to fear, and she observed that the tale she had told him had not obtained belief. Again, she thought, I will touch another chord, perhaps that may take a better effect.

"I conclude, Frederick, by your ignorance respecting my illness, that you have never received any of the letters that I have written to you lately; that accounts for your apparent coldness to me, as well, also, as for your not wishing me joy of my approaching marriage with your friend, Captain Danesford. Did you not meet him going to town on your way to Brighton? Surely, you must have passed him on the road."

"Danesford! *my friend!* *You—you* become his wife—impossible!"

"Nay, it is very possible, for every thing is arranged between us, and in three months time we shall be united. I never could have dreamt that you would have thrown obstacles in the way of our marriage; but it seems, by your mysterious manner of receiving this communication, that this alliance is no longer agreeable to you."

"Anna, there was a time when it would have been the proudest day of my life to have given my sister to my friend to be his wedded wife—but *now* I would sooner give him a pestilence!" and he arose, and walked up and down the room, in an agitated manner.

"What has befallen you, Frederick?—are you gone suddenly mad?—what am I to understand by this strange conduct?—your manner to me, too, after so long an absence! Is this the way to meet a sister?—a sister who has been on the verge of the grave!" and an hysterical fit of tears burst from her eyes, as she sobbed with violent emotion.

"Anna, my dear Anna, my sister, calm yourself. What have I done? I have behaved brutally to you—forgive me. Oh! may I have cause to ask your forgiveness; may I indeed find that I have entertained evil thoughts of one in whom I ought to have had unshaken trust. Prove to me that I have been the veriest brute on earth, and I shall be the happiest of men. Oh! yes: if you, my sister, are the pure, dear sister you once were, I shall again hold up my

head aloft, and look in the face of an honest man without shame; but if—if you are a lost one, if you are even sullied in your fair fame, if any seducer has dared, Anna, I am still your brother—still your loving brother—take refuge in my arms. Let us hide ourselves in the depth of some solitude together, and mourn that we are wretched—but still mourn together.”

He pressed her to his heart—he kissed her affectionately. The door was flung open—Lord Herbert entered, mad with rage and agitation,—he caught Miss Clermont from the arms of her brother, while Frederick, overcome with amazement and horror, stood motionless.

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## CHAPTER V.

For it is not an open enemy which hath done me  
This dishonour: for then I could have borne it:  
Neither was it mine adversary that did magnify himself  
Against me, for then, peradventure I would have hid myself from  
him,  
But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and  
Mine own familiar friend.

55th PSALM.

ONE evening, after having made an excursion to Richmond, Lady Herbert, her daughter, and Lord de Montmorenci, drove up to Herbert House, Miss Herbert said, for in her breast hope was not yet dead,

“I wonder if papa is ever to return from Leicester-shire?”

Neither her mother, nor Lord de Montmorenci made any reply; the time was gone by at last, when the former looked with anxiety to any particular day, or hour, when she might expect to meet her husband: Her long and weary watchings had been the heart-sickening hours and years of hope deferred, and since Lord de Montmorenci had resumed his visits to Herbert House, he never mentioned Lord Herbert's name; there was a tacit agreement between him and Lady Herbert, that that name should no more pass their lips to each other. Sarah Herbert was accustomed to this melan-

choly silence, so she asked the question without expecting an answer. She jumped from the carriage, flew up the steps of the house before her companions could alight, and having ascertained that her father was not come home, she gave full course to the feelings of her young heart, in that unrestrained shower of weeping, which, like the burst of a summer's gloom, passes away to be followed by renewed brightness; unwilling, however, that her mother should see her tears, she determined to go quickly to bed, but Mrs. Hanson inopportunely came into the room, and immediately her curiosity was excited, mingled with a degree of real affection which she entertained for the creature she had seen born.

"Why, dear Miss Herbert, what is the matter?"

"No—nothing, Hanson—nothing, don't tell mamma I am crying, I am only vexed, that's all."

"I, tell your mamma, miss! Lord, love ye, I never see her now, no more than if I warn't housekeeper. Martha Treawny is hand in hand with my lady, nobody else is ever suffered to come a nigh her, and the more's the pity. Why, there's that feller Dick Stevenson, he knows more nor he ought to know, *he* knows what my lord's about, that's what he does, and if he was my lady's friend, he'd tell her too, and it's a shame he don't—but Peggy Cox prevents that."

The housekeeper had succeeded in raising Miss Herbert's curiosity, and restraining her tears, so the former examined her countenance with that sort of cunning instinct, which coarse vulgar minds share in common with animals; to know how far she might venture with her young mistress, and whether she should be likely to succeed in making her the means of dismissing Stevenson from Herbert House.

"What does Stevenson know of papa? what can he know, he has not taken him with him to Leicestershire—it is nearly two months that papa has been absent."

"Absent, yes, miss, but in Leicestershire! he's no more in Leicestershire nor I am—but I says nothing, indeed it is not fitting I should, to you, Miss Herbert—only if my lady knew her true friends, and her false enemies, she'd not have that man to sleep another night under her roof; if my lady will speak to me, I'll tell her a bit of news or two. Shocking bad to be sure, but as I says when my preserves boils over, one must hasten to take the pot off the fire."

"I don't understand you, Hanson, you speak in riddles, what do you mean?"

"I mean that Peggy Cox and Dick Stevenson should both be off by beat of drum, without a moment's warning, and that's what they should, and if you will only procure me a haudience of your dear mamma, I will make her air stand on *hend*."

Miss Herbert could not avoid smiling, and replied "Oh! Hanson, poor mamma has troubles enough, without your adding to them."

"But, lord love your sweet face, Miss Herbert, don't you see things be comed to such a pass, that if my lady don't happly to some friend, Moreton will be sold, and there will be an *hexicution* in the house, and every thing will all come out as clear as mud."

"You astonish and terrify me, Hanson, only I hope it is all nonsense; however, I will ask mamma to-morrow to let you speak to her, and if there is any truth in any part of your gossip, she will be the best judge how to act."

"You are very kind, Miss Herbert, to call me gossip, but gossip, me no gossip, for hevery word of what I've been telling you, is as true as that my nose is on my face."

Of that there could be no doubt, as it was of the proboscis size, and so Miss Herbert, wishing her a good night, dismissed Mrs. Hanson, and after passing in review all the painful circumstances which had clouded the bright prospects of her youth, she fell into a troubled sleep, unlike that which characterizes the repose of innocent youth. The shadowy world of sleep into which we all enter, sometimes in despite of ourselves, is a profound mystery, which the wise may well desire to look into.

While the foregoing scene had been passing in Miss Herbert's room, Lord de Montmorenci remained conversing with Lady Herbert. He had bade her good night when he handed her out of the carriage, intending to go away; but she said, "Are you not coming in?" with an expression in her voice which implied she wished he should do so, that he could not resist; but he said, "you are tired, Lady Herbert, I had better not detain you from your rest."

"I am not tired, and as to rest"—she shook her head mournfully, and added hastily, "but perhaps you have other engagements."

"No, I have no engagements, and offering her his arm,

which she accepted, they entered the drawing-room together.

"What a profusion of beautiful flowers!" she exclaimed, going towards the conservatory that adjoined the windows. Dear Lord de Montmorenci, *you* have done this—how kind of you—I left the plants all withered and dead, and here is a renovation of bloom and fragrance. Thank you very much for this sweet surprise, for no one but you would show me such kindness *now*, and she held out her hand affectionately—he did not misunderstand her, but he ventured to press the offered hand to his lips. At that moment a servant entered, it was Stevenson, he asked if her ladyship had any orders for the carriage that evening?

"Why did not Charles come in as usual for orders," she asked.

"He went to execute some commission which he said your ladyship had given him, and I thought I might come to receive your commands, without any particular offence."

There was nothing impertinent in the man's words, but there was an implied impertinence in the tone and manner very difficult to define; which did not justify any reproof on her part, and yet, both Lord de Montmorenci and herself felt that it was not without an intentional motive that he had thus spoken; but Lady Herbert only inquired what was the hour, and hearing that it was near eleven, she said, "it is too late, I shall not go out to-night, no," turning to Stevenson, "I shall not want the carriage."

Lady Herbert walked into the conservatory; for the first time in her existence she felt an awkwardness in being alone with Lord de Montmorenci, but she did not confess this even to herself, and so she spoke on quickly, without knowing well what subject she was speaking of, and she smelt the flowers and praised their beauty; in her passionate love of these too, she was peculiar, she had a *system* in regard to them which was wholly her own.

There was a time when Lady Herbert would have wished that the donor had been her husband—it was no longer so—and her heart was a blank; but hitherto Lady Herbert had never disclosed this secret to mortal being, she had never even spoken a word slightly of him. Yet, it must be confessed, Lord de Montmorenci's friendship had become a dangerous blessing to her. Hitherto love, rightly placed, had been her security—she had no cause to revert

to principle as a guarantee for the preservation of her spotless fame—her inward purity—her duties and her affections walked hand in hand, the one had been the result of the other—but a change came over the spirit of her life. The time was approaching, when perhaps it was her part to know, as it comes to all at some time or other of their lives, that unless their strength is founded on religion, it is naught.

Mabel Herbert was indeed to be pitied, it was a bold thing now to say, that standing on the brink of the precipice on which she stood, that she was safe, one half of the world prophesied her fall, because they wished it. Many of the stricter members of society had quietly withdrawn from her company; those who loved her truly, trembled for her safety. Lady Herbert was the being of all others, who most required tenderness, kindness, her whole essence was made up of those endearing but perhaps enfeebling qualities. No one ever lived more for, and in the exercise of them than Mabel Herbert, it was therefore that she was tried in them; but the world knew not, that she had a refuge to fly to beyond what it dreams of in its poor and arrogant philosophy.

Lady Herbert was half sorry that night at having detained Lord de Montmorenci, and the more so as she was told that her daughter felt fatigued and was gone to bed, but she was angry at herself for being sorry, and resuming the quiet self-possession which the servant Stevenson's manner had deprived her of for a brief space of time, she had recourse to her work-frame, and Lord de Montmorenci read to her, when a knock was heard at the door, and Stevenson again entered the drawing-room, with a look of much bustle and importance, and approaching the latter, said in a loud whisper to him,

"Sir Charles Lennard is below, and wishes to speak to your lordship immediately."

Lady Herbert started, turned pale, and exclaimed, "what can he have to say to you, for heaven's sake, Lord de Montmorenci, if his communication concerns me or mine, let me know what it is, keep me not in suspense."

Lord de Montmorenci only observed it was a late hour to come and disturb the family, "but do not be alarmed, Lady Herbert, I will return to you immediately."

He left her: five, ten, twenty, minutes elapsed, he did not return, yet no one had left the house, for she had



listened with that keen sense of hearing, which returned her the vibrations of her own beating pulses; a movement of impatience escaped her, and the next instant she rushed down stairs, she paused not to reflect—this time Mabel Herbert was the creature of impulse, she burst into the room where Sir Charles Lennard and Lord Claude were conversing, the latter was in a state of agitation, such as she had never beheld him in.

Sir Charles Lennard was leaning on the mantel-piece, apparently composed; he advanced to Lady Herbert, he led her to a seat.

"It is as well, perhaps, that you *are* come—the dreadful tale must be told, the sooner you know it the better."

Lady Herbert looked first at Lord de Montmorenci, then at Sir Charles Lennard. "Something terrible has occurred, do not conceal it from me. Have you nothing to say to me?" she asked, addressing the former, "have *you* no word of comfort?"

Lord de Montmorenci, covered his face with his hands and sunk into a chair.

Sir Charles sat down by her—after a pause, he said, "It is my painful task then, since your friend will not do so, it is my painful task to inform you of that which is but too certain, my only hope and belief is, that you cannot be wholly unprepared for the events"—again he paused,—she gasped for breath.

"Speak!" was the only word she could utter.

"Herbert is gone off with Anna Clermont."

"It is false, utterly false!" she exclaimed, rising, and looking defiance at her informer.

"There is no doubt, Lady Herbert, that your husband has eloped with Anna Clermont," he repeated, "for certain creditors, to whom Lord Herbert had given bills which became due a few days ago, have made it their business to track the fugitives, and they were found at Dieppe."

"Away! I'll not believe it!" indignantly exclaimed Lady Herbert. "Can Francis have severed the link which still held us together? Is this the reward of fidelity, of patience, of devotedness? But if is so, I have been a weak, blind fool—it were worthless to love him now."

"At last, Lady Herbert," said Sir Charles Lennard, with a complacent sneer—"at last you have reproached Lord Herbert in the presence of his *friends*; but it is no marvel that your wrath should be at length aroused to

break forth in one natural burst of indignation—it is cruel in him, and every one will allow it to be so, to forsake you, in advancing years too!”

Sir Charles enjoyed a bitter revenge for her scorn of his pretensions. A long pause ensued—no one seemed to dare to break it. Lord de Montmorenci was silent, because he durst not trust himself to speak, lest he might have blamed her husband. And why should he so dread to render her this natural justice? It was scarcely known to himself why he dared not; but so it was; and he valued her peace and fame too highly, to give Sir Charles Lennard a right to infer any thing which might by him be construed into an undue interest. At length Sir Charles Lennard spoke, and, addressing himself to Lady Herbert, asked in a compassionate tone of voice,

“Is there any thing I can do to serve you? Lord de Montmorenci (turning to him,) how would *you* advise Lady Herbert to act?—what plan ought she to pursue?—would she occupy my house till some arrangement can be made?”

“I require no advice, Sir Charles Lennard. If this vile tale be, as I still believe it to be, a fabrication, it will recoil upon the fabricator; if true, my part is still to wait on Herbert’s will.”

Sir Charles moved his large bushy eyebrows, and staring at her, while the muscles of his face writhed under the disappointment of her answer, shrugged his shoulders in token of contemptuous pity. Lady Herbert resumed the sentence she had only half completed—

“Yes,” she added, “at all events Lord Herbert will arrange my plans, and our child’s. I do not leave his house till he bids me do so—I remain Sarah’s natural protector till he takes her from me;” and her voice faltered, and she ceased speaking.

“Can I, then, be of no use to you whatever, Lady Herbert, in the painful circumstances in which you are situated? I could not but offer to befriend you, though I feared you would scorn my services. Can I take any letter or message from you to Herbert? Can I be the medium through which matters of business may be arranged between you? Name me any office in which I can be useful, and I will with pleasure serve you.”

“Thank you, Sir Charles Lennard. I must always be grateful for kindness, but I decline your offer. I require no medium through which to address my husband—I have

a right, prior to every other, to appeal to him from myself. Neither do I want any third person to plead my cause with him, or have recourse to rhetoric or eloquence in my behalf, or make the worse appear the better reason; for I am in reality the innocent and the injured, therefore I go confidently to his tribunal alone to receive my sentence from him who best knows my desert, and from him alone shall learn whether he casts me off for ever, and what is his determination respecting our child."

"It was impossible to reply to this declaration; Sir Charles Lennard bowed the same sarcastic bow which had so often displeased Lady Herbert, but was never so utterly odious as now.

"If such is your determination, Lady Herbert, we may leave you—at least, *I* may,"—and he looked significantly at Lord de Montmorenci, as he rose to depart.

The latter rose also; he wished to stay; his heart whispered with a reproachful tenderness, "What! and do you, too, leave her to bear her wretchedness alone?" and if he had listened only to his own wishes, he would have remained; but at that moment, the first moment in which she was bereft even of all nominal protection from her husband, he would not expose her to the malicious tongue of Sir Charles Lennard and his associates, so he quitted the room at the same moment.

"And is it Anna Clermont who proves my enemy!" exclaimed Lady Herbert, when she was alone and recovered from the stupefaction of the blow, when the keen, sharp sense of wrong and misery wrung her heart-strings. "Is it the creature I saved from poverty, and fostered and cherished next to my own child in love?—is *she* the one who has finally lured my husband from me? Oh! bitter, bitter tears, flow on!" and Lady Herbert dashed the burning torrent from her eyes, which gushed anew at every fresh remembrance; yes, the recollection of Anna Clermont, the orphan's claim to her pity, when her forlorn situation was represented by the grotesque figure of Mr. Adolphus Cruikshanks,—the interest she had excited then by her appearance, the circumstances in which she had been placed, and the eagerness with which she had clung to Lady Herbert for protection; that ardour with which, in after years, she appeared to love her;—yes, all these recollections crowded upon her remembrance, and with that doubt, so natural to the virtuous, it seemed utterly impossible to her that

the story should be true: but then again she thought, in utter despair, "De Montmorenci did not contradict Sir Charles's assertion;" and she clasped her hands together, and her eyes wandered over the room, and she sat like one demented. "Sarah, too," she cried, "Sarah must know this. Her young mind must be polluted; her heart, too,—yet, no, no,—perhaps she may never know it; at least she shall not hear it from her mother's lips. Lady Herbert rose mechanically, and went to her daughter's bedroom; *there* she saw her child lying, wrapped in sleep, as on nights of peace; and she sat down and gazed at her; and she thought, "If her father would only return, and merely assume in his outward demeanour the decencies of life, the *semblance* of a good father, I would spend the remaining years of my existence as I have done the previous ones; I am so accustomed to the yoke of silent suffering, I can bear it still." In making this wish, Lady Herbert had indeed gained the mastery over her feelings; for there was a natural weakness struggling within her, which impelled her to a contrary conduct. It would have been a selfish relief to unburden her heart to tell her child the story of her wretchedness; to have one being who felt *with*, as well as for her; but she thought, "No! Sarah Herbert is his child as much as she is mine; the knowledge of a father's crimes must not (while he lives) be told to her by her mother." Even in that moment, when contradictory emotions of anguish rent her feelings, a degree of calm was given to her, because she looked for counsel and for succour where alone it can be found. "Yes," she said, "I will ask Lord Herbert, if he will, for Sarah's sake, nominally assume the conduct of a father towards her:—not for myself will I plead;—no, the tie, the holy tie of married love is severed between us, never more to be enwoven: perhaps he will consent; and if he will, Sarah shall be spared the degrading misery of knowing her father's crime. Yes, yes, I will ward off calamity from my darling, and the sorrow that pierces her breast must first pass through mine. Prophetic words! how often do we unconsciously pronounce our own doom! I am thankful that I never knew all my resources of love, all my powers of endurance till now. Yes, my cup of sorrow is not quite full; and for her sake I can bear more anguish still: therefore I will continue to endure the same indignities, providing I can by so doing secure to his child her father's protection; for a woman left to struggle through the world alone, is a poor de-

spised and powerless creature; for myself, I am content to be such in the world's eye, and to be again what I have long been, merely the bearer of his name." In the fulness of these resolves, Lady Herbert quitted her daughter's room, and wrote to her husband the following letter:

"I write not to reproach you, Herbert, I write not to adjure you by vows repeated nearly seventeen years ago, to think what promises you have violated—what hopes you have destroyed. I ask you not why you have forsaken me, I ask you not if it is owing to any fault of mine, for I will not wear a false humility, and affect to think I have never been conscious of one defalcation of duty to you in thought, word, or deed. I lavish no fond expressions of love for you; that were now a mockery, and a fraud; but I repeat it, I do not mean to reproach you, except, in as far as facts reproach you. My sole motive in writing to you is to plead for your child's interests. You are bound to her by links and laws of nature, that crime itself cannot break. Sarah is very young, not yet sixteen—not yet entered into the world—must she do so without a father's protection? must he remain as dead to her? I beg of you, Lord Herbert, to tell me whether or not this is so to be.

"Your child does not yet know that you have forsaken her, she is still in ignorance of her misfortune, shall she remain so? If you say yes, never shall the least innuendo of your desertion of us pass my lips. She has never done aught save bless you in her prayers—do you value that innocent one's blessing?—if it is in the least precious to you, return to your own house—seem to love her—mar not the grace and pride of her youth, sear not her heart in its first opening affections—make not her opening years, years of sorrow and humiliation.

"Return to her, return to your home. It is in her name I sue—let no fear of restraint upon your actions, prevent your doing your child this justice—think of me only as of a stranger in your house. The mother of Sarah, will, for Sarah's sake, endure every indignity. It is not the wife who wearies you now by a continual asking for your love. That time is past—love you have quenched—it no longer exists—pardon even this reference to self—it seems necessary to have been made, but having been so, will not be repeated. Francis, the last prayer I make to you is for your child.

"MABEL HERBERT."

## CHAPTER VI.

If death were nothing—and nought after death—  
 If, when men died, at once they ceased to be,  
 Returning to the barren womb of nothing,  
 Whence first they sprung—then might the debauchee  
 Untrembling mouth the heavens: then might the drunkard  
 Reel o'er his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd  
 Fill up another to the brim, and laugh  
 At the poor bugbear death: .....  
 But, if there's an hereafter—  
 And that there *is*, conscience uninfluenced  
 And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man—  
 Then must it be an awful thing to die.

BLAIR.

WHEN Lord Herbert recognised Frederick Clermont to be the man in whose arms he had found his sister, he stood for some minutes like one converted into stone: at length he said, "You will answer for your crime to me *here*, to Heaven hereafter," and left the apartment. Even the bold and lost girl remained long insensible. When she came to a full sense of her situation, she seized the arm of her paramour, and commanded him to fly with her immediately.

"No," he said, "Anna, I will not deceive you, I will never fly with you, vengeance has overtaken us, I must abide the result. Go hence, Anna, go! return to Mrs. Elliot, wealth shall be yours, time will restore you to happiness, I hope, but I have forfeited every thing except that poor honour death, which it would be greater cowardice to fly from than to submit to: I mean receiving my punishment from the man I have so grossly injured."

"What, Herbert, you will leave me alone in the world without one friend! Know that there is not such a person as Mrs. Elliot existing. You dare to talk to me of wealth which you have not to give, and which if you had, is no return for the loss of that self-esteem, that abnegation of every thing, in short, which constitutes a woman's pride and con-

sideration in the world. You dare to say you will leave me now! now! after having accepted of my sacrifice;—but you shall pay me my only due, your presence and your love—never shall you leave me, I will clasp you hard, I will hold you. I will follow you, I will cling to you, you shall not leave me for an instant.”

“Anna, calm yourself, if that be possible, and hear me, I will abide your brother’s just wrath, but I will never lift my hand against him; it is a thousand to one that, agitated as he is, he should hit me, or if he does, that it should be more than a trifling wound; but if it be my death, no matter, it will be well—it will be best so. Poor Mabel! poor Sarah! and at thoughts of them he covered his face, and his breast heaved in agony.

“Wretch! monster!” cried Anna Clermont, “you are thinking of those, whose love is in comparison of mine but as a stagnant pool to an overwhelming torrent; you are thinking of those who are surrounded by troops of honouring friends, by the world’s approval, by the comforts and splendour of life; but you cast no thought upon me;—I who have looked upon all these as upon dust in the balance, compared with the enjoyment of your love—and you will forsake me now! you will hazard your life to my brother’s vengeance, you will leave me a prey to his scorn! Is that honour? It is selfishness, it is cowardliness; it is the world’s dread laugh you fear.”

A note was brought in to Lord Herbert, he knew from whom it was, and its contents before he opened it. Frederick Clermont appointed a meeting that night, at a lonely part of the shore, to the left of the town, and desired him to bring a friend with him.

Miss Clermont insisted on seeing the paper.

Lord Herbert tore it.

Suddenly the former assumed a composure which, however, did not deceive her companion; but glad of any change for the time, which gave him liberty to collect his thoughts, he appeared likewise to be deceived: and those two miserable beings sat down opposite each other, looking as though they were formed to be mutual scourges.

Lord Herbert was turning in his mind what course he could pursue to elude Miss Clermont’s vigilance, for he dreaded her following him to his rendezvous with her brother; and there was only one that suggested itself to him, which was, to inform the landlady that she was under an

aberration of intellect, and he requested she might be kept in safety during a few hours of absence which he should be necessitated to make that evening; this communication was backed by a bribe, and he passed the intervening hours in a state of feverish wretchedness, which the wicked only know. He likewise managed to mingle some laudanum in a cup of wine which he administered to Miss Clermont, and as the hour of his departure drew nigh he saw the drug take effect; the paroxysms of rage and grief in which she had alternately spent the day, had exhausted her, and the powerful narcotic gradually deadened her senses; she fell into a profound slumber, and he stole from the chamber unperceived. He appointed two women to guard her, whom he saw enter and seat themselves by her couch, and then with a brain on fire he snatched up his pistols mechanically, and sought the spot where Frederick Clermont was waiting for him. A young man, a stranger to Lord Herbert, accompanied the former, who he concluded (and concluded right) came as his second. Lord Herbert bowed, Frederick Clermont moved not from the spot where he stood, nor returned the courtesy. Lieutenant Mason asked him if he had not provided a friend to attend him.

Lord Herbert replied in the negative.

"Then must this meeting be deferred."

"By no means," cried Lord Herbert, "not for a moment. I have perfect confidence in the friend of Captain Clermont; he will see that justice is done alike to friend or foe. Measure the ground, sir, let the signal for firing be agreed upon. This is no common case of quarrel, let it not rest upon the common laws of usance. "Not so," replied he, to whom Lord Herbert addressed himself; "whatever the principals may feel, and however flattering to me the opinion placed in my honour, I should be little deserving of it if I consented to such a proposal. I cannot where life is at stake be the only umpire, this meeting must be deferred."

While he spoke, two men riding rapidly, approached, in one, Lord Herbert recognised Lord de Montmorenci, in the other, his family surgeon. The former had, on leaving Lady Herbert the same night on which the elopement became known to him, set off for Dieppe, having had letters from Captain Clermont, dictated in a frame of mind, which proved that he entertained suspicions of his sister's conduct, which brought him suddenly back to England. Lord de



Montmorenci guessed what the inevitable result would be should they meet, and lost not a moment in hastening to Dieppe, in the hope of being able to be of some use. He came at the awful moment above described. He said a few earnest words expressive of his abhorrence at the custom of duelling, of its inefficacy to restore honour where honour was lost, to either party, of the far greater honour of restraining passion, and of the injurer making even the most abject apology to the injured: but he was heard with impatience by both parties, and in a manner compelled to become Lord Herbert's second. The ground was measured, the pistols of Captain Clermont examined, to his surprise they were both injured and rendered useless; an awkwardness ensued, Lord de Montmorenci hoped that time at least would be gained for reflection, but Lord Herbert stepped forward and presented the weapons with which he had provided himself, they were the very pistols which Captain Clermont had given to him on his birthday; when the latter saw them he shuddered, and drew his hand across his eyes, as a few scalding tears started from them.

Lord Herbert perceived the feeling that excited him, he too felt. The seconds proceeded to settle preliminaries. Lord Herbert wished to shorten the paces, but he was overruled. Mr. Clermont was to fire first, Lord de Montmorenci was to give the signal—there was a pause, Lord Herbert spoke, "I particularly request," he said, "if these are the last words I should ever speak, to exonerate Mr. Clermont from all blame whatever in this business—as a man of honour he could not do otherwise." Lord Herbert stepped to his place, so did Mr. Clermont, the latter took a deliberate aim, there was no sign of weakness or tenderness as he stood opposite to his antagonist—the man who had been to him as a father—for he was the seducer of his sister; that thought cancelled every obligation, and made him his deadly foe. His aim was too true, at the signal given he fired, Lord Herbert reeled, but did not fall immediately. He fired in the air, then dropped to the earth: the only words he could utter were, "See that Frederick Clermont is safe, bid him fly; but to this order the latter paid no regard, and kneeling down by Lord Herbert, implored his forgiveness. Lord Herbert was in no condition to speak the words of forgiveness, but he did feel that he forgave, and even justified him. The poor young Frederick Clermont's distraction was pitiable; but as the surgeon seemed to think there were small

hopes of the wounded man, Lord de Montmorenci, between persuasion and command, made Captain Mason mount one of the horses on which he had himself ridden, and Frederick Clermont the other, and when they were gone thought only of the wounded Lord Herbert. How to convey him to the town was the difficulty. Fortunately some peasants returning with a cart laden with provender for cattle were passing near them, and on being informed of what had happened, gladly lent their aid, and attended by his friend and the surgeon he was carried to the Croix rouge, where every attention that skill and affection could show, were shown, and the medical man having examined the wound, said that the ball had lodged itself in a dangerous part of the shoulder, and that its extraction would be attended with great difficulty.

While Lord Herbert was undergoing this operation, the wretched partner of his guilt awoke from her stupor. Her incoherent expressions confirmed the women who had been placed to guard her, in the truth of her being mad. This circumstance (a measure which she readily understood to have been adopted by Lord Herbert in order to enforce her detention) drove her in reality distracted, and giving way to the violence of her passions, she raved and threw herself about with the gesticulations and rapid enunciation of one whose reason has flown; but after a time, she was aware that this indulgence of rage and terror would not effect her liberation, so forcing herself to be calm, she related the real state of the case, only concealing the fact of Lord Herbert's being a married man, and calling him her husband. Then she declared, that if they did not go and inform the civil authorities of the duel which she was certain had or would take place, they would be accessory to murder, and become liable to great blame and trouble, by having detained a British subject in coercion against her will. The women who guarded her grew frightened, they looked at each other, they looked at her. She confirmed the effect her words produced upon them by gold, and finally, they suffered her to go whither she would: she desired to be taken to the magistrates, and having made good her way to the prefect, she laid her complaint before him, and declared that if he did not interpose his authority to stop two violent young men from the hostilities they meditated, murder would ensue. She succeeded so far in her attempt, that proper agents were sent in all directions to trace the parties, who were not long in dis-

covering the persons they sought, but were too late to stop the mischief. When Miss Clermont heard that Lord Herbert was lying at the point of death, again her passions overcame her reason, and rushing to the inn to which he had been carried, she told every one to make way for the wife of the murdered man, and every one did so, exclaiming, "*Ah! la pauvre jeune personne*," and testified their sympathy for her, by a thousand demonstrations of kindness. When she reached Lord Herbert's chamber, however, she was met by Lord de Montmorenci; his calm determined manner awed her, he took her by the arm and led her away to a distant part of the house.

"Miss Clermont," he said, "if you have any shame, if you have any feeling of a woman in you, attempt not to see Lord Herbert at present. Is it not enough that you have taken him from every tie he ought to have held sacred—is it not enough that you have probably been the occasion of his untimely death—would you disturb his last moments by clamour, by shameless lamentations, by professions of a disgraceful passion? It is my duty to declare to you that, sooner than suffer you to do so, should you persist in such a demand, I will use force to have you placed where you shall be prevented from such outrageous conduct. Do not, let me implore you, add cruelty to sin, shamelessness to disgrace; but if you have one womanly feeling left, pray for yourself. Oh! Miss Clermont, you have need of prayer, you are, I do not hesitate to speak it, you are Lord Herbert's murderer!"

There is no person so vile but that they may be deserving of a sort of pity, the very circumstance of their being beyond the pale of sympathy, commends them to the compassion of humanity, and when Miss Clermont fell at Lord de Montmorenci's feet, and wept the agonizing tears of anguish, humiliation, and remorse, he did feel compassion even for her.

"Oh! do not say that he will die," she cried, grovelling on her knees before him, "you will drive me mad—he die—no, it is impossible!" and she laughed the frenzied laugh of despair.

Lord de Montmorenci saw that it was in vain to reason with her, in her present state, and having placed persons about her to watch her, and control her with gentleness, he was obliged to give some account of the truth to the civil authorities of the town; and promising to return to

her, to see when she might be able to listen to his arguments, he left her to attend to a far more heart-rending scene. In passing through the court of the inn, the arrival of a carriage stopped him from proceeding to the opposite staircase, which conducted to Lord Herbert's apartment, and to his inexpressible regret he beheld Lady Herbert's maid, who informed him that her lady and Miss Herbert were that instant arrived.

"Where is she—where?" he asked.

"For mercy's sake go to them, my lord, they are in that room, pointing to one on the left." He hastened on, and there indeed they were, Sarah Herbert kneeling by her mother's chair, and lady Herbert pale as a monumental figure, but with clasped hands and silent quietness, entertaining her heavy grief, there was a dignity in her wordless sorrow, which was twice as heart-rending, as all the hysterical violence of Miss Clermont's unbridled passion. He moved towards her, she turned her eyes upon him; but Miss Herbert leaped up, and throwing herself in his arms, said, "Speak, speak comfort to us!"

Lord de Montmorenci could not speak, for he felt that to hold out a hope, was to deceive them but for a moment, and add to the pang which he feared was inevitable. At last he said, gently pressing Miss Herbert's hand, and placing it in her mother's, "You must be every thing to each other." They understood the meaning he meant to imply, and again they resumed their attitude of placid woe.

"Can I not see him once more?" at length Lady Herbert asked.

"Shall I go and inquire of the doctor, if he is able to receive you?"

She bowed her head.

Lord de Montmorenci left her to learn how far it might be safe for the immediate consequences, to inform Lord Herbert that his wife and child were arrived, and only awaiting his permission to attend him. The former learnt that Lord Herbert was as ill as he could be, "and sinking rapidly," was the expression, he has several times called on Lady Herbert's name, and on that of Sarah. Nothing worse can ensue, than must ensue; only it is certain, that all agitation will hasten the event. Such was the answer of the doctor.

"Shall I speak to him?" asked Lord de Montmorenci, "shall I endeavour to learn what are his wishes?"

"Yes, that is best."

Lord de Montmorenci approached his bedside, and sat by him some few minutes without attempting to speak.

Lord Herbert opened and shut his eyes several times, and at length fixed them on Lord de Montmorenci, as if he knew him, the former bent forward to catch some words that he saw by the motion of Lord Herbert's lips he was endeavouring to articulate, and after a few more minutes he heard him say, "Sarah, Mabel, it is better thus, don't let them grieve too much, take care Lennard does not come nigh me—it was all his fault, all—all—befriend them—you know who I mean—promise me?"

"I do."

"That is a weight off my mind, you will not forsake them?"

"Never! But, Lord Herbert, would you not wish to see Lady Herbert and your daughter?"

"No, no, I have behaved too ill to them."

"I am sure they love you."

"So much the worse, I could not bear to see them."

"Oh! do not say so, it is cruel to say so."

A long pause ensued, Lord Herbert had again closed his eyes, but suddenly opening them, he exclaimed, "Are they come—are they here? will they bear all this?"

Your wife and child are here, and the instant you express a wish to see them they will be in your presence."

"The sooner the better," he cried, "since they will not reproach me."

Lord de Montmorenci hastened to Lady Herbert, and recommending Miss Herbert to command her feelings, or to delay going into her father's presence till she could do so with composure, he conducted Lady Herbert to her husband.

Her grief was too deep, too solemn, to endanger her falling into any of those violent demonstrations which testify impetuosity of passion, but not excess of sorrow, and with an admirable forgetfulness of self, she knelt at his bedside and kissed his extended hand. He made a feeble endeavour to draw her towards him, she understood his wish, and leaning over him embraced her expiring husband.

"Mabel," he said, speaking with difficulty, "You are very good, you have more to forgive in my conduct towards you than any woman ever had any erring husband; but *you will* forgive me, you will not hate me when I am gone—you will not say I have been, what I was, for you are very good; you have never swerved from your duty to me, you have never loved any other, I feel it all now—oh! those wicked ones—oh! those devils."

"Think of nothing at present, dearest Francis, but of yourself, your peace with God, your restoration to health, or if of me and your child, as of two loving praying creatures, who are your own, faithful in mind, and deed, and heart." But her tears fell fast as she pronounced these words, and a long and silent weeping, prevented her saying more, indeed she had no more to say.

As at first, so at the last, he said, after some little time had elapsed, "Mabel, do not leave me, not for one moment leave me."

What a joy there was mingled in the sorrow of Lady Herbert when she heard these words! The wife's best triumph is in the hour of sorrow; her lifting up is in the act of humbling herself, then is the sanctity of *her* love rewarded; if she has preserved it pure and unbroken, as Lady Herbert's was, then does she know that virtue has its own exceeding great reward.

A silence, an inward offering up of the heart to God, succeeded this conversation; they felt mutually, and knew that they were praying together, though no audible prayer passed their lips. Shortly after, Lord Herbert seemed to fall into a tranquil slumber. His child looked in at the door beseechingly, to come in, but Lady Herbert made her a sign not to enter, and she retreated. Lady Herbert sat for an hour motionless, in that watchful state which converts time to the length of its own feelings, but when he awoke and said, "Dear Mabel!" looking anxiously for her, she was rewarded. "And Sarah?" he said, inquiringly.

"She awaits your leave to embrace you."

"Let her come, ~~the~~ dear one."

And she did come, and behaved admirably, and stifled her young feelings while in his presence, and he was in heart a converted man.

"If I live, how happy we shall be!"

"How happy we are, dearest papa!" said his child.

## CHAPTER VII.

Our dying friends, come o'er us like a cloud,  
 To damp our brainless ardour; and to bait  
 That glare of life, which often blinds the wise:  
 Our dying friends are pioneers to smooth  
 Our rugged path to death; and break those bars  
 Of terror and abhorrence, nature throws  
 Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make  
 Welcome, as safe our port from every storm.

YOUNG.

THREE nights and three days, did those loving watchers keep their stations in Lord Herbert's room; but after his first interview with his wife and child, a stupor came on, from which he never was aroused till about three hours before he breathed his last. Silence reigned in that chamber of death; though the inward prayer was unceasingly raised for a commutation of the sentence that had gone forth. In the short interval of consciousness which was allowed to Lord Herbert, he felt that his wife and child were near him, unaltered in duty, unaltered in affection; but the remorse of knowing how ill he had requited them, were the thongs and goads of retributive justice, which rendered his last moments doubly painful—the only source from whence he might have derived consolation was unknown to him. Lord Herbert sought this power of refuge when it was too late to find it upon earth. Let no one deceive themselves: that which we do not practise habitually, that which we do not seek daily, will not be found at the hour of need, unless by a miracle in our favour; and who has a right to expect miracles should be wrought especially for them? if they neglect all those which have been already wrought, all those means pointed out as the only ones given to mortals, whereby they may be saved, who can say they will at an extremity be so favoured? that which we neglect or condemn in prosperity, in adversity will condemn us; those

blemishes and errors which we think are incident to human infirmity, and for which we erroneously flatter ourselves we have no individual responsibility, are in fact, the items which make up the whole of character, and the dying man, is too frequently what the living man has prepared him to become.

Lady Herbert tried to speak peace to his parting soul, but that power is not delegated to mortal; and all that remained for her to do in this solemn scene was, to lift her thoughts on high; she had need of aid herself, for the door suddenly opened, and Anna Clermont, her dress in disorder, her hair dishevelled, with the frantic demeanour of a mad-woman, rushed to Lord Herbert, threw herself on his bed, uttering mingled blasphemies and frantic expressions of passion, which made her more like a fury than a woman. There was a rush from the attendants to take her forcibly away—there was a yell from that wretched woman, and a fearful groan from the dying man, and a mingled sense of horror and confusion in those most interested in this fearful scene. But when Anna Clermont was torn away from grasping the form of Lord Herbert, that form was lifeless. What followed was a harrowing up of all the tender sentiments of human nature:—the speechless grief of the widow, the gushing tears of the fatherless child—the concern of all present—this house of mourning was a more than common scene of wo.

Lord de Montmorenci had taken upon him the unthankful task of disposing of Miss Clermont for the present. Her paroxysms of passionate grief were wild and horrible; nothing quenched their violence but literal inability to utter from exhaustion. So leaving her under proper medical care, he endeavoured to dismiss that guilty being from his thoughts; and he was the more readily enabled to do so, by the melancholy duties which devolved upon him. To sum up the measure of this tragedy, no sooner had Sir Charles Lennard received tidings of the death of Lord Herbert, than he came direct to Dieppe, he met the body and funeral attendants as it was being conveyed on board of ship, to be deposited at Moreton. This man had the cool audacity, the hard, unfeeling cruelty, to say to Lord de Montmorenci,

“This is a sad farewell to all Herbert’s greatness; but, considering how very nearly he ruined me, I think I might have been consulted as to all these unnecessary expenses,



for every thing that was his, is mine, and, in fact, it is I who must pay for this ostentatious ceremony."

"Whatever may be the case in respect to your claims, Sir Charles, on Lord Herbert's estates, I request you may understand that, in regard to the particular cost of these last rites, I am myself responsible for them."

Sir Charles Lennard bowed sarcastically, and said, in an affected tone of voice, "To be the widow's stay, and the orphan's support, is a most praiseworthy character."

Lord de Montmorenci turned away in silent disdain; but wrote a letter explaining, that, in right of guardian to Miss Herbert, he should appoint lawyers to examine into Sir Charles's demands upon her late father's property, and that he would protect her rights, not only as he was bound to do by his acceptance of that trust, but from the long friendship he had borne her father, he should ever look upon her as if she were his own child.

The wicked are generally easily silenced by the upright.

Sir Charles Lennard evaded giving any reply to this letter; but he addressed one to Lady Herbert, which was a mixture of protecting kindness and arrogant supremacy, that at another time would have wounded and mortified her beyond expression: now, she heeded it not. The letter began, by asserting, that Lord Herbert's whole property was under his subjection for the payment of enormous sums of money which he had lent to him at play; and then proceeded to declare, that the great admiration he entertained for her, would make it impossible for him to do any thing which could offend her, and while the affairs pending in law would prevent her being able to occupy either Moreton or the house in town, he begged as the greatest favour she could do him, that she would accept of his house in Green-street, and consider it her own, till such time as she should form plans for her future residence.

Lady Herbert commissioned Lord de Montmorenci to return her thanks, and decline all Sir Charles's offers. But she asked, "Have I then no shelter for myself and child, is there none left?"

Lord de Montmorenci did not give a direct answer, but only replied,

"Will you, Lady Herbert, accept Fairfield, for the moment, till such time as I can examine into all matters of business, and make known to you the results."

It was quite the same to Lady Herbert where she went,

in these first moments of her bereavement; only she instinctively cast off all offers of service made by Sir Charles Lennard, and she replied, "that she would gladly avail herself of Lord de Montmorenci's offer."

This was settled before leaving Dieppe, and she set out on her melancholy return to England, in the vessel which conveyed her husband's remains to their last resting-place. The mournful dress of a widow, its heavy texture, like a pall that covers the dead, its destitution of any thing like grace, seems to give it a *grace*; and lend it a sanctity, and interest, which even when worn by the aged and the ordinary, in personal beauty, invests them with peculiar charms. On Lady Herbert, who was still beautiful, though faded, her slender figure clad in this sombre garb, acquired fresh claims on the beholder's heart; clad in these weeds of sadness, it was impossible not to take a part in her sorrow—even the most indifferent—even the light and frivolous, paused a moment in their career of pleasure, to say and to feel, "Poor Lady Herbert!"

The first stunning blow of grief is not the mourner's worst pang; it is afterwards, when the long roll of sorrow is unfurled, replete with recollections of the past—it is the contrast of misery with joy—it is the recollection of blooming hopes and expectations which are cut off, compared with the present utter dearth of hope, or the expectation of any coming joy, which traces as it were a map of misery before our eyes, over which we know our lone footsteps must travel the pilgrimage of life, and leaves the heart an utter wreck. As Lady Herbert sat upon the deck of the vessel, which was freighted with the dead, such were the mournful occupations of her mind. Still one of her arms rested on her child, and as she pressed her to her breast, a tie of affection still bound her to life. The arid destiny, which for a moment before, she had traced out as being that which she was ordained to pass, was, in a moment, converted to one, which might receive a reflected light from the happiness of another: immediately there was a pause in her sorrow, and she wept "softer tears, heaved gentler sighs."

Lord de Montmorenci managed every arrangement, so as to spare her, in as much as possible, all those details of woe, which are so offensive to a bereaved heart, and she found herself with her child, safely placed in his villa, with every comfort around her that could mitigate her desolate situation. He besought her to think only of herself and Miss

Herbert, and to rally her excellent and pious mind, to assist her in the task of resignation; whilst, on his part, he would look to her worldly interests, and not suffer any thing to be finally settled without consulting her wishes.

While the injured and the sorrowing were thus mercifully dealt with, the miserable occasion of the tragedy was undergoing the penalty of her crime, without consolation of any sort. She raved for hours together, and then sunk alternately into a state of moody stupor. There is no human being (bearing the human form) which owns not some indication of its divine artificer; and there is no heart so utterly deprived of all feeling of humanity, that will not *at times* emit a spark of its heavenly origin.

Sir Charles Lennard knew that he had, on the one hand, instigated Lord Herbert to the rash deed of ruining himself and this wretched girl; whilst, on the other, he had artfully encouraged the latter to yield to her passion, and entrap the weak and wicked Lord Herbert. Yes, he had for years watched the progress of his machinations to this effect, with the double motive of obtaining Lord Herbert's fortune, and seducing his wife's affections. Foiled as he had been in the latter design, he had but too successfully wrought on the former, and he beheld one of the victims of his atrocity, without a friend, without a shelter, without means to procure the common necessities of life, and in a state of mind which promised nothing but derangement of intellect, cast as it were upon his mercy. And he showed her mercy. There is seldom a monster in human form.

As Sir Charles had predicted, Lord Herbert's elopement was a nine days' wonder, amongst the gay, heedless circle, in which he had run his course, and by the world in general it was not even known; so little does the life of one individual affect the general weal. Indeed, ere the ninth day, arrived the news was stale, so quickly does one event supersede another in the busy theatre of London. No one mentioned the occurrence any more, except, perhaps, some humble follower of the family, living at a distance from the metropolis, who had not heard the tidings till long after the event happened. Of how little matter does any thing appear which occurs in private life, to persons who do so judge of the value of existence. The honour and peace of families and individuals, may be overthrown, destroyed, the individuals themselves may disappear from society, and it will not disturb one feature of their worldly friends, cer-

tainly not disturb one single engagement to any party of pleasure, and their disappearance will not create one hiatus in the gay throng. A pebble thrown in the water which makes a circle around the spot for a moment where it falls, and then sinks, forgotten, is not an unapt emblem of similar events.

If with this life, were the end of every thing, if death summed up existence with "*Finis*," it would indeed be, comparatively speaking, of small moment, what happened *here*. For whether the individual delinquent be the ruler of a state, or the ruler of fashion, do they elicit any farther notice, once they are out of sight, than a few exclamations or interjections, expressive of horror, or compassion, or regret, as the occasion may require? Ah! "how little flattering is the people's praise." Look at the warrior who saves his country, or the statesman who guides it in the storm, or the man who has discovered some secret of mighty moment in science, or the singer or actor, who has touched the hearts of thousands, and made them laugh or cry (a greater exercise of power, perhaps, than any,) does *their* absence, or *their* disgrace even, make any long or useful impression? No! oblivion is the only word that stands un-effaced on mortal tablets; and yet in all this, there is not much cause for murmuring. It has been mercifully ordained that man's power is only "dressed in a little brief authority:" let any one put their ideal consequence to the test, and pass a few months, at most a very few years away from the adulating crowd, they will return to find another favourite on the throne of public favour; the same knees bowing to a newer idol, the same hearts stirred by other music. It is nothing new that is here set down, but it would be well if these truths were oftener entertained, much of self-consequence, in one sense of the word, would be humbled, but the sense of consequence pertaining to immortal beings would take a high ascendant. Some who remembered the enthusiastic manner in which Frederick Clermont had always supported and defended the Herberts, when any spoke slightly of them, were loud in their blame at his having challenged Lord Herbert—the man, they said, to whom he owed his rise of fortune; better that he had gone out of the way, and hushed up the affair, than rendered the folly of his benefactor apparent, and in fine, have occasioned his death. They held one code of honour for the great, another for the less high in station; they

judged him not by any Christian standard of conduct, or even by any less high rule of right, but only by that of expediency; some few however declared, that unluckily as the business had terminated, Frederick Clermont had only acted honourably. But the generality of persons, who had passed through similar scenes in company with the deceased, *were* shocked when they heard that one of themselves were gone; they were *not* shocked at his having left his home, and his wife, and his child, to gratify his evil passions, but when they heard that *vengeance* had been taken of his crimes; that, great and powerful as he was, he had been amenable to punishment, that he had been drawn down from his high estate, and branded with a mark of infamy, and finally, that he had paid the forfeit of his delinquencies by death; *then* they were shocked: the case came home to their own business and bosoms, and the challenge given by Frederick Clermont was warmly discussed. Some blamed, some approved; but how differently do persons judge of honour, and dishonour: it is honourable for one man to ruin another less skilled on the turf, or in any other gambling transaction—it is honourable for the loser to blow his brains out—it is honourable for one man to make love to another man's wife, as long as he does so under certain conventional restrictions; and that the veil is drawn over the amour by remaining the husband's *friend*;—but it is dishonourable to warn a man of his wife's treachery—it is dishonourable not to pay gaming debts, while others may be left unpaid;—it is honourable to bribe a man to blindness on certain domestic or even political concerns—but it is dishonourable, when the matter is discovered, not to give him satisfaction, or in other words, not offer to shoot him through the head. In short, a long essay upon honour and dishonour, might be written, as these two opposite principles are acknowledged and acted upon in the world of fashion, but of what avail would it be? Did any moral essay, any mere book-truth do any good, or eradicate the vices it condemned? No, certainly not; if the great drama of existence passes before the heart and understanding without effecting a change, how presumptuous and idle it is to suppose, that the lucubrations of any single observer of human affairs will have one moment's weight! “Non ragionam di lór, ma guarda é passa.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

Years now had flown, nor was the passion cured;  
But hope had life, and so was life endured.  
The mind's disease, with all its strength, stole on,  
Till youth, and health, and all but love, were gone.

CRABBE.

How many deaths do the really loving die, before the last scene closes upon their affections! How often has the curtain dropped upon Lady Herbert's existence of love, as she herself thought for ever; and yet, some new hope lifted it again, and again she entered upon the same track of thorns, with renewed courage to endure afresh the pangs of disappointment! But now, the first existence is really over, she commences, as it were, another life; yet, ere this novel epoch be entered upon, it may not be deemed irrelevant to the continuation of her history to give a slight recapitulation of her married state.

In order to convey a more intimate knowledge of Lady Herbert's trials, and of the nature of that love which could not be extinguished by any power, save by the object who created it, it is necessary to revert to a few of the many painful detached scenes in her life, which might appear almost exaggerated, did it not occur to every observant mind who has lived some time in the world, that realities are often more astounding than any fictitious details that ever were delineated.

It chanced one evening in the earlier part of Lady Herbert's married life, that she was showing a bracelet her husband had given to her, to some young lady who happened to pay her a visit, and she placed it on her arm, the better to display its beauty. Lord Herbert came into the room heated with wine, as he generally was after dinner, and observed the circumstance, and appeared to take no notice of it; but when his guests had retired, he called to Lady Herbert in an under tone of stifled displeasure, and asked her what she meant by giving away his bridal presents.

"I give away any thing you ever gave me, Francis! What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say, madam;" and with an oath he added, "but it is the last time you shall ever have any presents from me."

"Nay, now, dearest, you are surely only joking; look, here is the dear bracelet safe on my arm."

"May be so, but you had intended to give it away if I had not come into the room; you know you did; now don't deny it, for, if you do, it shall be the last word you ever speak."

Poor Lady Herbert looked in her husband's face; she saw the marks of inebriation in his red eyes and heated complexion, she knew, that to reason with him was vain; she endeavoured to sooth him; to caress him, to win him into gentleness by gentleness.

"Dearest Francis, you know I value every thing you ever touched, much more any thing you ever designed to be a remembrance of our love, with too deep a sentiment of affection to bear to part with it; lay aside that frown, I beseech you; tell me what I can do to please you, shall I sing you a favourite ballad?" and though her heart was bursting she placed herself at her harp, and touching a few chords, sang in the trembling touching tone of her mellow voice,

With lowly suit and plaintive ditty  
I call the tender mind to pity."

But scarcely had she finished the stanza, when he rushed towards her, more like a madman than any thing in civilized life, and seizing her rudely by the arm, dashed her to the ground. Her fine hair fell in dishevelled masses over her shoulders, her arm was bruised, and the comb which had gathered up her tresses was broken in her fall, while one of the teeth had run into her head, and made a wound which bled profusely; half stunned with the fall, and shocked for him, even more than distressed for herself she remained some moments where she lay without moving.

"Come, madam," he said with brutal violence, and raising her rudely by one arm, "none of your tragedy airs, madam. Excellent actress! but acting won't do with me, I am a straightforward man, and it is rather hard I should be married to a mad poetess. Get up, I say," seeing she moved not; "Get up, and since you sang for your own

amusement, now be so good as to sing for mine; birds that can sing and will not sing, must be made to sing, and so sing and be — to you."

And *Lady Herbert actually did sing*. Yes, wounded in soul and body as she was, she sang, and never sang more touchingly. Incredible as it may appear, like the brutes of old, the power of song had power over her husband; and, suddenly melting into womanish fondness, he knelt down by the side of his unhappy wife, swore she was an angel, and that he never could do too much for her; brought her water and refreshment; accused himself of being what he was, a monster; and, strange to say, effaced from Lady Herbert's mind every trace of his wanton brutality, which she only ascribed to the effects of wine, and not to his natural character, and firmly believed such a circumstance could never again occur.

On another occasion at a great race-ball, Lady Herbert had escaped on a fine summer evening from the noise and vulgarity of a public dinner, and strolled out with a friend through the town to reach some fields, where she wished to pass the intervening hours, till it should be time to dress for the ball. In going there, however, a parcel of the low rabble, who always congregate on such occasions, attracted by her beauty, followed to gaze at her as she passed along; and one curious idler attracted another, till she soon found herself surrounded by an immense crowd. Terrified, as she and her companion were they did not know what to do; the dense mass of persons prevented her either from going forwards or backwards, and they both rushed into a shop. It was something to be protected from farther insult for the moment, but Lady Herbert dreaded her husband's anger; she immediately thought, he will suppose I must have done something extraordinary. He is, probably, drinking hard, and once infuriated by wine will certainly kill me. Every moment her terror increased, for she heard the mob vociferating from without, "Turn out the thieves! Give them up to justice!" It seems some robbery had recently taken place; and a report had gained current among the crowd that she and her companion were the guilty persons: so that the violence of the mob was at its utmost height; and they threatened to pull down the house. At length the civil authorities were called out, and the chief magistrate being admitted to the shop, was soon made acquainted with the truth. Alarmed, however, at the concourse of



persons who were assembled, he sent privately to request that a detachment of the military, who happened to be stationed in the town, should hold themselves in readiness in case his civil force should not be able to disperse the mob. Things were in this predicament when Lord Herbert, and several of his sporting crew, made their way through the crowd, and joined Lady Herbert. The evening was now far advanced, and it was nearly dark, but she could distinguish the state in which her husband was, and her heart sank within her. Of course she flew to him, and in few words explained what had occurred. He pretended to think it was what it really was, an untoward accident; and going into the middle of the mob, pacified them by his fair words and ready handful of silver, begged them to disperse without giving farther molestation. He had a peculiar way of winning over the lower orders of people, and, drunk or sober, he could always gain *their* hearts. A mixture of familiarity and command at once pleased and awed them. So, calling to his wife, he bade her take his arm. Some of the other gentlemen escorted her friend; and the whole party passed along through the streets quite unmolested, and cheered all the way by the silly populace, who cried, "Long live the Herberts!" while, the moment before, they had vociferated with oaths, "Bring out the thieves! Give them up to justice." More dead than alive, poor Lady Herbert arrived at the hotel in the great place of the town, and was rushing into the house, when Lord Herbert prevented her, and whispered one of his awful whispers:—"Come, madam, you love notoriety, you shall have enough of it;" then he commanded her to courtesy to the mob. She obeyed. The shouts were loud; and unanimous expressions of admiration, not the less vivid for being rude in expression, burst forth from all present. But it was not till poor Lady Herbert reached a private apartment that she felt the full horror of this most unfortunate scene, and she nearly fainted with terror, not less excited by what she had gone through, than by what she knew still awaited her from her husband. Lord Herbert had returned to the table and began drinking again with his associates; so Lady Herbert was at least spared from going to the ball, and she only waited in that dreadful anxiety, of which none but a loving wife similarly situated can know the horror, listening to every drunken roar that reached her ear from the room below, where Bacchanalian revels

continued till a late hour in the night, or rather an early one in the morning. She distinctly heard Lord Herbert's footstep, as it assumed a heavy tread by way of being sober, come into his dressing-room. She hoped he would suppose she was already in bed, for she knew her best chance of escaping a dreadful scene was his going fast asleep before they met. She waited, therefore, till he went up to his bedroom, before she prepared to follow him, and lingered nearly half an hour after the time during which she calculated he must have fallen asleep, before she went to bed. She crept noiselessly up a very long staircase, and through a spacious corridor which led to various sleeping-rooms; and she reached the room unperceived, and, as she hoped, without awakening her husband. He breathed very loud, and she believed him to be asleep; so she undressed and crept into bed; but scarcely had she lain down, when Lord Herbert rose up, and in a voice of fury, said,

"So, madam, you are going to sleep, are you, after all your pretty pranks this evening? but I must beg to have some conversation with you first. Pray tell me what took you into the public streets with that — Miss Jackson, who is no better than she should be? and what made you put on the extraordinary dress I caught you in? Answer me that."

"I went to take a walk in the fields, Francis, with Miss Jackson, whom you brought to accompany me to the ball; and, unfortunately, some low persons were gathered together to see the races, whose curiosity induced them to follow us till a mob was the consequence; but, indeed, I wore no extraordinary dress. My usual dress only."

"That is quite enough. You always like to dress yourself in the fashion of some wench going to dance on the tight rope; but I'll let you know more about it before I have done with you."

And he actually gave her a blow which half stunned her. She felt indignant as soon as she came to her senses. And she said,

"Francis, to-morrow you will be ashamed of your conduct, for it is shameful. What! strike a defenceless woman;—your wife, who never deserved any thing but love from you. Yes, you will blush at your conduct."

"What, you, madam! you—you will dare to arraign me and my behaviour! Turn out, madam, out of my bed for ever."

And he rudely hurled her on the floor. She wept bitterly.

"Nay, none of your whining there; be off out of the room, I say."

And getting up, he opened the door, and tried to push her out into the passage.

"Nay, Francis, I beseech you,—I implore you, leave me on the floor, but do not for ever disgrace yourself and me by putting your innocent wife, naked, into the common passage of a common hotel, at this time of night."

"You be ——! There's for you; it serves you right."

And with his Herculean arm he hurled her outside the door, and turning the key, locked it upon her. One brief, bitter degrading moment, crushed the heart and soul of this unfortunate woman; but, with a celerity and strength, which the instant before she did not think herself mistress of, recollecting that Miss Jackson's room was one story higher, she flew like lightning, and reached it without having met any one.

"For God's sake let me in!" The next moment Miss Jackson had unlocked her door, and saw Lady Herbert rush in and fall headlong on the floor; from that position her friend never could raise her that night; there she lay, bathed in tears, bruised in body and wounded in mind and heart; her senses nearly forsaking her. Miss Jackson placed pillows under her head, and covered her with garments to prevent her being chilled with cold, and endeavoured to sooth her; but what could she say to give comfort to such sorrow? At length, by the help of laudanum, Lady Herbert dropped asleep, and when she awoke next day, it was to find her repentant husband kneeling beside her, expressing the deepest contrition for his conduct, and swearing such a shameful scene should never again recur; but this time poor Lady Herbert's feelings were not so easily appeased; she knew that the fatal habit of drinking to which Lord Herbert was now become a slave, could never leave him a responsible agent; she foresaw misery, perhaps death staring her in the face. She thanked God, her poor aunt had been taken away before she lived to see the wretchedness of her child, as she had fondly called her. Ah! she thought, that might have been an additional thorn in my cruel path; but I never told her; her sorrow would have aggravated my own; I never told any one; I have borne all in silence; we are accounted the happiest of mar-

ried couples. Oh! how many marriages are like this one!—even as the apples of Sodom, fair to the sight but bitter to the taste; and so it was with poor Lady Herbert: but it is fair that, on the page of Lady Herbert's life, these truths should stand recorded. Her peculiar character could not be truly delineated, were they not detailed. The love which, for a length of years survived such treatment; the strange anomaly of the character with which she had to suffer, the pains and penalties, of an almost unparalleled fate, are in themselves so very unusual, that nothing but a simple narrative of facts, could convey a belief in their having actually existed. It is a common practice to say, "Oh! how unnatural! Oh! how exaggerated!" on hearing or reading of occurrences which deserve very different epithets to be conjoined to them; but that these are literal truths, and that a thousand more such could be added to the catalogue of Lady Herbert's life, without any colouring, beyond that of the strictest similitude to reality, is most certain. Persons exclaim, "No! men are bad enough; but for their own sakes are not personally brutal to their wives." Alas! there is in the book of truth and reality many such cases upon record, even amongst the highest in rank—the most polished in society, and the most talented in intellect. It would be wearisome, it would be disgusting, to enumerate the constant recurrence of similar treatment received by Lady Herbert for fifteen years of wedded life. Some will call her provoking, for having so intensely felt trifles which others would call light as air; some will call her a fool, for having borne in silence such cruel treatment; but let it be remembered that Lady Herbert's peculiar attribute was love; that in her every act, and deed, and thought, and feeling, love was the instigator, the sustainer, the ruler of her conduct. The whole essence and attributes of the word love, in its own purest meaning, is imbodied in the character of Lady Herbert; had she met with an answering love, where would have been her merit? and not to have boldly written out her sufferings, would not have been to fulfil the express meaning and purport of this work, namely, to show forth the power, the purity, the constancy, the vastness of true love in woman.

## CHAPTER IX.

Oh, Time! the beautifier of the dead,  
Adorner of the ruin—comforter  
And only healer, when the heart hath bled,  
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,  
Time, test of truth, love,—sole philosopher,  
For all besides are sophists!—

BYRON.

THE chronicler of the life of Lady Herbert passes over a year and a half of her widowhood, and opens again the scene of her existence, at the expiration of that period.

Lady Herbert had gone through the heavy stroke of a first astounding grief—she had gone through the bitter anguish which follows—she had gone through the languor and sickliness, and distaste to every earthly joy, or accustomed employment which succeeds to *that*, and she had arrived at the point, where the bruised heart compassionates its own sufferings, and endeavours to taste some cordial that may bring relief, and medicate its wounds. At first, the attempt seemed a sacrilege on the sanctity of sorrow, but the great healer, Time, worked its mighty work,—or it may be the weakness of nature, at length, like an angry child that will not be appeased by any temptation to gratify its senses, falls asleep from the very weariness of its impotent fractiousness, and so dozes on, till it is awakened by some new gleam of brightness that cheats it into smiles.

Yes, that period of time, as it is computed in the register of existence, had, like all similar epochs, passed; but for Lady Herbert it had travelled slowly and heavily, and seemed to her as though it were a hundred years. Again, the scene of her life opens afresh, she is once more employed at her embroidery frame, her daughter now, in the very first bloom of ripened beauty, reading to her. She was sitting in that calm of the country, which no society whatever had broken in upon, when suddenly, and wholly unprepared for his arrival, Lord de Montmorenci was announced.

Lady Herbert uttered an exclamation of mingled sur-

prise and pleasure, and Sarah Herbert rose, advanced a step or two to meet him, the book she held fell from her hand, and yet she never extended that hand to greet Lord de Montmorenci. Lady Herbert thought he returned her welcome coldly, she feared that she had in some way given him offence. Yet how? for their correspondence for the last year of his absence from England had been uninterrupted—confidential and affectionate—the thought that his manner to her was otherwise, passed quickly and painfully through her mind, and she as rapidly repelled it.

“To what do we owe the unexpected pleasure of seeing you so much sooner than we had anticipated?” she asked.

“To business, partly,” he replied, “and to a weariness of wandering alone, travelling is dull work, with none to bless us, none whom we can bless. And though the first part of this line is alone applicable to me, still I feel, that of the two, it is better to vegetate in native soil than in foreign climes. So, here I am once again, hoping to be of some use perhaps to others.”

“Both of use and pleasure,” replied Lady Herbert, “at least as far as we are concerned.” “Sarah, why do you not express to Lord de Montmorenci, the gratitude you feel for all his kindness, which you have so often expressed to me?”

Her daughter’s cheeks were dyed with those deep blushes that cover the very forehead with their rosy hue.

“Lord de Montmorenci cannot doubt my gratitude,” she said.

And he did not doubt it, and yet seemed averse to its being so intense, for he said, while an expression of pain passed over his features, “Let that word gratitude, I beseech you both, be expunged from our colloquial dictionary; really it does not suit you to utter nor me to hear it.”

After an hour had been spent in the common routine of question and answer—such as a reunion after a long absence requires, in order to reinstate persons in the knowledge of all those minutiae which constitute intimacy, and connects the past with the present—mutual confidence and ease was once more established between them.

Miss Herbert’s reserve gave place to her usual unembarrassed manner; but yet there was a change in her, and what that change was Lord de Montmorenci did not seek to make himself acquainted with.

When the hour of retiring for the night arrived, he sud-

denly rose, and addressing Lady Herbert, said, "But it is time that I seek for a night's lodging, and take my leave of you. Good night, good night to both," he added, holding out a hand to each.

"Nay," said Lady Herbert, "this is too formal: what, under your own roof, and not abide within its precincts?"

"I consider it yours, Lady Herbert," he said, rather in a cold ceremonious tone, "so long as you do me the honour to reside here; if you invite me to remain, of course it will be far pleasanter than going to any inn."

"Well, Italy has worked a change in you, Lord de Montmorenci; but since it is so, and since you do require a formal invitation, consider that which I now make you is such. Sarah will add her entreaties to mine."

"Yes, certainly," was her answer, and again she blushed and looked confused: the matter, however, was so settled, and from that hour Lord de Montmorenci was domiciliated with Lady Herbert and her daughter.

The time of repose for the former was, however, come to a close. She felt that it was necessary she should seek a home for herself and child, which was really her own, and that she should know finally what remained to them of the wreck of her husband's fortune. Hitherto, partly as Lord de Montmorenci had told her, from the intricate state of her late husband's affairs, and from the pretensions of Sir Charles Lennard, litigious disputes arose, which required time to decide upon; but now she conceived these arrangements must have been finally closed, and she sought to come to an explanation with Lord de Montmorenci shortly after his arrival. When she mentioned the subject to him, he said, rather sorrowfully,

"What! already, do you so soon wish to revert to subjects which must necessarily harrow up our feelings, and carry us back into the dreadful past? Will you not postpone an examination, which indeed I am hardly prepared to make, and be satisfied to know the mere outline of the facts, the details of which you can at any future time make yourself mistress of. I have been enabled to save every thing for you. Your house in town, and Moreton Park are yours, and Miss Herbert's fortune is safe. Sir Charles Lennard has not been able to make good any of his claims."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Lady Herbert, and she looked incredulously at Lord de Montmorenci.

"If you insist upon it, Lady Herbert, I will send for our agents, and they shall explain to you the whole of the transaction."

"Not now," was her reply; "but I fear your generosity—I dread your friendship." And she smiled as she pronounced the last words.

"Then be it so," he rejoined, "and for heaven's sake let us have a few weeks of peace, uninterrupted by the dull realities of life, and the yet more deadening power of gold."

"Sarah owes you every thing," Lady Herbert went on to say; "how can she repay you, how can I, her mother, who live, but in her, ever reward you?"

"By never mentioning the subject," was his answer; and, for the present, it was suffered to drop. Now followed a time of calm; there are lulls in every storm—there are green spots in the waste of the most steril life, and this period of the existence of Lady Herbert was of these. Such dreamy times convey no interest to others when recounted or dwelt upon, and yet are of infinite value to those who enjoy them; they enable them to bear with what is to follow. Let not persons who prefer the bustling scenes of life suppose there is no interest in the quiet round of hours which pace so serenely in a country life—the flowers, the waters, the face of nature in all its beautiful variety—the apparent certainty of enjoying to-day what we enjoyed yesterday—"poi doman, e l' altro l' altro ancora"—that quietude which gives a promise of duration, and, like the recurrence of the sunrise and sunset, seems more particularly under the order and guidance of Providence than scenes of worldly pleasure, where the passions of mankind appear to take supremacy, and to govern our destiny with their uncertain sway, whereas in the former all combines to cheat us into a belief of the *durability* of happiness. This seeming security, however, is often equally fallacious; for when is there no danger? where is there no temptation? The evil is indwelling; and while this life lasts we vibrate between hope and fear.

Hitherto, Lady Herbert had confined her walks to the gardens of the villa, neither herself nor even Miss Herbert had ever passed their boundaries, except to go to church, and as a private path through their grounds led there, they had only to cross the church-yard to reach it; their seclusion had never therefore been broken through, and the



surrounding neighbourhood had respected their retirement, nor attempted to infringe upon it. But now that they were persuaded by Lord de Montmorenci to extend their rides, and that they had even been seen to pass through Windsor, the busy idle began to gossip, and a conclave was held to know if it would not show respect to leave their names with Lady Herbert and Miss Herbert; they calculated exactly how long the former had been a widow, and what age the latter had attained, and then they wondered why Lady Herbert still wore mourning.

"I am sure," said one gay young widow, "if I had had such a husband as she had I should have thought the regular year appointed for black was quite sufficient." Nobody doubted her, for she had thought so for the best of husbands.

"Yes," said another elderly lady, "surely she might indulge in a quiet game of cards and a little rational conversation. It is hard too upon her daughter, to keep her mewed up for ever without seeing a soul; for my part I wonder what the poor young creature does with herself."

"Oh!" replied a little sharp-faced woman, "you know they are not so lonely now, there is the handsome Lord de Montmorenci living in the house. In *his* own house,—it is mighty odd that they should continue to live with him, by the way; for my part I never heard of such a thing in my life, unless he is going to marry one of them."

"Marry! replied the first speaker, that is impossible, Lady Herbert is too old and Miss Herbert too young for him."

"Oh, nothing is too old or too young now-a-days," rejoined the pointed-nosed maiden."

"For my part," resumed her friend, "it is long since I have ceased to wonder at any thing; but to be sure there never was such a strange history, altogether, as that Herbert affair: to me it always appeared mysterious, there were a variety of reports, you know, about Sir Charles Lennard and my lady; she did not altogether escape unscathed. By the by, what is become of Sir Charles?"

"Become of him? why he is living very comfortably, however creditably may be questioned, just as he always lived; and Miss Clermont is his mistress, you know."

"Ah! how very shocking! for my part, I never could make out clearly the rights of that story; but it is all forgotten now, nobody talks of it."

Again the sharp-nosed maiden observed,

"The less that's said of it the better: I believe there was not much to choose of the whole party; they were a queer set, and I remember Lady Colebrook, (I just remember her, for I was quite a little girl when she died)—'That's not true,' whispered Mr. Jervis (the beau of the party)—'I can just remember her, and people used to say that she was half out of her mind, quite a ridiculous old woman, so how could poor Lady Herbert receive any education—what could be expected to come of it?'" with a shrug of her shoulders.

"Ay, very true, indeed, as Miss Sharpus observes; but, now, I cannot help thinking it would be only Christian charity to leave our names with the poor bereaved soul, and offer to make up a little quiet casino or short whist with her, if her spirits are sufficiently recovered (and sure they must be by this time.)"

So it was finally arranged among this exclusive set—for there are such sets every where—that they would all leave their names, and they speedily acted upon their resolve.

When Lady Herbert, her daughter, and Lord de Montmorenci returned from a long and delightful ride, they found spread out upon the hall-table a phalanx of pink, green, and white cards, some shining, some watered, some plain—all elaborately diversified according to the tastes of the owners. Mr. and Mrs. Plumtree and the Miss Plumtrees, Miss Sharpus, Mrs. Hutchins, and Miss Hutchins, Mr. Jervis, Captain Badger, R. N., Mr. Ashfield. They passed before these records of threatened invasion, and viewed them with dismay.

"What an inroad of Goths and Vandals! How terrible to be subject to these!" exclaimed Miss Herbert.

"They mean to be civil, dear Sarah; do not let us be fine."

"But surely, dearest mamma, you will not see all these people with their nameless names? Oh! how they will spoil our delightful quiet mornings; how terrible it will be to be subject to their tiresome visits!"

"It would be so, dear, if we were to subject ourselves to that degree; but receiving them once or twice, and making a civil return of cards, will not entail upon us the irksomeness of their constant presence, far less produce intimacy."

"Oh! dearest mamma, but it will though; for those are

the very sort of people who intend to fasten upon one like leeches."

"Well, Sarah, I will not receive a civility with rudeness: these good people mean to show us respect, or they would not have left their names, and it is not my way to return intended politeness with an impertinent contempt; hitherto they have respected our situation, nor attempted to intrude upon our retirement; it is quite natural that, seeing us out again, they should wish to testify their courtesy.

"Of course, it is an honour to them to do so, mamma, but a great bore to us."

"I will not suffer it to become a bore, there is always a way of declining intimacy without giving an affront. Remember, Belinda,

'Oft she rejects, but never once offends.'

This I hold to be the best way to manage similar matters; remember also the fable of the mouse and the lion, 'We know not who may serve or save us.'

"Oh! dearest mamma, you are too good-natured; one never gets any thanks for being civil to vulgar people, they are never to be repressed by civility."

"I never yet met with that vulgar who was not, Sarah: when I do, I shall know how to treat them."

Lord de Montmorenci said, "I confess I agree with Miss Herbert—neighbours are great bores; but you are"—looking at Lady Herbert, and changing the word he meant to say only—"You are right, Lady Herbert."

It is extraordinary how a very slight circumstance, one perhaps which seems wholly unconnected with the serious concerns of life, may entirely change the current of our existence—"Who can know what a day may bring forth?" is exemplified in the lives of all. Lady Herbert returned the visits, and, as it always happens when one does not wish to find a person at home, the greater part of the ladies were at home; one and all were overcome and delighted by Lady Herbert's presence. She might well have charmed the most fastidious; but such a person, so naturally gentle and with such genuine humility of manner, which detracted not from her greatness, but only made it the more apparent, naturally produced an electric effect upon those who were less accustomed to the dazzle of such fascination. The consequence was, that the whole neighbourhood talked

of nothing but Lady and Miss Herbert, and each one vied with the other in sending rare fruit and flowers, and testifying their enchantment by every means in their power. Doubtless, this intercourse did, however, interfere in some degree with the employments of the morning hours—a pink note to be answered, which interrupted the drawing or the reading that was going on—invitations to dine, which now came thick and threefold, to be declined, and a thousand other nameless trifles of the same sort, occurred constantly to put Miss Herbert's patience to the test; even Lord de Montmorenci looked provoked, and Lady Herbert's smile seemed rather to tease her child and friend the more. It chanced one evening, after a very late ramble on horseback in Windsor Park, that a violent thunderstorm came on, and Lady Herbert, her daughter, and Lord de Montmorenci, took shelter in a cottage on the skirts of the wood, inhabited only by an old woman; they sent the groom and horses home, with orders for a close carriage to convey themselves, as there was no appearance of the storm soon abating. The groom had not been long gone when two very ill-looking men asked leave to come, or rather entered the hovel, for they waited not to receive the permission they demanded. Lord de Montmorenci did not like their appearance, and regretted having dismissed the servants; however, he only whispered to the old woman to give them some refreshment and send them away, saying, he would amply reward her. There is a seal of wickedness set on the countenance of some persons, and Lady Herbert and her daughter could not but feel terrified at the first glance they cast on these two men—they did not say any thing, however, but trembled inwardly.

The old woman did as Lord de Montmorenci had desired, but the men refused to go, and, scowling at Lord de Montmorenci, said he should turn out first before they did. Conceiving therefore that it would be better to bribe them under present circumstances, he observed, "it was a bad night to be sure for any body to go abroad, but as one of the ladies was not very well, and was only waiting for her carriage, which was expected to come every moment, he should feel obliged by their leaving her the free use of the house." He accompanied his words by the offer of a half-crown.

"We'll see you — first," said the most ruffianly-looking of the men; "but if you are flush of shiners turn your

pockets inside out, and share your rhino with better men nor you are." So saying, he darted up, and caught Lord de Montmorenci by the arm, while the other drew a clasped knife and vowed, with horrid oaths, that if he offered the least resistance he would plunge it into him. The old woman screamed; Miss Herbert rushed towards them, and, with the boldness of a lion, interposed her slight frame before the uplifted blade.

"Lady Herbert cried, "Sirs, think well of your own safety: in a very few minutes many servants will be here; if you hurt either of those persons your own lives will pay the forfeit." But Lord de Montmorenci had made a desperate effort, and freed himself from the grasp of the men. He snatched a large piece of firewood from the chimney, and sprang upon both of them, one of whom he felled to the earth; but the other made a blow at him with the knife and slightly wounded his hand, nevertheless, Lord de Montmorenci grappled with and nearly succeeded in flinging him out of the door, when his companion, who had only been stunned by the fall, recovered his legs, and fell likewise upon him. Then, there was a short moment of despair, as he cried to Lady Herbert and her daughter to fly.

Lord de Montmorenci, scarcely knowing what he said, repeated the word "fly," but the very next moment the trampling of horses was heard at a distance: one of the men looked out, and beheld several riders rapidly approaching; so he called to his companion with an oath, and they both fled with a celerity that eluded pursuit.

The persons who thus opportunely arrived, were Mrs. and Miss Plumbtree, in their barouche, Mr. Jervis and Captain Badger, on horseback. They had heard that Lady and Miss Herbert were caught in the storm, and with that good nature, which unfortunately, it must be confessed, is more frequently shown by persons in a lower rank of life than by the highest, they lost not a moment in coming to offer such assistance as they deemed would be acceptable. "We knew," said the Plumbtrees, "that we must be here long before your carriage could come, and Mr. Jervis and Capt. Badger being with us at the time, would escort us, even though it did rain so hard. But before Lady Herbert could explain what had occurred, they immediately saw that some accident had happened, for Lord de Montmorenci's hand was bleeding, and Miss Herbert was entreating him to let her bind it up with her handkerchief.

"It is nothing, I assure you, a mere scratch, and he

evaded her offers, twisting around it the handkerchief which she held.

Lady Herbert now related the adventure, and the gentlemen proposed setting off immediately in pursuit of the ruffians; but the ladies were too much alarmed to allow any of them to depart, and only expressed their gratitude, that a mere act of civility, should in fact have effected a service of such importance—a rescue even, it might be from death. These were the *visitors* whom Miss Herbert had so scorned. Thankful as Lady Herbert was for this deliverance, she did not omit to say to her daughter, “Well Sarah, never will you now, I hope, forget the fable of the mouse and the lion.”

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## CHAPTER X.

### THE DECLARATION.

But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek  
To wear it? Who can curiously behold  
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,  
Nor feel the heart can never quite grow old.

BYRON.

FROM the day on which Lord de Montmorency's life had been perilled, Sarah Herbert evinced an interest and an anxiety about him, which, diffident, and devoid of vanity as he was, even struck himself, as being extraordinary, and perhaps it hastened his resolve to make known a long cherished secret, and decide his fate.

One evening, when Miss Herbert retired for the night, complaining of indisposition, Lord de Montmorency contrived to whisper to Lady Herbert before she left the room with her daughter,

“I beseech you return, as I have something to communicate, which I do not wish Miss Herbert to be acquainted with at present.”

Lady Herbert readily assented, and a thousand contra-

dictory imaginings arose in her thoughts respecting the nature of the communication he was about to enter upon; but the natural idea which flashed across her was, that he would propose for her child. She could not have described to any one the mingled and mysterious feelings which this supposition elicited—was it pleasurable, or painful, the emotion which throbbed at her heart? She could not say, for she did not herself distinguish the nature of the sensations by which she was agitated—but agitated she was—and for the first time she was anxious to conceal her feelings from her daughter. She remained with her, however, while she undressed, and then held her daughter's hand in hers, until she fell asleep; but she thought the half-hour very long which elapsed, before she slept sufficiently sound for her to steal away unobserved.

When Lady Herbert reached the drawing-room door, her hand rested on the lock, and she paused a moment to recover her breath, before she had courage to open it; she tried to assume composure, she tried to still the beating of her heart, and making one determined effort to master her emotion, entered the apartment. Lord de Montmorenci started forward to meet her, and taking her hand, led her to a seat.

"Suffer me," he said, "to confide a secret to you—one which involves the happiness of my existence; one which is so vital to me, that even now I shrink from the task of putting it to the test of a denial; if you think me presumptuous, ridiculous, to suppose that one so perfect should ever be induced to listen to me, do not tell me so harshly, rudely—no person knows better than I do, that to aspire to such felicity is almost madness; and even were it possible that you should lend a favourable ear to me, how dare I hope that Miss Herbert would like" . . . . .

Lady Herbert turned very pale, but she made an effort to conceal her thoughts, whatever they were, and interrupting him, quickly said, "You know the esteem and regard I entertain for you, you know how readily I shall consent to your wishes, if Sarah is propitious to your suit."

"Oh! Lady Herbert, do you wilfully misunderstand me, or are you indeed ignorant of the cause I am about to plead. At once, then know it, if it be possible that you do not already do so. I love you, and you only, with a devotion of heart and mind, which must make me either the happiest or the most wretched person for the remainder of my life.

This love is no new affection; disguised, controlled, as it has been for years, for years it has smouldered in the secret recesses of my breast, hopeless—not guilty, because entirely repressed, so long as it would have been crime to indulge it. Nay, for these last three years, its unallowed existence has been only a dream, lest, even in thought, I might wound your delicacy—but now, now that time sanctions its declaration, and that every barrier is removed, excepting only, the greatest perhaps of all—*your indifference*; I owe it to myself to endeavour to obtain your regard, your love—yes, your love—for such a heart as yours can never exist without love—and dearly as you worship your daughter, with a maternal fondness, exceeding even the wonted degree of that holy affection, I need not say to you, that nothing can replace love, save love. Oh, Mabel! do not answer me now by words, there is a softness in your eyes, there is a flush in your cheeks which is so precious to me, that if your words should not come up to their expression, I could not endure it—I should go mad.”

To see Lord de Montmorenci, as it were, out of himself, the measured and grave Lord de Montmorenci, cast off his outward show of calm friendship, and be the fond adoring lover, was enough to turn the head of a thousand younger, fresher beauties, and it would be vain to deny that Lady Herbert’s vanity, as well as her heart, responded to the ardour of his declarations. Nevertheless, she thought inwardly—dare I, can I love again—at my age, after such a torrent of long and passionate attachment to a husband—the husband of my youth—am I not despicable for loving again, will he not think so?—when this ebullition of feeling has passed off, and he looks back reflectively, dispassionately upon his conduct. Yes, even at that moment, all these thoughts so long to detail, in words, so rapidly to be felt and thought, rushed past and crowded upon her, as she left her hand in Lord de Montmorenci’s, and he sat in sweet delirium, but silent by her side. At length she spoke.

“Not so, Lord de Montmorenci, I cannot be wholly silent. I must tell you what clouds darken this momentary brilliancy. Is it possible, I say to myself, is it possible that my faded person, my worn out heart, should be a fitting prize for you? It is very hard to have to place before your eyes the melancholy truth—but it is my duty—now perhaps you may still see some lingering charm remaining,



even of person. You may remember all my sufferings, and even invest me with qualities I do not possess for having borne them well; all these combinations tend to delude you, and a certain vacuum, which early disappointment has left in your feelings, may induce you to believe that I could still make you happy, still restore to you the visions of your youth. De Montmorenci, *this is impossible*. The spring of my affections is broken—the same thing never occurs twice—I will not again be the self-immolated victim. I dare not run so great a risk as to love again and be again disappointed. I should be always doubting whether you were not repenting of your choice; whether I had not done wrong in listening to you; whether I sacrificed not your happiness to my vanity. I should grow diffident of my *ability* to make you happy, and by that very diffidence, confirm my fears; whereas, in my Sarah, you would find whatever you approve of and love in me, combined with the freshness of youth, the unsullied purity of the heart's first affections. Think of this, Lord de Montmorenci."

"No, not for a moment, not for a moment, Mabel; the being I love is you, and you alone; it is no younger, no fairer, no other, in short, that I seek but your own dear self. Our ages are not dissimilar, and if they were, it would make no difference in my feelings. When two people truly love, they become one, and habit and constant presence prevents those startling effects of time from becoming visible to each other. You will always be young to me, Mabel. Silence for ever, such vain, such useless fears; trust to me, love me; love me at least as much as you can. You are to me what you are, *now*. What you might have been, I neither ought to look to or care to look to; Lady Herbert was the wife of another, but, Mabel, you are only Mabel to me; and you may become Mabel de Montmorenci, if you but will it so. Talk not of your beautiful girl, your cherished daughter; she must have a peculiar person to love and be loved by; one, whose whole feelings are as fresh as her own. You know it is impossible the youthful Sarah could think of me but as of some antiquated friend."

The latter part of this speech was pronounced with an accompaniment of expression, and in a tone of voice which seemed not quite natural. Lady Herbert fixed her eyes steadily on his, made an effort to reply, but the accents faltered into silence, and they both ceased to converse.

After some time, during which Lady Herbert had pulled

a rose to pieces, and Lord de Montmorenci sat like a statue, she said,

"And now, De Montmorenci, what have we more to say? Do we not know *all*?" and again she lifted her eyes to his countenance.

"No," he replied, with unusual impetuosity, "I know nothing, I know not if you bid me hope or despair. Will you allow me to renew this subject? will you let me endeavour, at least, to overcome your idle scruples? will you learn to think of me as a lover? Alas! I have been so long a friend, that it is, I fear, an impracticable task I impose upon you. But Mabel, dearest Mabel, try—promise me that you will try? I need not *try* ....." as he relapsed into something very like transport, she said,

"I beseech you grant me time to think."

He looked reproachfully, but tenderly at her.

She arose, wished him good night.

He passionately kissed the hand extended to him, and they parted.

## CHAPTER XI.

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,  
As to descry the crafty cunning traine  
By which deceit doth maske in visour faire,  
And cast her colours died deepe in graine  
To seem like truth; whose shape she well can faine,  
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,  
The guiltless man with guile to entertaine?  
Great mistress of her art was that false dame,  
The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessard's name.

SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN, canto vii.

AN English vessel lay in the harbour of Boulogne, her captain was about leaving the shore, where he had been taking in stores, not for his ship, but for those dearer to him even than she was. His step was light, his tread elastic, his whole heart and person buoyant with hope and happiness. He was bound for England, he was going home, not only home, but to the home of all his wishes. When the word home, comprises not merely the circle of the af-

fections and comforts of domestic life, but is ennobled and embellished by the passion of true love, then that little word indeed contains all that the most aspiring mind can desire. Captain Danesford had just seated himself in his boat, when a pedlar, an Italian Jew, uniting all the gesticulation of the one race to the singular and original beauty of the other, called upon him vehemently to stop one moment and look at his wares, at the same time displaying some strings of beads to catch his attention. Captain Danesford remembered that his love had expressed a wish to have some pale pink coral (what does a lover not remember which is connected with his mistress?) so he asked the price, the pedlar named it.

"Quick, do not detain me, there is your money. Show me the rest of your wares."

His little merchandise was rapidly shown, and as rapidly commended in the most florid and hyperbolic language; the chief part consisted of Turkish amulets and charms.

"Here," said the boy, "is a famous preventive against the gout, and here one to procure sleep; but," he added, reading the countenance of the purchaser, "here is one that secures the love of the beloved."

"Give it me," cried Captain Danesford, eagerly, and reddening at his own folly. "Yes," pointing to a particular amulet, "I will have that one," and he paid exorbitantly for his credulity; for seeing how largely he dealt out his money, all the idlers and beggars crowded round him, and he could scarcely make his way through them, even by scattering largesses right and left as he passed along. The pedlar laughing at his dupe, waved his hand to him as he rowed from shore, and grinning from ear to ear, showed the whole range of his white teeth.

Captain Danesford looked at his talisman, and though he said, "What nonsense!" yet he thought, "Yes, I will hang this round Anna's beautiful neck, and I will believe that the sight of it will, at least, keep me ever in her thoughts."

The strongest minds grow weak when subdued by passion; something, too, it may be of the imaginative cast of thought which the dwellers among the elements proverbially acquire, gave to his recent purchase a consequence and value of which, nevertheless, he felt ashamed—so he hid his treasure, and tried to think only of the moment when it would be his blessed fate to place it on the person of his Anna.

It was one of those colourless calm days which precede the approach of winter and its storms, not a breath of air rippled the wave; the far-off shores were distinctly traced on the horizon, resembling a fine engraving of the olden school, where the skill of the artist expresses distance, without enveloping the object in mist. It was exactly the sort of day to affect a gloomy temperament with greater gloom; but Captain Danesford's breast was filled with sunshine, which irradiated every scene through which he passed. Laden with presents for his bride, the captain of the *Zephir* paced his deck that night without one foreboding of evil. His vessel, his gallant vessel, was bearing him to the arms of his bride.

Does the reader remember the *Zephir*, and the day she was launched, and the honest pride of him who was to become her captain? Other scenes in this drama of life have been more interesting perhaps, and the history of his love has been lost in that of others; but yet one word of the noble-minded man who served his king and country, and who felt, that to deserve well of them was to deserve well of the woman he adored; whatever befell him afterwards, those hours of homeward sailing were hours of bliss, which may be envied by thousands who never knew the reward of self-approval and confiding trust. It was very long indeed since he had heard from England, but no news was good news; every thing must be right, every one must be well, for he was returning to Anna Clermont.

Arrived in London, Captain Danesford hastened to Lord Herbert's house; it was shut up, he rang and knocked repeatedly, no one answered. He stepped back into the street, looked upwards at the garret stories, they too were closed; and there was a hatchment on the walls, at length a stranger opened the door,—a stranger, when an old familiar face is eagerly expected, what a chill to the heart! but Captain Danesford asked with a cheerful voice, as if that assumption of joy secured its possession, "Where is the family? how are they all? well, quite well; but at Moreton, I suppose—and, of course, Miss Clermont with them?" The stranger hesitated, looked in Captain Danesford's face, saw an expression written there in which the man sympathized, without knowing exactly why.

"Surely, sir, you are newly arrived in town; you had better come in and sit down;" and he opened the door, and

took Captain Danesford's arm, who suffered himself to be conducted into the hall. He sat down, and, like one stunned, spoke not. He was aware that some great change had taken place.

"Lord Herbert, sir,—you must be prepared—Lord Herbert, sir, is dead."

Captain Danesford felt as though a mountain were removed from his breast: at another time he might have said and felt, "Poor Lord Herbert!" but an involuntary, "Thank God!" burst from him.

"And Lady Herbert, and Miss Herbert, and Miss Clermont?"

"Her ladyship, sir, ever since the fatal event has resided at Lord de Montmorenci's villa, near Windsor; but, of course, you know after the duel Miss Clermont could not reside with her ladyship."

"Duel! what duel?"

"Why you must be prepared, sir, for a very dreadful story it is; had you not better, sir, let me fetch you a drop of something?" seeing Captain Danesford's features much convulsed.

"No, no; go on!"

"Well, Captain Clermont it was who shot Lord Herbert; but don't start, sir, indeed it was impossible he should do otherwise, seeing as how Lord Herbert seduced his own sister."

"'Tis false, by all that is sacred!" cried Captain Danesford, grasping his informer by the arm. "You are a liar!"

"That's words as I won't take from no man." And the servant was about to strike Captain Danesford, when the latter dropped, as if he had been shot, at his feet. It was long before he came to his senses: when he did, a few words explained to his informer the nature of the feeling which had stung him to momentary madness; and though he gave the information Captain Danesford required of him with infinite regret, for he felt that he was a good and a wretched man; still, at Captain Danesford's entreaties, the servant informed him that Miss Clermont was living in Hamilton Place. Thither he directed his steps, and having arrived at the door, he asked if Miss Clermont resided there, and being answered in the affirmative, desired to be immediately shown up to her, as he had business with her which ad-

mitted of no delay. His air of command awed the servant, and he was ushered up stairs, threw open the folding-doors wide, but did not announce the visiter, as he had not learnt his name. He beheld Anna Clermont intently engaged in some needle work. He paused and had leisure to examine her and convince himself that it was indeed his Anna Clermont. He saw at a glance that there was a difference in her attire; that the pale marble beauty was now highly rouged, and there was an air about her dress and the splendid apartment in which she was sitting that in some degree prepared him for what was to follow. He walked slowly up to her, and was close at her side before she perceived him; when at length she did so, she started violently and attempted to rise; but overcome with confusion, sank down again upon her seat, and evidently laboured in vain to speak. This emotion on her part inspired a very different sentiment in Captain Danesford: for a brief moment he forgot every thing but that it was Anna Clermont whom he saw, Anna Clermont's hand which he pressed in his; Anna Clermont, at whose feet he dropped, and passionately exclaimed—

"Dearest, are you well? are you happy to see me once again? Speak to me, oh speak!" Still she spoke not. "Are you displeased with me? What is the reason of your strange reception of me? Is this the fulfilment of your promise, Anna?"

"Captain Danesford, rise, I beseech you; I am, I confess, surprised at your thus forcing yourself so unexpectedly into my presence."

"Forced myself and unexpectedly! what do you mean, Anna?"

"I will soon make my meaning intelligible," she replied, with that calmness which adds so much to the impatience of others. "Sit down, Captain Danesford, and I will make myself understood." She pointed to a chair; he dropped into it.

After a moment's pause, she said, with an assumed composure which only serves to irritate those whose feelings are wrought up to an agony of excitement,

"I had once hoped to have conquered a violent passion, unfortunately placed, and in that hope I pledged myself to become your wife, Captain Danesford; but, at the time I did so, I loved another, and I only resorted to that subterfuge in order that I might avoid the precipice on which I

stood; it was, in short, to save myself from disgrace and dishonour that I consented to become yours. When I did so, I sincerely meant to fulfil my promise. I wished to marry you instantly to escape from myself; had I done so, I might have been saved—the object of my unhappy passion might yet be alive.” She paused, and seemed suffocated by the labouring of her breath; then conquering herself, she went on to say, in a loud voice, “You loved me, it is true; but, like all men, you loved something else better: that something was your own self-interest, your profession; you feared to lose the chance of promotion—you came not at the moment I sent for you. You came not, and I fell.

“The struggle between my passion and my principle was short but severe; the friend I looked to for support was voluntarily absent; the foe I bowed my heart to, was present, so I fled with Lord Herbert. Start not, Captain Danesford, at a name; if *I* can speak that name, *you* may well bear to hear it. We determined to forsake the whole world, and by the whole world forsaken, to live alone for each other; but my officious brother came between me and happiness; he had by some melancholy chance, unfortunate as unforeseen, returned to England—nay, patience, Captain Danesford, a few words more and I have done. He pursued and found us out. My brother and my lover met in deadly strife; Frederick shot Lord Herbert, and mortally wounded him. Since then,”—and she cast her eyes wildly around,—“I have been often mad; but I need not tell you more of my wretched self, for *I am wretched*. You know all that it concerns you to know, Captain Danesford.”

“Yes, indeed, I know all that can, in a few brief moments, wither up my existence for ever. Anna, is it in very deed Anna Clermont who has told me of such crime and sorrow? is it you who have condemned yourself to everlasting reproach and shame? This is a hard blow to bear. I have looked forward to this day as to the brightest one of my life. I have looked forward to meeting you again as a sailor looks to port when tempest-stricken. I have anchored my whole soul in you. I have longed for this day as I have longed for light after a dark night of storm; and now that it has arrived, I have made shipwreck of every hope, for I have found you a false, perfidious, and worse, a wicked woman. Are *you*, vile as you are, the one,

the only one, that I have cherished in remembrance by night and by day, by land and ocean; you, the one that James Danesford, the honest man, chose to be his helpmate? Yes, shame on me for having made such a choice. And was it the husband of your friend whom you wiled from his wife and child? was it the woman who gave you a shelter and a home, when you were an orphan and destitute, whom you singled out to break her heart? My wrongs! they are a breeze to a hurricane, compared to hers. Had you only been fickle—had you only broken your faith with me for the sake of some other honourable love, it would have been a cruel sharp pang, but I could have forgiven you, Anna, and even wished you happy with the object of your choice—yes, even he whom you preferred before me; but to find you utterly worthless, it is more than I can bear,” and he flung a bitter tear from his manly cheek.

Captain Danesford looked at the guilty one whom he so touchingly endeavoured to awaken to a sense of her guilt; but she retained the same rigid calmness of manner, which utterly amazed him. Her guilt was bold.

“Whose house is this?” he demanded, speaking authoritatively—abruptly—by what right are you living here?—on what terms do you maintain such splendour?”

“I decline answering you, Captain Danesford; I am not accountable to you for my life or actions.”

Captain Danesford, the upright and the good, was utterly at a loss to comprehend the nature of such a woman. He rose from his seat, he paced the room in perturbation, at length he stood opposite to her. “Anna Clermont, I have loved you with as honest and warm a love as ever man felt towards woman; that I do so no longer you cannot be surprised, neither do you care. Wherefore do I talk thus? But instead of love I feel a deep sense of commiseration for you. I would yet save you from continuing to live on in the degradation of sin, if you are willing. I would”—

Miss Clermont hastily interrupting him,

“Marry you, Captain Danesford; oh, no, I should gain nothing by doing so now.”

“Marry you!” he rejoined, scornfully, “vain, worthless woman that you are; no, poor creature, you can never be an honest man’s wife, but you may continue to be a bad man’s mistress; and it is from such servitude, that for Frederick’s sake, I would save you if I could; that is, if you are but willing to be saved.”



"I require not your aid or support, Captain Danesford, I have other friends, who have proffered less regard for me, and have proved kinder. Persons who, loving Anna Clermont less, have shown her more mercy. And I have only to request that you would leave me."

"I hope you have one real friend left, though you do not deserve it, and if you have, forfeit not their friendship by any new delinquency. Be not treacherous, and if indeed you are not lying to me, if you are not enjoying the wages of sin, then may you yet repent and be saved; but if, as I have too much reason to dread, you are Sir Charles Leonard's mistress, will you suffer me to release you from such degrading thralldom—suffer me to place you under your brother's guardianship?"

"My brother's guardianship! He who murdered my lover; oh, no, never! He, the man who robbed me of happiness;—you ask too much of me. You represent the horrors of living on in my present course of life; you give me the choice of virtue or of sin, be it so. I tell you on such terms I choose sin."

"Then I can do nothing for you. Anna, Anna, how deeply I lament my inability to succour you!" he ceased speaking, he could not utter—in a minute he recovered and said, "You knew your brother loved Miss Herbert."

"What of that?"

"You know the fury of the passion of love, but you do not know the nature of true love; still you may guess what it cost Frederick Clermont to take the life of the woman's father whom he adored; yet he sacrificed himself and all he held dear, to that which was dearer still, his sister's honour; by doing so he has been a banished man, compelled to fly his country; wherever he is, sorrow and disgrace pursue him; yet have you no pity for him; do you not feel yourself compelled by justice, if by no other tender or more sacred claim, to seek him in his exile, to sooth him in the distress which you have brought upon him? Anna, if your brother's interest, your brother's sorrows do not plead with you to forsake your criminal course, nothing can."

"He was a fool to interfere. If by an obstinate adherence to a code of the laws of honour, falsely so called, Frederick chose to slay the man I loved, the father of the girl he professed to love, then he must submit to the penalty he has incurred, I cannot say I pity him. He and I never agreed, his nature is totally different from mine; and ours *could not be a happy intercourse.*"

"No, it is true, light cannot dwell with darkness. So, poor Anna Clermont, you are lost; lost beyond human power to save. Oh! if I saw one repentant sign about you; but it is in vain. I would I would fain save you yet." But the evil one had taken possession of Anna Clermont, he had made her heart his dwelling-place, and she replied in a hard decided manner,

"No, no, leave me, we shall never meet again."

"May the Power that you slight and contemn, yet save you from perdition! Anna Clermont, farewell!"

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## CHAPTER XII.

*Heu! quam miserum est ab illo lædi, de quo non possis queri.*

LADY Herbert had one great duty to fulfil—to sound the depth of her daughter's heart—true, she shrunk from its fulfilment, but love and duty had ever been to her one and indivisible, and the tender affection she bore her child enabled her, like the pelican, to determine to cherish her daughter's happiness even at the cost of her own life's blood.

"Since our recovery from utter wretchedness we have been calmly happy here—have we not, Sarah?" said Lady Herbert to her daughter, as they sat together by the fire (that only admissible third party to a *tête-à-tête*), "have we not?" It was the night previous to their departure from Lord de Montmorenci's sheltering roof.

"Yes, I believe so," replied Miss Herbert, but in such a mournful tone of voice that her mother shuddered. Yet again, she said,

"You believe so! that is no answer, Sarah. De Montmorenci has been such a kind host to us that he has made us feel his house to be our home. Tell me, Sarah," reiterated Lady Herbert, after a pause, seeing the latter did not reply. "Do you not think he has been very kind to us? have we lacked any thing which he could imagine would give us pleasure? has he not prevented our every wish?" Still Miss Herbert trembled inwardly, but spoke not.

"Sarah, dearest, speak to me; are you not well?"

"Yes, yes, I am quite well; but I cannot answer *you* now—I cannot answer you as I should wish to do, fully; only, I have not been happy, or shall I ever be so again. Question me no farther at this time; hereafter, perhaps, I shall summon courage to tell you all, but not now,—I cannot."

"Sarah, mine own dear Sarah, you have never had a secret from your mother, why not let me share your every thought—your every sorrow; remove it, if it be possible, or lighten its burden by participation!"

"No, mamma, I cannot tell you my unhappy secret—not whilst we are under this roof."

"Well, Sarah, I would have no unwilling confidence, if your heart does not respond to mine. If I am to become a stranger to *you*, I must, from this moment, begin the hardest lesson I have yet had to learn in all my school of adversity; but I must bear on still, till death releases me." A few tears started from Lady Herbert's burning eyelids. Miss Herbert threw her arms round her mother's neck, and wept bitterly.

"Sarah, dearest, it is enough; I will not press you farther—I feel you love me. Go to bed now, and try to believe that your mother loves you far more than she loves herself."

When Lady Herbert was alone, she felt the whole force of her wretchedness; a vast gulf seemed placed between her and a revival of happiness.

"Yes," she said, "on earth I am never destined to be happy; but the mother will not mar the child's happiness. No, she will live for her alone."

Since Lady Herbert's widowhood she had inhabited the same room as her daughter, and before she retired to rest that night, she leant fondly over Sarah Herbert, whom she hoped was sleeping, while she uttered the heart's prayer of "God bless you, dearest!" and was gently retreating, when Miss Herbert cried eagerly, in that thrilling tone which was so peculiarly her own,

"Mamma, mamma, I will tell you all! I will tell you why I have not been happy—why I shall never be happy again. I have long loved De Montmorenci." She paused—she gasped for breath. The mother's tenderness prevailed heroically in Lady Herbert's breast; she betrayed not her own feelings, and she replied—

"Well, Sarah, love, why should that make you wretched. He has long been a kind friend to you—to both of us."

"Stay, mamma, stay, do not deceive yourself! it is not as a friend, as a protector, that I loved him, or do love him; I would be his slave,—I would ransom his life at the cost of my own; but, mamma, it is all in vain. *He does not love me so.*"

Lady Herbert's hand trembled within her child's. Her heart turned sick—sick, she thought, unto death; but Sarah would not have felt at that moment the shock of an earthquake, for she was revealing the first passion of her innocent heart. Had Sarah Herbert known the agony of mind her declaration of love caused her mother, she would never have betrayed the secret of her passion for him, but would have concealed it at the expense of her own life; but the strange fact, that her mother was ~~so~~ plain as it was to all else beside, never entered into her fancy; and, on her mother's part, it had been long before she could persuade herself that her child could be enamoured of a man so very much older than herself;—yet so it was: love plays strange havoc, and fate, or rather Providence, had willed it so. Mabel Herbert was never to be happy; and yet, in what had she erred? As a wife, as a parent, as a Christian, she had fulfilled her duties to the letter, and in the spirit of the law. Be it remembered, this history is a story of real life.

The poetical justice of a work of fiction, as far as regards this world, is not natural, at least it is seldom so; rewards and punishments are mysteriously dealt out *here*, and, to judge of desert by the fate it meets upon earth would be most erroneously to judge, else why do the wicked triumph every day, and why are the good cast down and trampled under foot? There is an hereafter.

Now, Lady Herbert's cup of sorrow was filled to the brim; for a few moments after her daughter's avowal, she felt as though reason would forsake her, as she inwardly repeated those dreadful words, which, like those that Dante placed over the portals of his Tartarus, said, "*Lasciate ogni speranza.*" We are rivals—mother and child are rivals. Am I, I who have loved, who do love this innocent being better than myself, am I to stand in the way between her and happiness? No, abnegation of self alone proves the strength of pure love. Sarah shall be

blessed; so she mastered her feelings, and kissing her daughter, said,

"He *must* love, he *shall* love you, if he does not already do so; take comfort, dearest, calm yourself, endeavour to rest, and we will talk over this matter fully to-morrow."

"Rest I shall never know again, mamma. I may sleep, but sleeping or waking, the deadly weight will lie upon my heart."

Sarah was very young—the enemy love, had come in upon her like a flood. Her mother knew too well, that to oppose reason to passion at this moment was vain; so she only soothed her child, and tried to pray for her. At length, wearied by her own emotions, Miss Herbert dropped asleep; youth at least can sleep even when oppressed by sorrow; but to riper age that cordial is denied. Her mother continued to sit by her bedside and watched over her. Lady Herbert's feelings during that long watchful night, can only be guessed at by those who have, like her, determined to sacrifice their own warm affections to the welfare of another. True, she thought the trial to which she was doomed, was one so uncommon in the lot of humanity, that no usual probation in life could form a parallel to her suffering, or afford her an example by which she might be guided. Still, the nature of the love she felt was, in itself, her beacon-light to conduct her through her wretchedness.

Lady Herbert looked back upon her past career, and with unflinching hand turned over the pages of her whole bygone existence; and she found that she had spent it in vain. Yes, she thought, my love was too idolatrous, all idols are cast down, destroyed—and this last idol must fall like the rest."

"Last night we tacitly swore to be each other's; last night our secret was revealed to each; at length I was loved, even as I *could* love; *still love*, not only in degree, but in kind. Yes, Emily," Lady Herbert went on speaking to herself, and apostrophizing one as in a dream. "Long years ago, you said I should make shipwreck of felicity; the prophecy is fulfilled, this last bitter ingredient in the draught of life is bitterer than all the rest. Last night, the bright illusion love again appeared to my view, as it had done in the spring-days of my youth, fool that I was.

‘To muse on visionary joys

Which ne’er have been, which never can be mine;

Wiling my phantasy with idle toys,

Which bid the mind at sober truth repine.

Why, in the graver hours of life’s decline,

Sigh for the vivid joys, to youth denied,

And where the sun of bliss did scanty shine,

Expect unstable shadows should abide?

Reason, with withering frown, such fancies must deride.’

‘Sarah find a rival in her mother! the thing is impossible, unnatural, monstrous; this passion for me, if it does exist, cannot last—a very little while longer, and the lingering graces of personal charm will utterly pass away. We venerate, we watch over, we feel tenderness for the old; but the passion of love must begin in early youth, and walk on side by side, till it descends the hill of life; it cannot commence in the after season of existence. De Montmorenci’s love could not last; he would grow weary of the chain, and I should feel that I was his bane. Ah! would that my heart was in unison with my years, it would then cost me no pang to resign him. It would have been something, it would have been much, to have enjoyed but a few, a very few years of his love; and perhaps I might have been spared, seeing the defalcation of his passion, by being taken hence ere he ceased to hold me dear. Yes, it might have been thus, but it is not. My part is to release De Montmorenci from his promise to me—my part is to leave him free to return my Sarah’s affection, and after all do I not love her better than myself?’ How the heart, like a hunted hare, doubles to elude its pursuers. True, the tie which existed between Lady Herbert and her daughter was of peculiar strength and power, far surpassing the usual love of filial affection; but still, a rebel feeling in the breast of the mother exclaimed,

“Love, well thou knowest no partnership allows;  
Cupid, averse, rejects divided vows.”

There was then but one way to end the strife for ever, to die. Oh! how she wished that wish, how deeply, how fervently!

The maternal and filial friendship which bound mother and daughter together, was rare as it was beautiful. On the part of the child it had been one of perfect obedience, of entire trust, of never-failing admiration, and dearest affec-

tion, and on that of the mother, was not only the instinctive law of nature which links the parent to her offspring, in identity of feeling, but the approval of every faculty of her mind, the pride, the glory of her days, had circled round her child; it was for *her* she had clung to life, when life without her would have been valueless. Such were the mixed ingredients which proved the nature of Lady Herbert's love for her daughter; and such were the thoughts which she entertained during her long watchful night of sorrowful reflection; but like all else of time, the night ended; the faint light of a winter daybreak, crept into the room, and gradually made each object more and more distinct. There was a mirror hung at the foot of the bed, she beheld herself reflected in it, and she started at the recognition of her own countenance, when she seemed to acknowledge, for the first time, what ravages grief and cares had made there. "But I must not," she said, "I must not suffer this crushing of care to tell De Montmorenci of my wretchedness. I must feign calmness, even happiness till we have left this house; ay, and ever afterwards, for I must deceive even Sarah. I shall not be able to do so long, but long enough to see my child obtain his affection, and the truth will lie with me in the grave."

Lady Herbert's servant knocked at the door, to announce, that it was the hour at which her ladyship had desired to be awakened. She arose at the summons, awoke her daughter, and whispered in her ear, "Sarah, dearest, I have had such pleasant dreams to-night—you know *we* believe in dreams, (smiling:) be happy, I am sure you will obtain your wish, *he will* love you."

She shook her head, mournfully: "Better not raise hopes that can never be fulfilled; but teach me rather to forget him."

Ah! thought Lady Herbert, I must learn that myself, ere I can instruct you; but she only sighed, and pressed her child to her heart.

Lord de Montmorenci met them as usual, with his own vivid welcome, in the breakfast-room, and expressed the pain it always gave him to part from any friend; "but to see you both forsake my roof, is so very melancholy, that I shall not long have courage to remain here, and why should I?" he added, gaily, "I *may* follow you to town, may I not, Lady Herbert?" He expected some answering *expression* of kindness, but neither mother nor daughter

spoke. The former endeavoured to evade the awkwardness which ensued, by making some commonplace observation, which breaks in so abruptly and harshly upon the affections. Breakfast was over, the carriage was announced to be ready. Miss Herbert arose, and bade Lord de Montmorenci farewell, in a calm, gentle tone, but as she went on to utter some words of grateful thanks, her voice trembled, the tears started to her eyes, and her words became inaudible. Lord de Montmorenci took her hand; with the warm pressure of his affectionate heart, and said "she had never given him pain, except in thanking him, what is there I could not do to please you, to please Lady Herbert. I wish I could show you both how very dear you are to me."—Ah! *both!* that word struck harshly on Sarah's ear, and turned all the sweet to gall; she rushed away and sprang into the carriage, Lord de Montmorenci lingered a moment, and then catching Lady Herbert's hand, he said, "Mabel, may I not call you so now—*my very own*. I shall be with you briefly; but how long will that brief absence seem! and to you, will you regret it?" Lord de Montmorenci looked earnestly in her countenance; it was her turn to say some word of kindness, but her every feeling seemed congealed; she dared not trust herself with a single expression, lest her whole heart should burst forth, and melt again in unison with his own; but at length she said, as she moved towards the door,

"I will write to you the moment we reach town; but now, now I must rejoin Sarah. Sarah, too, is miserable at leaving this dear place." And she hurried away, and the servants who were in waiting prevented any farther conversation; so Lady Herbert got into the carriage; a mist swam before her eyes, she kissed her hand to Lord de Montmorenci, and a sudden turn in the road soon prevented their seeing more of the dear house, which had sheltered her in her wretchedness, and in which happiness had sprung up anew; but it was a happiness that had no root, and its flowers fell even as they were bursting into bloom.

Lady Herbert endeavoured to converse cheerfully with her daughter during their journey; she avoided speaking of Lord de Montmorenci, but she alluded to Sarah's entering the world, and foretold that she would have great success.

Miss Herbert replied, "that she did not expect much enjoyment in its gay scenes."

"Dear Sarah, if there is any triumph of the heart yet re-



maining for me, it will be to see you once more in the sphere of life in which you ought to move—do not deprive me of this last ray of pleasure.”

“Any thing you wish me to do, mamma, I will do; but on my own account I anticipate no joy, or even pleasure from the gay world.”

The day seemed unusually long to the travellers; for the first time they were under mutual restraint, and it was a release when they reached the door of Herbert House.

Lady Herbert had never crossed the threshold of that house since the hour when she received the final blow to all the happiness of what may be termed her *first existence*; under other circumstances she would have dreaded this trial, but a change had come over her; she looked at her past life as it were out of herself, and felt that she had borne the full complement of sorrow; *she had nothing to reproach herself with*: that circumstance gives brightness to the darkest gloom. She walked across the hall and up the great staircase with perfect composure, to Miss Herbert's utter astonishment; for she had dreaded her mother's return to the home of her youth, and scarcely understood how she could so quietly retread those boards which had echoed to the footsteps of those who were gone; and Lady Herbert herself was scarcely less astonished that such should be the change wrought in her feelings; had any person told her that this alteration would have taken place, she would have laughed them to scorn. How little we know ourselves—how utterly do we cease to care at one time of our lives for that which made our whole felicity at another! There are cases where this metamorphosis of feeling is the consequence of a light and worthless character; but there are others where it is the work of a merciful Providence to save us from utter despair. In all cases it should humble us to a sense of our own mutability.

LOVE.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the corrupted current of this world  
Offence's gilded hand may shore by justice;  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above:  
There is no shuffling; there the action lies  
In his true nature.

HAMLET.

Two years had passed since the duel, when Frederick Clermont's friend, Captain Danesford, endeavoured to persuade him to leave the small town in which he resided, on the coast of France, and take a cruise with him in the *Zephir*. Poor Frederick Clermont! he was a broken-hearted man; no one, who had seen him before the fatal event of the duel, would have known him. A settled gloom usurped the place of his open-hearted smile, and his sunny brown hair was sprinkled with untimely gray. He had borne his exile but ill; the miserable cause which had forced him to lift his hand against his benefactor had, even more than the deed itself, left an indelible stain upon him, which bowed him to the very earth; cut off from his profession, from every honourable career, he felt himself a marked and branded man; and though he endeavoured to submit to the humbling as became a Christian; and though he lamented with bitter regret having taken the life of another, and that other the father of her he loved, he thought he had acted honourably; but still this thought and this belief in his own integrity could not prevent his being thoroughly wretched. At first, when Captain Danesford proposed his leaving D——, and going on board with him, he was averse to comply; for he dreaded being recognised by any former associate, and he clung to the place where he had spent that desolate period of his miserable existence; for places, like people, are endeared to us by sorrow. Besides, he had experienced kindness there. Foreigners are, generally, less shy of being kind than we English are to an unknown. Does a stranger, one who is really such, settle in our country, he is looked

upon with suspicion, at least with cautious reserve; not so at D——, the young stranger was soon received by the inhabitants with civility, and soon after that with cordiality. There was a mystery about him, a secret attached to his history, the simple inhabitants of D—— were aware, for he often broke from them abruptly, and was totally absent in moments of social intercourse, and would pass, at times, whole days in solitude; but all these circumstances only served to obtain for him a greater degree of interest and a still kinder welcome when he entered their circle again, and was persuaded to join their usual festivals. Is it that there is more happiness amongst foreigners, generally speaking, than there is among us Britons, or is it that there is more frivolity? Dress, music, dancing, and talking suffice to constitute their felicity; and if it be so, ought we to despise them for this aptitude to enjoyment? These are questions which it would require long and deep investigation to reply to, and, after all, perhaps we might not come to any satisfactory conclusion. As well might we ask why the complexion of one is dark, another fair; why one is tall, another short? Certain it is, that during the two years which Frederick Clermont had spent at D—— and its neighbourhood, he never saw that depression of spirits affect its inhabitants which it is impossible to live and not see, in half that time, in England; and now that he was about to leave this sunny spot, with the usual perversity of the human heart, he overrated what he had undervalued before, and with difficulty tore himself away, even to join his best and only remaining friend. He had never previously anticipated how much it would cost him to leave that place which had been to him as a city of refuge; but the land where we have sojourned, whose corn and oil has been largely dealt to us, and whose natives have been profuse of hospitality, cannot, under any circumstances, be quit- ted without regret, and in Frederick Clermont's peculiar position more gratitude might be expected from him, and much more was felt than could have been by any common sojourner in those bounds.

## CHAPTER XIV.

And where are they, who from the breezy deck,  
Beheld the sun in orient glory rise,  
Like a divinity; and breathed a prayer  
For the fresh promise of a placid sea?  
Their doom is sealed above—  
The sea shall be their sepulchre.

MONTGOMERY.

It was a beautiful summer's evening, every object was glorified with the transparent gold of the sun's setting rays, numerous pleasure-boats were rowing in all directions on the Thames, which reflected them again in mimic show beneath, and multiplied the gay colours and fair forms of the vessels and their freightage. Many a joyous laugh and song proceeded from the boats, as they skimmed past each other laden with passengers. It had been a day of profit to the watermen and barge-folks, and they were carousing in boisterous glee on the river banks, which mirthful sounds came not discordantly to the ear, softened as they were by distance; a steam-boat rushed forward with its monstrous form and force, to interrupt as it passed the quiet amusement of the lesser craft, boiling and chafing, and making a hideous din in its rapid flight. However useful these wonderful engines may be, they, like many other modern inventions, have done away with a thousand delightful circumstances; which, however, will only be regretted by a few, a very few, lovers of the picturesque and the imaginative, who are almost an extinct race upon earth; but if such a one should read this page, to them it may be said, how much more graceful is the slow motion even of the heavy barge, with its dark-coloured sails of patched and party hue, wending its way almost imperceptibly along: or the trim vessel skimming the waters, and flying past as it were magically. But the steam-boat reigns triumphant, in despite of all that can

be said by fanciful and romantic delineators of scenery: indeed, Turner has almost rendered it a picturesque object, as Sir Joshua Reynolds of old, converted the dress of his time into something, which, as treated by his pencil, might be called beauty, so powerful is a gifted mind and hand to stamp every object with its own genius. The steamer which was now passing down the river had been hired by a large party from London, who, after spending the day at one of the hotels of Richmond, were returning to finish the evening in some public place of amusement. The deck was covered with gentlemen; one lady only sat amongst them; she was talking gaily, loudly, delighting the company by whom she was surrounded. It was Anna Clermont who presided over the merriment of that day's excursion. Following the course of the steamer, at humble and safe distance, rowed a small boat, a young man guided the helm, next to him sat his affianced bride; her two brothers rowed it, and at the other side, carefully enveloped in her gray cloth cloak, which her children had placed around her to shield her from the chill of the evening, sat their aged mother; her sweet placid smile beaming approval on those over whom she watched. These latter persons were a family of quakers, as their dress denoted, a sect of persons who always inspire respect, though their peculiar tenets in some parts are offensive to true Christianity, but whose errors it is hoped will be atoned for by the general purity of their moral lives; the very name they have assumed is typical of goodness—that of friends. Friends to one another—friends to the whole human race, and they sung an evening hymn to this effect as the rowers feathered their oars and allowed the boat to drift noiselessly along.

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#### 'THE QUAKERS' RIVER HYMN.

The spirit moves us, let us sing,  
And tune our heartfelt offering.

SOLEMN be our evening song,  
In holy cadence rising,  
As the river's tide along  
Our bark is smoothly gliding;

So to heaven's eternal shore,  
 Time's rapid current flowing,  
 Bears us onward evermore,  
 Where all alike are going.  
 Lift the heart and tune the voice;  
 Friends we are of all the earth,  
 For the spirit saith—"Rejoice!"  
 Hymning holy praise above,  
 And looking to that heavenly birth,  
 Where one vast family of love  
 Shall sing in blessed jubilee,  
 And live in love eternally.  
 Jubilee, O Jubilee,  
 Everlasting Jubilee!

The spirit moves us, let us sing,  
 And tune our heartfelt offering.

The sun that gilds the horizon's verge,  
 In splendour brightly shining,  
 Will soon his gorgeous columns merge  
 In evening's lap reclining,  
 And darkling, then the veil of night  
 Will summon all to sleep;  
 But sparkling thro', the moon's soft light,  
 Will watch, like warder, keep.  
 Lift the heart and tune the voice;  
 Friends we are of all the earth,  
 For the spirit saith—"Rejoice!"  
 Hymning holy praise above,  
 And looking to that heavenly birth  
 Where one vast family of love  
 Shall sing in blessed jubilee,  
 And live in love eternally.  
 Jubilee, O Jubilee,  
 Everlasting Jubilee!

The spirit moves us, let us sing,  
 And tune our heartfelt offering.

So, though our life of sun declines  
 And fleeting hastes away,  
 The Christian mourns not, nor repines,  
 Looking for coming day;  
 Day, that shall rise to set no more,  
 When shades of night are past,  
 And the great Freeman wafts us o'er,  
 And makes our anchorage fast.  
 Lift the heart and tune the voice;  
 Friends we are of all the earth,

For the spirit with—"Rejoice!"  
 Hymning holy praise above,  
 And looking to that heavenly birth  
 Where one vast family of love  
 Shall sing in blessed jubilee,  
 And live in love eternally.

Jubilee, O Jubilee,  
 Everlasting Jubilee!

Such were some of the occupiers of the vessels that covered the Thames that night: various, indeed, in kind to each other, who were borne along the waters and arrived at the haven where they would be; but how different was that haven, how different those wishes the one from the other, how different their consequences!

At that same hour, on that same evening, the Zephir was lying in a small harbour in the north-west of the farthest Highlands of Scotland, a place not often visited by vessels of such bulk and tonnage. In general, nothing but herring-fisher's boats, or craft of the country, or a chance pleasure-yacht, lay in that quiet and humble port. The day had closed at Tarbet, even as at Richmond. The waters of the northern bay had reflected the same glorious sunset, as the one which illumined the southern Thames; the same unclouded heavens thick-set with stars, succeeded to the rosy tints of evening, and gleamed and sparkled in the dark blue canopy, which overhung that far-off hamlet of the sea, the same crescent moon shone in her silver sheen, and looked down as it were, in undisturbed tranquillity on all the din and bustle of that crowded mart, as on the lone and heathy lands of the peaceful northern port. Captain Danesford and his friend Frederick Clermont were sitting on the binnacle of the vessel, admiring the scene. Captain Danesford intended to sail with the first turn of the tide in the early morning, so he lay-to at some distance from the mouth of the harbour, and would not near the shore. The gentle undulation of the ocean, the scintillating firmament, alive, as it seemed, with the heavenly bodies which palpitated in their spheres, the light sweet heathy air that flew off the land, all conspired to sooth the mind, and enabled it to take a calm review of the past, however painful that past had been; but the conversation of these friends turned on their present existence; the future neither cared to look to; it had ceased to have any deceitful blandishments for them. Captain Danesford did not deceive himself, as to the great

change which had taken place in Frederick Clermont's appearance; his countenance bore such indelible marks of all that he had undergone, that his friend almost feared for his life; and it was only a few weeks ago that he had recovered from a sharp and dangerous illness. Adverting to which, gave rise to the following conversation.

"The widow, Mrs. Mordaunt, is a kind-hearted creature, and a lovely creature too, Frederick, I wonder——"

"Yes," (interrupting him) "yes, she has at least been very kind to me," was the reply, "she has nursed me through my last illness, with such attention and care, as woman only knows how to pay. I wish I could prove my grateful sense of such goodness."

"Nay, now Frederick, you know you *could* if you would; but I do not like to press you to the way, if you do not yourself adopt it. But to be sincere, and drop this unnecessary disguise of speech, it is plain, Mrs. Mordaunt loves you. Can you make her a good husband? If you can—marry her."

Frederick Clermont remained silent; he did not like to think he could forget his first love; yet, from the commencement, that had been such a hopeless affair; and now he shuddered at the idea that it ever had existed. So, after a long pause, he turned to Captain Danesford, and asked, "Is *she* poor?"

"Yes, I fear so, but at least she shall have no expense while she remains with me."

"Has she never spoke to you about her late husband, Danesford?"

"No, she never has, but I have heard that he was a brutal kind of a fellow, and made her very miserable."

"How she dotes on that boy of hers! I like to see any one person love another as she loves that infant; it is pleasant to believe that the whole world is not unnatural, and that good and right, and innocent affections, do exist, a truth, in which the heartlessness of the many is apt to engender unbelief. I wonder if *she* loved her late husband as well as she loves that child."

Why did Frederick Clermont wonder about the matter? Simply, because he could not live without loving and being loved; and though he did not bring himself to confess to his friend that such was the case, still less that he had embodied this *besoin d'aimer* on Mrs. Mordaunt. Still Captain Danesford foresaw that though his present feelings



towards her could scarcely be called love, yet they were of that nature, which often leads to the passion: besides, she loved *him*; and one of two consequences always ensues—either, love begets love, or disgust; and Captain Danesford sincerely hoped the former might be the case in the present instance. But Frederick Clermont, either to ascertain the nature of his own thoughts, or have his wishes confirmed, went on to say,

“No, Danesford! she *does not love* me. No one, except your own kindly self, ever cared for me.”

“Nevertheless, it is my opinion, Frederick, that if you remain both of you much longer together, you will soon come to an understanding. I heartily wish this may be the case; do not pine after your early fancy, it is weak, it is unmanly to do so. You were as worthy of that first object of your boyish flame, as truth, and honour, and love, could render you: and since Miss Herbert scorned you then, because you were not of the gay, glittering tribe of coxcombs by which she was surrounded; why, you ought at once to have expunged her from your heart; but since then, Clermont, you know an impassable gulf is placed between you—be more of a man, forget her.”

“Enough of this! enough for the present! Say no more—let the past be buried; the least reference to it distracts me.”

“Good night to you, Frederick; time will prove who loves and who does not love.”

“Good night, Danesford,” and the friends parted.

Frederick Clermont had long meditated writing a letter to his sister, and before he went to bed that night, he fulfilled his intention. It was a letter of such perfect uprightness of character and intention; it contained such appalling truths, and conveyed so much of sorrowful affection, that if any thing could reclaim a fallen woman, that letter was calculated to do so. He felt relieved after he had executed the task. He made a calm but sorrowful review of his whole life, and he felt at peace with God and man. Frederick Clermont lay down that night with an unburdened conscience, and he was soon as sound asleep as the rest of the crew on board the *Zephir*; but, awful to relate, it was a sleep from which they were to awake no more in this world.

When some of the herring-fishers returned early the next morning from their night's fishing, they beheld with hor-

horror and astonishment, the blackened skeleton of the stately vessel which they had passed in all its glory the preceding evening, and a light body of smoke rising from the remnant of what had been a few hours before one of the most gorgeous trophies of mortal ingenuity. In a moment, the little herring fleet set up a loud wail of horror, and as they circled round the spars of the hull of that doomed ship, they saw at one glance, that not one living soul remained to tell the terrible tale—every living thing had perished in the tremendous conflagration; but as they moved round and round the awful remnant of what had been a ship, they observed a small cask floating on the surface of the waters; they took it up, and found in it some papers wrapped round with oilskins; they were directed to Miss Clermont, to the care of Lord de Montmorenci, — Street, London. On the first tidings of the awful catastrophe, to the peaceful inhabitants of Tarbet, a general lamentation was raised. “Oh! the wo to think,” as many said; that they *poor bodies should have been sae near help*, and yet no hand to be put out for them; it seemed as though the Lord willed that they should perish—eh, they must hae been unco wicked folk”—“haud yur tongue, lassie, remember the Tower o’ Siloam; we mayna judge—och hone! but it was a fearsome judgment ony how.”—“The captain was a kindly man,” said an old woman, “and the widow woman on board said so, a cruel fate she and her babe have met with; eh, sirs! and to think o’ us all sleeping sound in our beds; is it na a wonderfu’ thing that no cry was heard for help?—weel a weel, it’s an awsome doom.”

“Weel a weel, theyre troubles are over, let us hope they have found mercy—perhaps they closed their eyes in sleep here, to open them to everlasting day—let us remember, to die is gain, weel a wat,” shrugging his shoulders from side to side, “it’s a fearsome thing to be broiled like a herring, any how,” said a half-witted boy.

“Jemmie, my dear, let it be a caution to ye, never mair to carry kindled peats about the house as ye are often doing—fire is soon lit, but wha’ll put out the flames? Remember, we munna question God’s will, though certes, we may sorrow; wha can say aught to this dispensation?—we maun bow down and pray.”

The Scotch peasantry are well known to be, in the mass, a well instructed, pious people; their observations on this event were befitting its tremendous nature, and might have,

effected greater good to the hearer, than many a more courtly or refined colloquy on similar scenes of horror; for their judgment was resolved into resignation to God's will: they knew nought of the persons who had perished, neither of the sorrows of Frederick Clermont, or of his friend, neither of the widow or her babe, nor of the blessed peace of that rest with which Frederick Clermont had closed his eyes that night, nor of the crew which made up the complement of the vessel; but they one and all sorrowed as though they had known them well; for such events, heard at a distance, or in the bustle of a city, dreadful as they are, do not produce the same effect as when they occur in the immediate vicinage, and that leisure and quietude stamps their impression ineffaceably on the mind. Such was the impression which the burning of the *Zephir* made on the inhabitants of this retired spot of the world. One circumstance perplexed them greatly; they knew nothing of the vessel except her name, which had been seen by some of the fishermen, nor who were on board, nor the place whither she was bound. And the good people were filled with concern, to know how to break the tidings to their friends; but bad news flies swiftly, and in a few days the burning of the *Zephir* was in all the newspapers, so that in a short time every soul connected with that unfortunate crew was apprized of their fate. The papers had been forwarded according to their direction, and reached their destination. Thus perished the brave and noble hearted Captain Danesford, and his friend.

Did they deserve such a cruel death? It seemed a hard decree; the finite understanding of man could not reconcile it with justice and mercy, while the guilty were biding safe in the high places of the earth; yet, He who gave the elements permission to destroy, is not less a just God of loving-kindness, and long-suffering, because man does not see beyond this his limited sphere.

"If, under similar trials of faith, the Christian can realize his belief in the silencing of his reason, he triumphs over the most dangerous weapon of the enemy of souls.

## CHAPTER XV.

What tygre, or what other savage wight,  
 Is so exceeding furious and fell,  
 As wrong, when it hath armed itself with might?  
 Not fit 'mongst men that doe with reason swell,  
 But 'mongst wild beasts, and savage woods to dwell,  
 Where still the stronger doth the weake devoure,  
 And they that most in boldnesse doe excell  
 Are dreaded most, and feared for their power.

SPENCER'S FAIRY QUEEN, canto ix.

MISS CLERMONT is sitting in the splendid library of a grand mansion in Hamilton Place, where she received her morning visitors. Her beauty is but little impaired, but it has changed its character; and the once timid and delicate expression is converted into an assumed smile, which assorts ill with the bold, unblushing forehead, and piercing eye. Books, ancient and modern, not only fill the shelves which surround the walls, but lie in apparent confusion on many of the tables, in curious and richly decorated bindings. Mingled with these are notes, letters, manuscripts; contributions from the pens of poets, politicians, travellers, and the fashionable men of the day, who never write except to a lady, or *for* an annual: besides these, there may be seen the little square well-filled envelopes, containing confidential communications from foreign statesmen, wily princes, who seek to know from the spy of her own country and its private societies, what few can now except such an Aspasia were to divulge their secrets to them. There, too, lay the obsequious petition of the humble aspirant to literary fame, courting her support, her encouragement. And besides these, there were heaps of introductory letters, recommending to Miss Clermont's attention and courtesy the distinguished bearers of them. And milliners, requesting to be allowed to call a *p. à-la Clermont*. A painter, imploring to be permitted

to sketch, merely to *sketch* the graceful outline of her figure. Nor was there wanting, amidst this mass of homage, the mendicant's expressed gratitude for Miss Clermont's beneficent charity. But it were vain to enumerate separately and in detail, the endless store of adulatory matter which greeted her in every shape, and from every class of persons.—Her, who was in fact—a murderess—a false friend—a woman of sin! Yes, Miss Clermont sat enthroned, as it were, on a royal seat of power.—Ay even so; for true it is, the wicked come in no misfortune like “other folk:” they seem to soar over the heads of the multitude—above the storms of life; but oh, how suddenly do they fall, and perish, and come to a fearful end!

Miss Clermont had become immensely wealthy; a distant relation left her a princely fortune, and every thing that gold can buy was at her command. Most persons think there is nothing it cannot buy. Miss Clermont felt otherwise; she knew that happiness was not the slave of gold: but she kept her knowledge secret, and many envied her, many who ought to have known better; and many even sought her in marriage; and some professed to believe her an immaculate person, while others declared that she was not worse than her neighbours, and that she was so clever and so charitable, it covered a multitude of sins.

But, to return from a long digression, and take up the thread of this narrative. Be it remembered, Miss Clermont is sitting in the splendid library of a splendid mansion, in Hamilton Place, on the morning, or rather noon, of the day on which the cask which had been saved from the wreck of the *Zephir* arrived at its destination. The accustomed pile of notes, petitions, and introductory missives, had been examined and disposed of, the newspaper was in her hand. A servant entered the room, bringing in a small rudely-fashioned cask.

“What have you there, Harris?”

“It looks, madam, like a barrel for oysters, but it is too light for that,” said the footman; “but it is a queer-looking concern, I would have opened it below-stairs, only Lord de Montmorenci’s servant bade me deliver it, as it is, into your hands, ma’am.”

Miss Clermont started at the name,—drew the cask nearer,—looked at a card fastened to it, which contained a direction. She knew the handwriting well. She had

once forged that handwriting. What could it be? Why should he hold communication with me, she thought? "Perhaps he wants to get at some information which can only be got at through my means? It is well," she said, breathing quickly; "to have him in my power will be indeed, a triumph."

"Shall I take the cask, madam, and open it below-stairs?" asked the servant.

"No; open it in my presence."

She wondered what it could be; above all, she wondered at Lord de Montmorenci sending *her any thing*. The vessel was found to contain a small parcel tied up in oil-skin. She cut the string hastily, and beheld a letter.

"You may go, Harris," she said to her servant.

And she was alone;—alone, but with an awful, though invisible visitant—conscience. She tore the letter open, and saw that it was written by her brother. Her first impulse was to destroy it unexamined; but something stronger still, which compelled her to know its contents, made her read the following words:—

"My dear Sister,

"Be what you may, you will be ever dear to me, for you *are* my sister; we have lain in the same breast, we have been cradled in the same fond arms of parental love; God has tied us together with the cord of near relationship. Sinful and unworthy as you are, we cannot untie that link. I love you with a brother's love. Anna Clermont, attend to my words; you must, you will attend to them, we may never meet again in this world, but you cannot shake off all memory of me: my warning voice will sound in your ears when there is none to hear; my image will start up to your view, when there is none to see, and scare you from your criminal life. I hear you are called the great woman of your day;—let me not shrink from my mournful duty of speaking the truth; a coarser epithet would suit you better: the great bad woman of the town; and to such the brother's letter of rebuke, setting forth your shame, will be an unwelcome visiter. Yet, some morning, before the bustle of noonday, when you are alone, curiosity may prompt you to read that, which conscious guilt might incline you to cast aside. I take this chance then to say a few words, which it will relieve me to express, which it

may possibly be of advantage that you should attend to. Anna Clermont, you are a lost woman *here*, but that is only as regards time; eternity is still before you.

"I hear loud rumours of your shameful life. I have been told you are the mistress of Sir Charles Lennard; I hear that you have used, or rather abused the talents committed to your charge, and by petty intrigue, and a busy meddling spirit, that you have established yourself as the tool of licentious and wicked men, to work their crafty wiles, and that you support by your wealth the whole crew of Sir Charles Lennard's associates. Now, Anna Clermont, my once innocent, my still dear, though criminal sister, pause, and look back; then again glance at the future. Are you not a miserable woman? Are there not hours and times when you would lay down all your wealth to reinstate yourself in the purity that once was yours? I know you would, but it is in vain; and so you think it is well to live on, and plunge deeper in sin. Perhaps so, if *this world* be all; but, Anna Clermont, you know it is not. Do what you may to drown the recollection, it will come back with your first infant prayer to your memory. You have too much sense to think otherwise; and then, what scorpions arise to sting and goad you with their scourge; embrace the mercy that is still held out to you. Repent!—One hour—one moment, and you may be too late.

"I have long wished to make this last appeal to you, but to-night the impulse is so strong I may not defer it.

"I am on board the *Zephir*, James Danesford's frigate. Do these names say nothing to you? Rather, do they not contain volumes?

"Anna Clermont, *your* name brings back to me the contrast of virtue with vice; it is a sound which conveys every thing that is dear, every thing that is abhorrent to me. My own sorrow, my own sin; may some fortunate, some blessed chance awaken in you similar feelings, and though you are lost to me here, may we meet hereafter. This is the constant prayer of your very miserable, but very affectionate brother."

Miss Clermont's eyes seemed to flash fire, as she finished this letter, and there was a burning of the heart and brain, that appeared to choke and suffocate her; but another paper had dropped from her hand, she seized and unfolded it; it was a fragment of a newspaper, containing an account

of the fate of the Zephir; for a moment she was appalled—even she, remained speechless, the first person who came into the room, found her on the ground apparently lifeless.

## CHAPTER XVI.

I do love you more than words can wield the matter,  
 Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;  
 Beyond what can be valued, rich, or rare,  
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty honour.

KING LEAR.

It was a proud day for Lady Herbert, when she beheld her beautiful daughter in all the flush of youthful bloom, decorated with every outward adornment which could heighten her charms, and yet herself remaining as humble, as free from affectation, or any undue love of homage, as though she had not been gifted above her companions; and as she passed along the corridor and up the great staircase which led to the drawing-room, Lady Herbert's eager ears drank in the praises of her child, which resounded in loud whispers from every beholder. But the envy and detraction, which, like a shadow, follow still the footsteps of the renowned, failed not in this, as on all similar occasions, to vent its spleen, and the question of

"Who is she?" was answered in an under tone,

"Oh! the daughter of *the* Lord Herbert, about whom there was all that shocking history a few years ago. He was shot, you know, by the governess's brother, with whom he ran off."

"Pray, sir, do not tear my lappet from my head."

"Indeed, madam, it is impossible I should not crowd upon you, I am so pushed by the persons behind me."

"Help there, I beseech you?" cried several voices, as the genteel mob rushed to the opening which was just unbarred, to admit the throng to the presence-chamber.

"Help, I implore you, the lady is fainting, she will certainly be trampled to death if she falls."

"We shall be squeezed to death, if the crowd does not give way."



“Who can think of any one but themselves?”

And the lady did fall, and had it not been for Lord de Montmorenci, she stood a very good chance of being crushed to death; but, with the assistance of another gentleman, he supported her till such time as the windows were opened, and that the bear-garden formed an outlet for its fury; then the person, who had so nearly been a victim to the rude impatience of the crowd, was carried away, unable to see the sovereign, and happy to escape with her life. It would be scarcely possible to believe, were the fact not of too frequent occurrence to be doubtful, that any set of persons calling themselves civilized, much less ladies and gentlemen, should, from mere impatience of delay, endanger their own lives and that of others, by rushing like a torrent the one over the other, without attention to decency or humanity. The circumstance of a railing being put up to prevent the necessity of a crowd, seems to fire the assembled multitude with a demoniac sort of resolution, that each individual should be the first to pass its boundary; and it would be laughable, were it not shocking, to look on at every drawing-room, and behold, how young and old, men and women, brave the pressure of each other's bodies, even to suffocation, rather than await patiently till each in their turn can find room to move on. Lady Herbert and her daughter had been among the earliest arrivals, and found places near the entrance door, where they sat very quietly for a length of time. At last they were induced to move towards the barrier, and still the same strife was chafing and raging like a troubled sea. Miss Herbert was terrified; and said,

“Oh! mamma, if this is pleasure, if this is the dignity of a court, I never wish to see it again.”

Then she was applied to for assistance for the lady who had fainted; her smelling-bottle and her fan were in requisition; and, in short, before she reached the end of the chamber which is railed off, she was sick with fatigue and disgust. The next room wore something more of the appearance of a court. Persons were conversing together, in different groups, and those of the fine dresses which had not been previously torn or soiled in the way, now appeared in splendid show. Miss Herbert's beauty could be looked at, and admired, and envied. One woman said, sneeringly,

“Is that the thing I have heard so much about? Well, you surprise me; I cannot see any thing to admire in her.”

And the fashionable friend conversing with that lady, answered in the same strain:

"Every new person, you know, excites a moment's attention. No, indeed, I don't think there is any marvellous beauty in the girl; rather *niaise*, I should say." Then turning to a male friend,—“Very handsome, however; but truth is not always to be told, especially not when speaking of one woman to another.”

When Lady Herbert found herself once more before the sovereign, she was obliged to summon up all her courage; for she knew that a thousand eyes were upon her, and that her melancholy story would be adverted to by a thousand tongues, the greater part of malicious and spiteful kind: but, amongst them were scattered a few kindly faces, who, peeping behind feathers and lappets, made signals of approval and pleasure, which cheered her spirits. On the whole, she gathered up sufficient praises of her daughter even to satisfy her partial heart. But the hasty and rude manner in which the whole court are driven past the royal circle, like a flock of geese, has something in it so uncourteous and so unsatisfactory, that it cannot make a drawing-room a popular thing. Those who remembered old times, lamented their former admission to the presence of the sovereigns—so different, they said, from the present fashion. Then they explained how the whole court (a select court) were assembled in the same chamber, and every person was talked to in their turn, as rank or favour obtained for them the privilege of being more or less noticed. Now, every body goes to court; there is no distinction in doing so.

“For my part,” whispered Lady Arabella Norman, a fine lady of the by-gone age, “I shall never come here again. I have seen the rabble rout twice, and that is enough. Nobody will miss me, and I shall miss nobody.”

“Ah,” said Miss Herbert, “that is just my case, if it depended on myself, I never would come here again; one feels degraded by being crushed to atoms, and having one's clothes torn off.”

“My dear young lady, you are very sensible; but each one must belong to their own time, and make the best of what is going. It won't do to stand still in the middle of the course, and look sturdy, and say, I will not walk on with the rest. Old folks naturally belong to the past, but

the young belong to the present; and so it is wiser for them, as long as their own good principles are not infringed upon, to move on with their cotemporaries in all matters of no vast moment. You will come to many drawing-rooms, Miss Herbert, and shine at them all, my dear. But, though I am Lord Tracey's daughter, I need not come here again, and shall not."

This conversation passed in the long room, where people wait for their carriages, and to see those whom they may wish to see: and here it is that ladies have leisure to detect all faults in each other's dress, as well as person. The observations Miss Herbert overheard were to her quite new, and not without amusement. Amongst them were the following:

"As I shall declare, there is Lady Henderson, turned into a beauty! Was there ever such a metamorphosis? how has she contrived it?"

"Don't you know? Why, by the wonderful cosmetic recently brought from Turkey," replied Mr. Melville. "It will wash a blackamore white, I am told, and make the toughest old hide soft and transparent; besides, her clever old grandmother has taught her a thousand secret spells. The fact is, you know every thing is to be done by pains and living in the world, and looking into the secret ways of others. For my part, I have no credence in what you call your natural beauties;—all nonsense that. Did you ever see a raw-bred red-cheeked country-girl look well, even though she might have a *fond* of beauty:—never, till she was well schooled in the world and its ways."

"Ah! who is that?" asked the gentleman who was conversing with Mrs. Melville; "I never saw *her* before. Who can she be? where does she come from? I never beheld any thing so beautiful?"

Miss Herbert blushed deeply, and coughed, and moved away, to show that she overheard the conversation; but that did not prevent the talkers from continuing their colloquy. —Sir Edward Mowbray was suddenly and irrevocably in love. There is such a thing as love at first sight; ay, and as good, and true, and stable a love, as that which grows a slower growth of time, and comes to its perfection by the gradual process of a long acquaintanceship. This lightning of the breast, when it is the genuine fire from heaven, is as pure and lasting as any; and when mutual, it is a blessed

not an evil influence, for it stands in lieu of all the gifts of fortune.

Sir Edward readily obtained an introduction to Lady Herbert and her daughter, for he was the intimate friend of Lord de Montmorenci. And from that instant he hovered round Miss Herbert's footsteps whenever she appeared in public, and sought her as often as he dared at her own house; and was, in short, a willing slave. The moment it was observed in the circles which they frequented that such was the case, all the malevolent tongues were silent; or, at least, only reserved their observations for their own private conclaves. Sir Edward was the great *parti* of the day. He would become, at the death of his uncle, Lord D——, worth immense possessions. He had been pursued by all mothers, and ogled at, more or less covertly, by all disengaged hearts, for the last two seasons, but hitherto in vain; and his *soubriquet* was *le cruel*. His time for subjugation, however, had now arrived; that time, which happens at least once to all. And Miss Herbert appeared to him perfect and peerless; indeed, the blindness of passion very little erred in thinking her such; and his worship and adoration were visible to all. In consequence, the envious crew began to think, it is better we should court the Herberts, for they will hold a great position in the world, and be at the top of the tree. So the tide of public favour apparently flowed towards them; and all innuendoes to the past were hushed; and Miss Herbert was no longer styled "*the Miss Herbert whose father ran off with the governess, and was shot by her brother.*" It is astonishing what a little success can effect, and how it gilds public opinion.

On getting into their carriage to go home from court, Miss Herbert dropped one of her gloves. Sir Edward professed to look for it;—declared it must have been enveloped in the folds of her train; and as the carriage was obliged to drive off to make way for others, she was necessitated to be contented, but the lost glove was never found. Lady Herbert looked anxiously at her daughter, as she said,

"Well, Sarah, love, we have no reason to be discontented, I think, with the effect you have produced this morning. Tell me," she said, speaking cheerfully, "are you not pleased?"

"It is not disagreeable, mamma, to be admired, certainly not; but the gratification of vanity can never satisfy the

heart;" and she sighed profoundly. Lady Herbert made no reply; her own feelings echoed her daughter's.

The usual routine of a London life now commenced; Sarah Herbert was, as her mother had been before her, the acknowledged unquestioned beauty of the day, and like her mother she "pursued the wind and reaped the whirlwind."

Sir Edward Mowbray was too delightful a person not to render himself a welcome inmate of Herbert House; but he was too delicate and quicksighted, not to perceive, that after some months of assiduous care, and of increasing passion on his part, he made no advances in Miss Herbert's heart. What was to be done, should he forego his pursuit, withdraw from her society, teach himself to forget? At length he confided his secret to Lord de Montmorenci. The latter had been aware of his attachment from the first moment he introduced his friend to Sarah Herbert; and how fervently he had hoped that the attachment might be returned, himself and one other person alone could know. To those who are themselves, or whoever have been infected by that desperate malady, love—and those only can form a guess—it will be easy to imagine the interest with which Lord de Montmorenci listened to his friend's discourse; and how warmly he counselled him never to abandon his hope of success.

"Miss Herbert is so young," he added, "she cannot yet know her own mind. Love begets love; and if you only persuade her that that which you entertain for her, is as permanent as it is sincere, she cannot, she will not fail of crowning your suit with success."

Lord de Montmorenci spoke his own wishes, but were they his belief? At least, he tried to deceive himself, and succeeded in part.

Lady Herbert had never dared to question her daughter, never dared to express how much she desired that she might be touched by the unremitting and yet unprofessing love of her young adorer; neither had the subject of their last conversation before leaving Windsor ever been renewed. Lady Herbert could not help indulging a hope, that her child might cure of the passion which stood in the way of their mutual happiness; and she too deceived herself with this fallacious hope, but in the mean while she nobly forbore to encourage Lord de Montmorenci's passion for herself.

"No," she said, "no; till Sarah is happily married, I am not to think one moment of my own interests." But

there were moments when she could not but perceive that a crisis was coming on, and that it would be impossible to continue much longer in this deceptive state of calm. She looked fearfully at Lord de Montmorenci, she saw a care-worn expression in his countenance, and a look of general ill-health, which gradually attenuated his whole frame, and made her fear that he was becoming consumptive. Like all the rest, however, she kept this fear confined to her own breast, and she looked with a deep expression of sadness at her daughter, to read, if possible, what was passing in her mind. All communication on the subject, vital to both of them, had entirely ceased; mother and daughter had become strangers to each other. This was a new epoch of torture in Lady Herbert's torturing existence. Life in its early state, had passed away with all its sorrows, all its blasted hopes and illusions; it had arisen, however, like a resuscitation from its first death, to open afresh upon a prospect more clear, and hardly less vivid than the first; but it was again closed to her, and though she gazed, as it were, on the promised land of bliss, it was still the far-off land, and the blackness of darkness rose between her and its bright sunshine.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Where is the heart that has not bowed?  
 A slave, eternal love, to thee.  
 Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,  
 And is there *one* among them free?  
 The cold, the proud—oh! Love has warmed  
 The marble, till with fire it burned:  
 The gay, the young—alas! that they  
 Should ever bend beneath thy sway!  
 Look on the cheek the rose might own,  
 The smile around, like sunshine thrown,  
 The rose, the smile, alike are thine,  
 To fade and darken at thy shrine.  
 And what must love be in a heart  
 All passion's fiery depth's concealing,  
 Which has in its minutest part,  
 More than another's whole of feeling.

(L. E. L.) THE TROUBADOUR.

THE scene is changed, Lady Herbert and her daughter are on the road to Nice. The London season and its pleasures had proved too great a trial to the health of Sarah, so it was said; but the anxious mother knew that pining love was the canker-worm which destroyed her; so, under pretence of taking her to a milder climate for the ensuing winter, she determined to try the effect of new scenery, of the influence of another climate, of the aspect of other skies.—for she thought and not without reason,

If balm there be for heart distress,  
 It is to journey, not to rest.  
 For rest sinks sadly down with thought,  
 And then the fearful past is brought  
 Freshly before the mental eye,  
 In all its green tenacity.

Miss Herbert had made the awful circumstance of the burning of the Zephyr an apology for excusing herself.

from entering into the gaieties of London; and both she and Lady Herbert had felt that terrible event very deeply; but the mother knew (and the child knew that she did so) that one master passion swallowed up the rest.

In vain Sir Edward Mowbray, by the most winning, and least obtrusive attentions, endeavoured to gain some interest in her heart; in vain did general admiration, and success in the world's approval, court her smiles, or win her to taste the pleasure so natural to her age; she had placed her whole affections before she knew the name or nature of love, on Lord de Montmorenci, and every other being was indifferent to her. The mind's malady fastened itself upon her frame, she wasted silently away: there was then nothing left but to try what change of scene would do for her; and Lady Herbert set off for that land of balm, whose flowery earth might move the mind from sorrow, if outward charm possessed the spell, to erase the impressions which love characters indelibly on some few hearts. On the many, doubtless such medicines as beauty of scenery, and sunshine, will take effect; on others, nothing will, unless it be that great effacer of all mortal record, Time.

Lady Herbert had declared to Lord de Montmorenci, that, till her daughter's health was restored, she could not listen to his ardent suit; and whenever he found a moment in which to press his cause, she heroically represented all that the coldest prudence could dictate, to turn him from illusion, and to point out to him her age, and the decay of her charms: and then drew a contrast between herself and a young fresh beauty, whose heart and person had never been burnt out by love, or withered by time. But can it be said, that when her love turned these arguments pointlessly away, and when she saw and knew that, for him, she was the universe and all that in it was most fair in his eyes, can it be said that she felt no joy, no transport—was nature so dead within her? It would be false to say so—once more she loved, and this time was beloved by one who could enter into all the refinement of her feelings; whose tastes, whose pursuits, whose whole being was in unison with her own. Oh! the sadness of the joy she felt! And Sarah, her own loved child! could she sacrifice her, would she do so? No, she thought, sooner, far sooner die.

The travellers are arrived at Lyons, Lord de Montmorenci and Sir Edward Mowbray have met them there; that city of the meeting streams, that once busy mart of trade,



where the remains of Roman antiquity gives a higher interest to its precincts, than the busy, bustling strife of commerce; but where the deeds of carnage and ferocious animal fury, during the French Revolution, has changed its designation to that fearful epithet "the bloody city," and as Lady Herbert walked along the banks of the Rhone, under the shade of its great poplars, she said, shuddering,

"I cannot taste the present peaceful scene, remembering the dreadful tragedies which were enacted on that river. Suns have rose and set since then, but to me the images of those days of horror are as vivid as though they were passing now before mine eyes: let us go hence. There is nothing of Petrarch's spirit in these bounds; though he must have passed here often, and though his mind must have poured out some of its melting fire in these scenes, the remembrance of recent horrors places a barrier against such gentle thoughts, and I cannot help perceiving that the very countenances of the people are like those of a race of assassins."

It was decided that they should proceed to Nice by water; the boats, it was said, were excellent; travellers were landed every night to sleep on shore, and the boatmen were honest faithful people. A public boat went three times a week, and that conveyance was recommended, in preference to the other; but Sir Edward Mowbray overruled the wishes of the rest of the party, and with a real English prejudice, thought that nothing could be so disagreeable, as the chance of being obliged to mingle with strangers, and determined that it would be far better for the ladies to have a boat to themselves.

Accordingly the boat, as it was called, was procured, the bargain drawn up in writing:—there were to be four rowers, and a certain quantity of ropes, and spare helm, and the master was to land wherever the ladies chose, at any hour, and await their pleasure on all occasions; and there was to be a covered cabin at one end of the boat, where the voyagers might find refuge from the heat or from rain. In short, every thing was settled, as it was supposed, for the comfortable and secure transport of the ladies, and they embarked at an early hour in the morning to go down the Rhone to Avignon, from thence to pursue their road by land. The morning was wet. It was a cold and drizzly rain. "Ah!" said Sir Edward Mowbray, "one might almost as well be in London." But his gay good-humour soon re-

turned; and in busying himself for Miss Herbert's comfort, he forgot every thing except that he was near her. No sooner were they in the vessel than they discovered it to be merely a raft, which had been hastily nailed together, and which was only destined to convey a freightage to Avignon, where it was sold, and broken up for domestic use. There was no shelter whatever from the weather, except a piece of old sail-cloth stretched over a few sticks, through which the rain penetrated. And their luggage, of which, like all English travellers, they had a great and superabundant quantity, lay most inconveniently piled up over the surface of the raft. This had been placed there the preceding evening; and, trusting to the written engagement, the gentlemen had not gone, with their accustomed vigilance, to see that the engagement was fulfilled. The carriages, too, were on board; so that, in despite of loud complaints, and threats to go back, Lady Herbert deemed it best for herself and daughter to take refuge in their chariot, and proceed without farther delay. About the middle of the day the sun broke out; the aspect of nature wore a gay, instead of gloomy appearance, and, except the mind is absorbed in some immediate grief, it is affected by the outward circumstances of existence, and receives a reflected light or shadow even from the elements. There was little beauty in the banks of the river for the first few hours, but after that the scenery became highly interesting. Castles rose on every side, which told histories of feudal times, and peopled the imagination with thick coming fancies. Lady Herbert longed to stop and to explore some of these ruins; but the boatmen objected, saying, that there were dangerous sand banks in the bed of the river which they wished to pass by daylight, before they could reach *Vienne*, the place they recommended her to sleep at. And they added, that the late rains had so affected the bed of the Rhone, that the channel was quite changed from what it was the last time they had navigated the river. Nor did they scruple to add, that if their bark struck upon any of the sand banks, upon which they were constantly grazing, it would infallibly go to pieces. In vain did Lord de Montmorenci and Sir Edward Mowbray abuse and threaten the men with non-payment, for having so grossly deceived them as to the nature and security of the transport. But of what avail were all their reproaches; would it alter the business, or afford them any redress?

"Be not angry," said Lady Herbert to Lord de Montmorenci; "let us enjoy the scenery, and forget our inconveniences. Sarah seems in better spirits; for myself, I care not."

"Are you always to be the self-sacrificed?" said Lord de Montmorenci, looking tenderly at her. "Is your health, your happiness, never to be considered?"

"My dear friend, be calm; let us, as we have agreed to be, be patient: depend upon it there is a reward for those who endure unto the end; but grieve me not by betraying that you are irritated—displeased. Oh! let me bask in the sunshine of your presence, while I may;—and not despise the bliss allowed, because there is a greater bliss denied."

Women have, assuredly, a great power over the minds of men, but their power lies in their weakness. That man is more or less than man who does not own the fascination of a woman's pleading voice. It seemed as though Lord de Montmorenci had suddenly taken upon himself a new nature. He felt that it was enough to be in her society—to pertain to her in quality of attendant, of friend. All his former fears of her being cold or capricious, vanished before the genial influence of her kindness—her *betrayed love*; for, like a covert flame, it gave out heat; and if it was not the brilliant flame which he so eagerly longed for, it was an abiding, gentle warmth, that pervaded his whole being, and soothed while it warmed. This sweet intelligence which was now established between them beautified every outward object, and made even their torments delightful. Miss Herbert, too, deceived, perhaps, by the tender assiduity of Lord de Montmorenci towards herself, an assiduity which sprung from one source, that of a wish to please her mother, became renovated in health, and she appeared to take an interest in the scenes around her, and even asked for her pencils, to transplant some of them to canvass. As Lord de Montmorenci sat by her holding her portfolio, and Sir Edward Mowbray hung delightedly over her, her mother looked on, and, for the time, felt as though she had nothing more to wish for. Oh! there may be happiness in the midst of misery; there may be a fulness of content at times, although we have an inward conviction—that it is only a spot of light in a gloomy sky—a well-spring in the wilderness. These, indeed, are generally all that we know of happiness upon earth; the rest is either monotonous existence, or transport too dazzling to be lasting; but the inter-

mediate state of subdued enchantment, is the cordial lent to give strength for the endurance of life.

When they reached Vienne it was nearly dark, and there had been sufficient danger to excite the constant vigilance of Lord de Montmorenci and Sir Edward Mowbray, lest any accident might befall their precious charge. They had seen enough of their bargemen to be perfectly aware that they were totally unfit for their trade, and more ignorant of their craft than themselves; since they had, at least, often rowed a Thames wherry, and were used to the humours of the English river: but these men confessed that, from the constant shifting state of the sands on the Rhone, it was impossible to know what course to take, and, in fine, that not only owing to that circumstance, but to the nature of the banks, the navigation was exceedingly dangerous, so that they literally repented having listened to the recommendation of a good-natured but hare-brained man, to whom they had been recommended at Lyons, but who had, either from interest or carelessness, grossly misled them. When, at nearly sunrise they were awake next day to continue their journey, and that they looked out upon the vine-covered amphitheatre of hills, on which the town of Vienne is built, neither Lady Herbert nor her daughter could regret having chosen to come down the Rhone. How exceedingly inspiring it is to gaze on romantic scenery, after a long sojourn in countries of a precisely different stamp; the mind seems to rebound again and take a fresh spring into existence: it must be allowed that the most beautiful parts of Britain scarcely deserve the epithet of romantic. In the highlands of Scotland, there is much of rock and torrent, and of awful gloom, but there is nought of architecture, or living, accessory to give life to the picture, or to complete it as such. The same may be said of the sister kingdom, Ireland; and, as to England, its rich pastures, its shady lanes, its primrose banks, have all another tendency than that of spirit-stirring.

To Lord de Montmorenci, the dweller in many lands, the wanderer through all Europe, the sight of these countries, and the remembrances attached to them, gave him a buoyancy of feeling which imparted itself to his companions. What joy to see the effect which novelty, combined with actual beauty, produced on the fine mind of Lady Herbert! What a blessed communion of thoughts the

interchanging glance conveyed between them, and as they passed through the vineyards, and clambered up the tower called Pilate's Tower, from a tradition that he once dwelled there, and, as they traced the remains of Roman works, which spoke of ages past, how did their hearts vibrate in unison, and receive additional strength of love, from the knowledge that they were feeling and thinking together. How beautifully the sun gilded the red and varied-coloured leaves of the autumnal vines; how it sparkled on the distant reach of the river, and illumined the farthest verge of the horizon—how cloudless was the atmosphere—so cloudless, they forgot that storms could ever disturb or darken its brilliancy. For the first time in her existence, Lady Herbert felt that her wishes were not illusions; that the early aspirations of her heart were realized, that she was appreciated and understood. Oh! that being understood, what a world of vitality there is comprised in the word. Miss Herbert, too, seemed to revive under the genial weather, and the beautiful scenery was to her as to her mother, like awakening from a dull dream to behold the beauties of a fairy land. To Sir Edward Mowbray, the life and fire of youth added that additional zest a first love gives to existence, and he embodied the fair objects he beheld in nature in that fairer object still, Miss Herbert. It is impossible not to experience some returning gratitude for feelings as delicately expressed as those which he evinced towards her, and Sarah breathed that perfumed atmosphere of love, which, when it has evaporated, renders every after scene of life scentless, and joyless. They were six days on the river, having stopped at various places, St. Vallier, Tournon, et Tain, Ancone, Montelimart, &c. &c. One evening, on landing at the latter place, to pass the night, they were considerably alarmed: owing to a high sandbank, they found it very difficult to get on shore, and could only do so at some miles from the village.

Even there the sand lay so deep upon the adjoining ground that it was impossible for the ladies to walk through it. They were obliged, therefore, to return to the boat, while Lord de Montmorenci and one of their servants went to obtain assistance, leaving Sir Edward and the rest of their attendants to protect the ladies. Lord de Montmorenci felt exceedingly anxious, for he understood something of the Provençal language, and he had heard the boatmen talking together in a manner which made him suspect their hones-

ty. He affected ignorance, however, and of course said nothing to Lady Herbert regarding the opinion he entertained of the boatmen, but he warned Sir Edward and the servants (the latter were fortunately English) to be prepared, in case they should make any open attack upon them. This, however, he did not apprehend; but he feared lest they might run the boat into one of the dangerous whirlpools, and upset it purposely for the sake of plunder. He gave orders, therefore, that on no account should they unmoor the raft from the spot where it was stationed. And, as the servants were well armed, he left them in tolerable security, but thought, "in future I will never let any lady under my protection, come down the Rhone."

It was some time before he could procure a vehicle at Ancone, in which to convey Lady Herbert and her daughter; at length, however, he met with a civil woman, who kept a small inn, and who let her cart, and hired a couple of countrymen to the English Lord, for a considerable sum of money. It was not often that such as he and his company came to her house; she must make a good harvest, she thought; but in other respects she was civil and obliging, and it was pleasant to be cheated in such an agreeable manner.

Lord de Montmorenci returned with all speed to his companions, and found, as he had surmised, that the boatmen had grumbled considerably, saying their boat was not in a safe part of the river, and they had wished to move farther on; but at the command, and even threats of Sir Edward, they had been obliged to remain where they were. And now the ladies removed into the cart, and whatever was most valuable was placed with them, and they reached the widow's inn in safety. To them the little difficulties, and the novel mode of conveyance, were so many pleasurable events. But an occurrence which took place a short time after their arrival at Nice, would have made them think and feel far otherwise had they been aware of the risk they ran. An English family who had taken one of these conveyances, were purposely run upon a shallow, and under pretence of saving their luggage were plundered, and escaped narrowly from drowning. Fortunately they did not apprehend danger of any kind, and their journey was to them one of unmixed pleasure.

The next day brought the travellers to Avignon, where remembrances of the past crowded thick upon them. Here

superstition had held her court; and here the impure had found a regal seat; and pontiffs kept their unholy sway. Here, too, Petrarch had lived, had loved, had written: yes! even in the "*iniqua corte*," as in the valley of Vaucluse; his spirit pervaded the whole, and lent high interest to the gloomy city, for gloomy it is to the greatest degree. The impression which Lady Herbert said she could not shake off, was that of terror in modern days, when blood was flowing in the streets, and the madness of the people, who committed every barbarous cruelty in the name of freedom, was at its highest. Vainly she endeavoured to shake off this sensation; it clung to her; and in despite of Petrarch, and softer reminiscences, she wished herself away. One day, however, was given to Valclusa; and in its close and sheltering valley amongst its low rocks, and by the margin of its gushing stream, the very spirit of love and peace seemed to breathe in all their fulness of delight.

"How often," said Lady Herbert, as she leant against a laurel-tree, "how often, in my young days, have I, in imagination, sought these haunts; how often roved in the shade of these beautiful leaves—more imperishable than the classic temples of Greece or Rome, for here the hearts of thousands yet unborn will come, with hallowing sense of the poet's love, to do homage to his memory, and to see their own feelings written upon every tree and every stone. But the day and hour are gone, when I could have been a worthy worshipper here!"

"Is it, indeed, gone?" asked Lord de Montmorenci, with a peculiar tremor of voice, which seemed to imply a blissful doubt; "yet let me not be answered; rather let me repeat one of his sonnets which certainly was written here; it may be, on this very spot." And he recited, in his peculiarly beautiful pronunciation of the language, and in that tone of voice which, in itself was music, the following sonnet:—

#### PETRARCH'S SONNET.

S' una fedè amorosa un cor non finto,  
Un languir dolce, un desiar cortese,  
I' oneste voglie in gentil fuoco accese;  
Si un lungo error, in cicco laberinto,  
Se nella fronte ogni pensier depinto,  
Od in voce interrotte a pena intese,  
Or da paura, or da vergogna offese,

S' un pallor di viola e d' amor tinto,  
 S' aver altrui più cara che se stess,  
 Se lagrimar e sospirar mai sempre,  
 Pascendori di duol d' ira e d'affanno,  
 S' arder da lunge, ed agghiacciar da presso,  
 Son le cagion ch' amando i mi distempre,  
 Vostro donna 'l e peccato et mio sia 'l danno.

Lady Herbert drank in these words of love, as her arm rested within that of her companion; and, after a moment's silence, she said, "that was one of my favourite sonnets, and I once tried to clothe it in English verse, but I am aware it is feeble and incorrect." Still she repeated the lines to one, who valued all their feeling.

If loving faith, a heart unfeigned,  
 Courteous desire and languor sweet,  
 And honest will, in gentle fires that meet:  
 If error blind, in labyrinth dark contained,  
 If, on the countenance every thought's explained,  
 If interrupted sounds, scarce heard,  
 Of shame or fear rule every word,  
 If with love's violet paleness, stained,  
 If to hold other than ourselves more dear,  
 If to lament and sigh for e'er  
 Feeding on grief, on rage, on fear,  
 To burn when absent, to freeze when near,  
 Are causes sad, why love hath madness sent,  
 Thine is the crime—be mine the punishment.

This echo of his own feelings was too much for Lord de Montmorenci; he felt that he was loved even as he himself loved; there was no doubt, no coldness now.

"Thine, thine," he said, "for ever."

A tremor, as of sudden illness, shook Lady Herbert's frame, as she faintly rejoined, "wo is me—never."

Her daughter at that instant came towards them.

"She was rested," she said, "and could now continue to explore the beauties of Vacluse."

How Lady Herbert's heart reproached her, for feeling for the first time, that she wished her child were absent; and, as if nature responded to her own wretchedness, a sudden and deafening thunderstorm broke out immediately from over their heads. Sarah Herbert, who had been from a child terrified at similar tempests, even in England, was now, when the sound rebounded from rock to rock, with a violence she had never before witnessed, in a state of agita-



tion, which alarmed her mother far more than the convulsion of the elements.

"Dear, dearest mamma," she cried, "save me, save me!"

And Lady Herbert held her in a close embrace as she replied,

"May you ever find shelter and safety in my arms."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The sea lay like a glass outspread  
 So quietly, so measured,  
 The gentle ripple of the tide,  
 Laved the ocean's rocky side:  
 Blue was the clouded vault of heaven,  
 Save where the last bright tints of even  
 In one broad blaze of golden light,  
 Dazzled the fascinating sight,  
 Till the dimm'd eye cast down, to muse,  
 Dropp'd ringlets like the Iris hues  
 Of gaudy peacock's sweeping train,  
 And closed their lids, to see again:  
 When next they cast their glance around,  
 They rested on the rich red ground,  
 Which 'neath the scriptural olive's green,  
 Made holy feature in the scene:  
 Thence wandering to th' horizon's bound,  
 The conic hills their crescent wound  
 In grand fantastic shapes, and rise  
 Gigantic—mingling with the skies  
 Wearied at length of wondering maze,  
 The eye returns to fix its gaze  
 On the near rock—the brilliant green,  
 Of \*Caroubiers that intervene,  
 And twine their foliage, gaily bright,  
 With the blue olive's pale light.

Who that has ever seen, can forget the view of Nice, as it is presented to the eye from the Montagne de Montalban, looking over orange and citron groves, down upon the port,

\* Caroubier, a peculiar evergreen tree of bright and brilliant colouring, indigenous to that country, its foliage like the laburnum.

the river, and the circumjacent villages. A thousand small country houses, named bastides, intersect the country, and long walls, forming lines that are not ungrateful features in the landscape, when seen at a distance, as they convey the idea of terraces, break the richness of the vegetation, which might otherwise satiate the eye. Tulips, narcissus, wall-flowers, thyme, literally grow like weeds, and are trod beneath the feet: the whole picture is one of dazzling brilliancy, it is light, lit up by light; *but*, for where is there not a *but*? But these white buildings, glittering in the sunbeams, these gardens rich with flower and fruitage, on approaching them nearer, are receptacles of filth and monuments of poverty and decay; so that, to enjoy the machless beauty with which nature has adorned those shores, it is necessary to see them with a poetical eye, and avoid having the senses shocked by the many startling objects of disgust which occur on too near an approach, or too close an investigation of them; still, nature has lavished so much charm of scenery, so much inebriation of climate upon these lands, that it must be a sullen, joyless mind which can rest upon the disadvantages, and not to suffer itself to soar on the thousand wings of imagination, which are ready to fan the soul into rapture.

The party who now stood by the palm-tree, which grows on the top of the Montagne de Montalban, were much more of the imaginative kind than of those who travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry "it is all barren;" they, on the contrary, looked delightedly at the golden tint spread over the orange gardens, and the blue sea beyond them, and the many vessels winging their way over it, and the rocky eminence which forms the port of Nice, with untiring gaze, and Lady Herbert felt, that could that moment last for ever—just as it was—felicity would be imperishable. They had not been a month at Nice, and already Miss Herbert had revived like a flower, every day some new walk, or some excursion, to more distant places, was resorted to; and life appeared a dream of delight. The past, the painful wretched past, had faded from the recollection of the mother and daughter—the future they cared not to look to.

"For who, that fond affection warms,  
Dreads not the ills are gathering there"—

and the present was rich to them in treasure.

The life they led, was in itself new; nothing of all that constitutes society in England, is found at Nice; the delights which the latter offers are of a totally different kind; and it is impossible for any person at all tinctured with a spirit of romance, not to feel themselves lifted away from all former associations of pleasure to taste this novel existence; the buoyant purity of the air, elastic, fresh, yet balmy; the holiday garb of nature, its enamelled earth, its cloudless skies, its dangerous witchery, make up a sum of charm, that those and those only will acknowledge, who have lived some time upon that fairy land, and who are capable of having felt the spell exercised upon themselves; it is well that one forgets, in absence from these places, the power they held over the mind when living there, or life would be insupportable; in other less beauteous scenes and ruder climates, it is well too that different interests spring up, it may be of more gross and material kind, but still they do spring up, to shut out the romance of thought and feeling, which are the growth of any climate rather than that of Britain. It was a jour de fête, one in the calendar of the Nissards, the jour de St. Pons, when the Herberts, Lord de Montmorenci and Sir Edward Mowbray set off on an expedition to the monastery of the saint. The air was perfumed with citron, orange, and cassia, which brought to remembrance the line of the psalmist; "Myrrh, aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad." The ivory palaces, indeed, were wanting; but all else was there, all else which could glad the heart, or delight the eyes. The ladies were placed on ponies, and the gentlemen were to conduct them—what a pleasant arrangement! They went along the road of the Croix de Marbre; passing several processions of villagers bound to the same place; the large hats, coloured bodices, and white sleeves of the female peasants, their corsets and heads adorned with flowers, the brilliant sparkles of their fire-emitting eyes, the whiteness of their teeth, and the smooth brown of their complexions, made them appear beautiful in the eyes of the northern ladies, nor did the dress and appearance of their attendant swains accord ill with their own. The only melancholy circumstance to cast a shade over this glowing picture was, the invalids promenading in the sheltered suburb, many of whom were already in the last stage of consumption, and might have known comforts and pleasures in the midst of friends at home, more consonant to

their feelings, than any they could derive from residing in a foreign land, however beautiful.

Nothing is more cruel than the too common practice of physicians in sending patients away to die, and so observed Lady Herbert. At length they lost sight of the invalid tribe, and came to the wandering mountain stream called the Paillon, whose waters contain golden ore: a small quantity of this precious metal is extracted by immense labour yearly. Oh gold, vile gold! source of every virtue and of every vice; what a mystic spirit dwells in the ore: who shall separate its good from its evil qualities, who shall learn to hate its debasing powers, refine it as you may, and yet know it to be a vital ingredient of every good and every perfect gift, whether of spiritual or of bodily kind; it is the lord and master of the universe—the dispenser of bliss and wretchedness, that without which life is one strife of degrading passions, that with which the sordid, and the base, master the finest, purest, subtlest spirits, and drag them down to the ordure of the earth.

So said Lady Herbert, as she observed a party of half-starved wretches, almost naked, carrying their tools and instruments to break the rocks, and sift the sands, which lay higher up in the mountains, where the gold was to be found, a part of the country said not to be wholesome, where they went to seek for a wretched subsistence, in order to procure that ingredient which was to make others riot in luxury, while they themselves became its victims—what a field for thought! But again, from this saddening contemplation they turned away, and following the track of the stream, now nearly dry on the left-hand side, they passed through woods of orange and citron, the earth literally inlaid with flowers, and arrived after an hour, at the foot of a conical rock, two or three hundred feet in height, upon the top of which was perched, like some divinity of the air, a small chapel, called the Martyrdom of St. Pons, from a tradition that a holy man of that name, had been precipitated from its top, by evil disposed persons who envied him his fame of sanctity; steps, wide but rather steep, led to this eyry nest of worship, and to a large platform, upon which Charles V. built a monastery and endowed it, which was occupied by an order of Benedictines; this building was originally fine, but, at the time the travellers visited the spot, it was a mass of ruins: the last time it was put to

any use was in 1795, when it served as a military hospital. Behind the fallen walls of the convent, and on the path which conducts to the chapel of the martyr—the view is transcendent—the church, towards sunset, is totally in shade, and makes a bold relief to the wooded hill beyond, which is thickly spotted with houses, too thickly perhaps for a painter's eye; but the summit is crowned by the seminary of the church of Cimièrs, and surrounded by cypresses, rising like dark pyramids, and forming, as it were, a part of the structure itself; they are, perhaps, the trees best adapted to accompany architectural portraiture, and appear always to be expressly designed to contrast with and give lightness to any mass of buildings; the whole view is set, as it were, in the silver sea, and a Poussin or a Claude, might find subjects worthy of their pencils, in this and the circumjacent country. Nor was the moral enchantment which these scenes inspired, less complete than their physical beauty. It was a novel existence to Lady Herbert; she had read of and had fancied such a one—but realized it had never been to her till now—still there was a canker-worm in this bud of happiness; she looked at her daughter, and she thought, "What, purchase bliss at the price of wounding the breast of my Sarah? oh, never!" And again, her manner became reserved to him, in whose eyes, had he not known her thoroughly, she must have appeared capricious; but Lord de Montmorenci ascribed her inequalities of feeling to recollections of her past life; and he only sighed when he thought, "Shall I never be able to obliterate from her mind the wretchedness she has endured? shall I never be able to restore her to a life of love and joy?"

It was proposed (for the gentlemen always contrived to lengthen their excursion as much as possible) that they should proceed to visit the Séminaire of Cimièrs, and see the assemblage of persons whom the feast-day would bring together. No sooner was the proposition made, than it was agreed to; and they descended the hill of the monastery, and passed along a flowery land, and climbed the steep on which this seminary is situated. There is a church belonging to the establishment filled with votive offerings, and while the crowd was dispersed about the hill, and the busy venders of refreshments and toys were thinking only of their trade, the English travellers walked into it; and Lady Herbert observed, that in despite of reflection, she could

not help feeling that there was a peculiar holiness in the fashion of the country, "for I fear," she said, "it is in general little more than a fashion which leaves the doors of their sanctuaries open at all hours to the worshipper. Oh yes," she exclaimed,

"That heart is torpid which hath felt  
Unmoved where other knees have knelt."

Lord de Montmorenci gently pressed the arm that rested within his; they were, in the soul's communion, one, and they mutually directed their steps to an altar which was covered with votive offerings; some were fanciful and full of poetry, others half ridiculous, half blasphemous, but not so in intention; some bore inscriptions, but one above the rest attracted their regards, it was a ship rudely represented, which had neither sails nor masts, and was tossed in a heavy sea, which threatened to overwhelm it; on a rock was perched a Cupid, dressed in the garb of an English sailor, holding a torch, and beneath his feet lay a scroll, on which were written two words in English, "Succour and Safety," and then the usual phrase, "Glory to the Madonna;" they wondered to what story this votive tablet alluded, and by whom it had been placed there; but the chief interest it conveyed to them was, the reference it bore to themselves, and their own situation. It is perhaps, in the nature of every passion to turn all circumstances, however apparently wide of the subject, to its own immediate use, and connect them with its own feelings; but of none can this be said in equal degree as with the passion of love: there is nothing too remote, nothing too near for those who are under its influence, not to connect and form into a link the chain by which they are bound.

Lord de Montmorenci hailed this trivial occurrence as a happy omen; and as a warning and encouragement to him, to press his suit and not despair.

"Mabel, dear Mabel," he whispered in her ear, "is it not thus? and if it is, why delay to make me blessed? There have been moments when I have feared, that, by urging my wishes, I might have annihilated the hope in which you have allowed me to indulge, and I appeal to yourself if I have not been forbearing, if I have not consulted your feelings at the expense of my own? I know what you would

say; I know that you would plead you are as a bird who has escaped the snare of the fowler, and you dread entangling yourself again; but I implore you to cast away this fear so unjust to yourself and to me. We were friends long before any dearer tie of the heart bound us together, in that calm epoch of our acquaintance we had time to sift each other's character. I saw you good and pure as you were, the wife of another, and I have not, during that long period, one little reproach to make myself for the indulgence of any tenderer affection than that of friend; but no sooner was the barrier removed than the torrent of my long unknown love broke forth, and I felt to live near you and not betray myself was impossible. For nearly two years, you know, I avoided your presence, I left you to the solitary sacredness of your own thoughts; and when I did return to prove my fate, you know also with what an almost hopeless feeling I again sought your presence: there was a brief, a happy moment at Windsor, when the lightning of hope dazzled me; but since then, small has been the aliment with which my passion has been nourished. Mabel, it is not the romance of early youth, it is not a phantasy which binds me to you, it is a conviction that I love you with sober earnestness, and a belief, forgive the presumption, that I *can* make you happy, which gives me the courage to say—let me decide my fate now, this very now. Mabel, dear Mabel, promise me to be mine, and speedily. You must be mine—or I must leave you for ever.”

“Oh, mamma,” cried Miss Herbert, rushing into the church, “Sir Edward has just saved me from being bitten by one of the dangerous asps which infest this country, but I fear not without injury to himself; the reptile has bitten him in the hand, and I have besought him to go with one of the Benedictine friars, who saw the accident, and professes to know some herbs which will allay the swelling, for immediately the whole arm was affected by the poison. Do, Lord de Montmorenci, go to Sir Edward, and see what can be done for him.”

He required not to be bidden twice, and rudely as he had been disturbed from his conversation with Lady Herbert, he forgot himself and his own feelings, and hastened to his friend.

“How did this accident happen, dearest Sarah? are you sure you are not bitten? What a dreadful thought!” said the terrified mother to her child.

"We were climbing up a steep bank to look at the view, there was a mound of loose earth covered with a quantity of those sweet narcissuses, which are thrown out like weeds from the cornfields, and I stooped to gather them. In doing so the viper darted up and stood erect for a moment, the next it would have sprung at me, but Sir Edward instantly interposed his hand, and the reptile fastened upon it. I screamed, but before I could attempt to seize a branch or wand, which I was about doing, Sir Edward had destroyed his enemy, and my scream had brought several persons to his assistance."

This story was hardly told, and Lady Herbert had scarcely time to express her gratitude for her child's safety, and to enhance the service rendered to her by Sir Edward, with every comment which could heighten its value, when the object of it returned, making very light of the wound, and declaring it to be nothing. His hand, however rested in a sling, and he evidently suffered considerable pain, though he endeavoured to conceal it; but he was in high spirits all the way back, and insisted on their stopping to examine the remains of a Roman circus, which was said to have existed in a plain, named Ceménelian, the capital of the Vediani, which was ravaged by the Lombards in the sixth century, and entirely destroyed in after times by the Saracens: so goes the story, told by the cicerone of the place; enough remains to trace that this amphitheatre was of elliptic form, and the stones of immense size with which it was built.

Lady Herbert declared that the ruins of this building were more grateful to her eye than its perfect construction could have been; for she said, "the sanguinary uses to which these amphitheatres were devoted, makes me rejoice to think they are crumbling into dust."

Lord de Montmorenci found no opportunity to renew the subject so dear to his heart, which had been so inopportunistically broken in upon, and was obliged to content himself with guiding Lady Herbert's footsteps down the ruinous paths they had to pass, and replacing her on her pony, to conduct her in safety home.

What progress Sir Edward made in Miss Herbert's good graces, during their way back again to Nice, Lady Herbert could not exactly determine, but she thought and hoped, that there was a relenting towards him in her child's heart. That night she slept not, and rising from her bed,



opened the casement of her window, and seating herself by it, watched for the return of daylight: her thoughts shaped themselves into a thousand fantastic visions, and now, long troops of angelic beings seemed floating before her, and then a dark veil was dropped between her and them; now she was at Windsor with Lord de Montmorenci, and walking with him in his own garden; suddenly she looked round for her daughter, but she was not there, and she sought her with agonizing fears of some evil, she knew not what. "Sarah, Sarah," she called out aloud, and her own voice awakened her; for the fact was, she had dropped into a disturbed sleep, and the soft air breathing fresh upon her, had induced the slumber, from which, however, she was glad to be awakened.

Of all the walks in the immediate vicinity of Nice, none is so enchanting as that to Villefranche. This little port is a scene of exquisite beauty, combining every feature which can constitute a picture. The small town rising pyramidically from the sea, the intermixture of sinuous rocks, cultivated ledges of ground, the pale light blue of the feathery olive, the golden tracts of the orange and lemon grounds, the carpet of the earth brodered with flowers, the canopy of the heavens shining in cloudless azure. Such is the general aspect of nature in this favoured climate, during the greater part of the year, and such it was during the six months that Lady Herbert and her daughter passed there.

To this their favourite spot they most frequently came; and a part of every day, which was not devoted to longer excursions, was spent under the shade of the olive-grounds, wandering about the adjacent rocks. Books and work were taken out, and an establishment was made for living out of doors. Miss Herbert drew more than she had ever drawn, and for the first time felt the true *estro* of the art. It was to her as a new sense of pleasure; and while she heard the mellow tones of Sir Edward's voice, breathing out the poetry of Byron, and saw the mimic scene taking shape and colour beneath her hand, she was soothed into an enjoyment of life, such as it was, that scarcely allowed her time to dwell upon her preference for another. To Lady Herbert and Lord de Montmorenci, it was a point in their existence at which they could have wished to be fixed for ever; they were both conscious that, from different reasons, they were as happy as the happiness of this

world admits of. Oh! that dangerous but delightful life of vague and indefinite kind, which owns none of the restraints of conventional rules;—no fixed hour for the commonplaces of life; food seems to come when appetite demands it; but dinner is not gravely made the business of thought and long preparation. The remaining too, out of doors, in the midst of a beautiful scene—no walls to confine or concentrate thought, which, like a bird on the wing, wanders free and unconfined, soaring from earth to heaven.—No visits to pay, no dull round of the dull duties of society to be fulfilled; but a full flux and reflux of fancy and feeling, flowing in uncontrolled tide, and making life to be felt, in the glowing vitality of its essence. How often is it otherwise! how often does its current creep sluggishly along, without one joyous bound!! The land they sojourned in, was redolent of transport;—the landscape brilliant with light and colour;—the inhabitants a poor but joyous race, whose privations appeared to sit light upon their feelings, and with a very few, very wretched exceptions, they offered flowers with one hand, and held out the other for charity, as though they were merely in sport, or that it was a matter of barter, not of necessity to them, that their perishable wares should be purchased.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Gow.—I do love you more than words can wield the matter;  
 Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;  
 Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;  
 No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;  
 As much as child e'er loved, or father, fond;  
 A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;  
 Beyond all manner of—so much I love you—

Cordelia.—What shall Cordelia do? love and be silent?

SHAKSPEARE.

BUT a change came over the spirit of the dream. Lady Herbert and her daughter mutually felt—this is not real—this is not lasting—this aroma of life will quickly pass away. And though neither suffered themselves to express to the other this melancholy consciousness, the languor of mind, the depression of spirit, which had for so long a series of years weighed upon Lady Herbert with its deadening weight, now once more resumed its melancholy sway, and with untimely cruelty communicated its torpedo touch even to her daughter's being. Yes, the young Sarah felt as though she had lived a long life, and was old. And when she recollected that eighteen summers had not yet passed over her, she was astonished, and wondered, if, indeed, it were really so. There were times, too, when she murmured in thought at the manner in which her childhood had been passed, and at the education she had received. And she would think, yes, those evil-disposed persons said very true, who observed that I was injudiciously and cruelly brought up. Why was I suffered to know more of sin and sorrow than any other child of my age? Why was my heart withered up before its time, and made prematurely old? If ever I am a mother, she added to herself, I will endeavour to keep my child ignorant of any suffering, of any evil. I will take care who I place about her. No Miss Clermont

shall deceive me. A knowledge of the world and its vices always comes too soon for happiness. Childhood's bliss should be kept unsullied: how can it be so except by being ignorant of the indwelling sin and sorrow of life. So, she said, "I have been ill used; it is hard, very hard." But it was wrong, it was cruel in Sarah Herbert so to think of the mother who had reared her with such infinite love and care. She could not look back and unfold the thousand harassing circumstances which tore that mother's heart to pieces, during her infancy and childhood. But it is very seldom, alas! that children are lenient or fair judges of their parents' conduct, especially towards themselves. Ah! when persons, denied the bliss of paternity, wish anxiously, as nature prompts, for offspring, they know not at how vast a discount they must purchase the felicity; for how seldom is it that the child honours the parent; still more seldom that it returns their love. But each person believes, in their turn, that they will act more wisely than their predecessors. One individual thinks they will secure their child's affections by fond indulgence; another, that they will do so by constant watchfulness; a third, that they will so temper indulgence with due restraint, that they cannot fail of obtaining their offspring's love. But, alas! look into the interior of families, after the first years of childhood are passed, what ensues—the children tread on the heels of the parents, anxious to enter upon what seems to them the pleasures of life. Their parents in their eyes appear old, and in their estimation unfit for these; so, by every means in their power, they virtually push them off the scene of life, in order to come on themselves. Look, too, at the young heir of a great estate. How does he behave to a widowed mother? Does he maintain her dignity—her habits of life, or offer those outward comforts to her bereaved situation which might lighten her lone career? Again, alas! I ask, how seldom is it so? Beyond the mere necessities of life, (it is very commonly asked,) What can a *woman* want? What can *she* desire, that she has not?—an old woman like her! really she is unreasonable. Is this a rare instance of children's conduct towards their parents? No, reflection and observation will prove the reverse; and the mother who fondles her handsome boy, and is vain of his coming youth, and looks to him as to her stay and support, is oftentimes the first to prove this melancholy truth.

If Miss Herbert, the fondest of children, could reason

as she did upon her parent's conduct towards herself, what will not less loving children do? Ah, if she had but known! but (like every other child) she was incompetent to judge of, or to know, what circumstances compelled her parent to act as she had done respecting her; was there more faith in the child towards the parent, and a more unquestioned belief in the latter doing the best they can for their offspring, children would less seldom cavil at their parent's conduct, and greater happiness would accrue to both. But this beautiful faith which assimilates that of the creature to its Creator, is of rare growth, and when it does exist, there are plenty of evil spirits on the alert to catch the precious seed out of the heart, to tread it down under foot, to scoff and vilify it openly, or secretly to poison and destroy it; but let those scoffers remember the cruel and erroneous conduct they pursue, may, perhaps, recoil on themselves, and then they will learn how "bitterer than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." But this crime was not Sarah Herbert's; no, in despite of occasional bursts of temper and presumption, Sarah Herbert loved her mother with an intensity of feeling which was more like a passion, than the gentle and natural affection, which is, perhaps, the safest characteristic of such a tie; there was, as it appeared to some persons, a want of deferential reverence in her manner towards Lady Herbert, and of submission to her will, which is, it must be allowed, a beautiful feature in the relative duties of parent and child, especially when it springs not from fear; but from a sense of their position towards each other, and from a genuine humility; the want of this manner had often induced strangers and superficial observers to say, that Miss Herbert was a very impertinent girl, and made her poor mother wretched. When these observations reached Sarah's ears, which they often did, for her ears were very sharp, she would haughtily, nay, even contemptuously, look at the speaker, but not deign to refute the assertion. She knew how untrue it was, that by any deed of hers she made her mother unhappy, and she felt to her heart's core. "I love her more, how much more than many another soft-spoken humble-mannered girl, even their mother, who entertains only a lukewarm measured affection for the parent of whom she stands so in awe, and before whom she opens not her lips, or gives out her real opinions. I would do any thing, every thing, for my mother; I would work for her by night and by day, I will ne-

ver leave or forsake her, never listen to a slighting word of her, never like or become acquainted with any one, who does not like, and honour, and know her; that is love, and nothing less than that deserves the name." True—all true—but that feeling of intense and enthusiastic love for her mother, which Sarah Herbert entertained, was never done justice to by the world in general. No! for the world hates any thing or any person out of the common way, because incapable of understanding it, or them; neither, perhaps, is any intense passion ever done justice to, unless it be by the object who inspires the passion; and even by that object how seldom is it fully appreciated!—to be perfectly and mutually understood is one of the happinesses of a hereafter. No! the reward is not reaped on earth of any great sentiment or any great action, unless it publicly flatters the vanity of an individual or a nation. In the latter case we often hear it made a boast that such a philosopher, or such a statesman, or such an author, was "my countryman;" but let any individual privately exercise the same heroic sentiment, the same devotion of heart, the same gift of talent, which reflects *no* éclat on the *vanity* of a nation or an individual, and that person may live and die upraised, unnoticed, yea, even by their own people, and by their father's house. No one is found to

"Hail him beautiful, or call him blessed;  
He thinks and feels and breathes alone."

But to return from the digression to Sarah Herbert—be it remembered, that her love for her mother was never duly comprehended, except by the three or four persons with whom she lived in intimacy; but their good opinion and approval was that of the whole world to her. As her mother had done before her, she lived for the *few* who possessed her entire and undivided heart, and had a disdain for what others thought of her. This is not set down as a merit, it was a decided fault in her disposition; but in delineating character; if the sharp angles are smoothed down, and the whole polished into one even surface, what becomes of individuality? where is truth of portraiture! With these strong marks of light and shadow, it was impossible that Miss Herbert should be a popular person; nor was it probable she could enjoy much of what is denominated the sober certainty of bliss. Perhaps these persons are happiest; especially

women who are of the mediocre class of head and heart, those who busy themselves with the ordinary pursuits of life, who are content with "mediums and monotony," and who possess no extra portion of mental or personal charms; for such persons are generally commended, and are what is called popular. They excite no envy amongst their own sex, therefore women have agreed to call such characters perfect, amiable, pleasing, and all the lukewarm *et cetera* of commonplace commendation; while men think that such are the *safe persons* they would choose for domestic life, and they say such a one is "so feminine, so gentle;" while very often these gentle ladies are very wilful, very slippery in conduct, and very provoking in private life, though anxious to obtain public suffrage. Of these it must be confessed Miss Herbert was not one, and in consequence, during the short time she had appeared in the great world, she had met with plenty of hatred, envy, and detraction. But even in London, where society is on so vast and varied a scale (in despite of every circle calling itself *the world*,) that those may live with each other who wish to do so, and those who do not, need never meet. Yet, even in these circles, Sarah Herbert had been passed by, as a dull or cross girl. "At all events she cares for nothing," was the general cry against her; and then followed questions, and remarks.—"Who is she, after all,—to give herself such airs?" Then the happy story of her father's having been killed in a duel was brought forward; and grave looks were assumed respecting Lady Herbert's life. But, nevertheless, Sarah had been so much admired, that she was tolerated, and people thought it best to be civil to her, lest one day she might have it in her power to be uncivil to them.

Such had been her reception in the society of London; but at Nice, where the few English families residing were all acquainted with each other, where a peculiar intimacy and interest were carried on between many of the invalids, who watched each other's recovery or decay with a reflected anxiety referring to themselves; and where they met like so many shadows, every day, in the sunny fauxbourg of the Croix de Marbre, the Herberts could not escape from a strict investigation. And merely because they mixed in no society, and formed no acquaintance, they were pronounced to be, by their own countryfolks in particular, the most unkindly and most unsociable persons in the world. Yet how

false was the judgment pronounced upon them! for few ever passed by the languid and feeble invalid as Lady Herbert and Sarah did, breathing a prayer for their recovery. But this sympathy was never known to those who excited it. And by those healthy English, who made parties and pic-nics, and had vainly endeavoured to draw the Herberts into their *coterie*, they were pronounced to be disagreeable, rude, and self-conceited. "Yes, indeed! I have no idea of such things," said the leading person among them; "I would not allow my niece to visit them. They lead such queer lives;—not very respectable, I think; dining at such odd hours; never dining at all, sometimes, I believe; and then scrambling about all day among the mountains, with the peasants. Never going to the governor's assemblies;—it is altogether mighty queer.—And then the two gentlemen!—they cannot both be in love with the daughter; and yet the mother is too old, surely: why, she is as old as I am. "Yes, but not so frightful!" thought the person to whom she was addressing herself. The conclusion and climax of all these observations was, "Well, it is mighty unaccountable!"

Almost all English travellers carry their prejudices, their home habits, and their fireside attachments along with them; and not finding these gratified in another climate, are always murmuring and finding fault. Why do they ever travel? But not so Lady Herbert, her daughter, or their companions; they tasted and enjoyed the charm which met them at every step in these regions of beauty and of romance, and they heeded not all these idle carpings and fault-findings, which they were determined should not mar their pleasure. The *qu'en dira t'on* was never Lady Herbert's thought or care, because she had nothing to conceal or to fear. So mother and daughter continued to live on at Nice, in a little happy magic circle of their own, heedless of these envious tongues.

Sarah was sitting one day on a bench in the invalid walk, as she used to call it, drawing; when a peasant woman, with a lad leaning on her arm, approached, and said, in her patois language,

"Allow my boy to sit down, ma'mselle, if you please; he is very tired."

"Oh, by all means!" the former replied, making room for him beside her.

"Rest there; René," said the mother, the lady allows



you; and helping him up, placed him in the vacant part of the seat, while she sat down at his feet, and looking up at him fondly, and wrapping the silken handkerchief closer round his throat, as the mild breeze was wafted towards him, she continued to coax and address him in words of infantine endearment. Sarah wondered, for he was too old she thought to be thus fondled. When she lifted her eye off her drawing to look at him, she saw that his eyes were fixed upon her sketch, and that he seemed to start with surprise, as she added, now a touch of light, now a shadow which gave it a truer likeness to nature: and then he gesticulated with delight, and pointed to his mother, who seemed enchanted with his enchantment, and nodded assent.

Sarah asked him if he thought her drawing like the view, pointing to it. He laughed, and stared vacantly, but answered not. Sarah looked at him again, and saw by his countenance, that he was an idiot. The expression of pity which passed quickly over her speaking features, told the mother that, which the latter did not like to tell, but which she felt grateful, should inspire the sympathy she saw it did; so shaking her head mournfully, she said,

"Ah! mademoiselle, you are aware my poor René does not understand what you say, he has long been ill, and I came from Monaco here, in the hope of saving him; for though he is senseless to most things and to most people, he is not so to me or his father; and is so fond of us, and so good, and was so useful till this weakness came on him! Yes, I assure you, there was not a better vigneron for miles round than René; but he is dying now, I fear. How do you think he looks?"

Sarah had not the heart to confirm the mother's fears, and replied kindly,

"Oh, I hope this mild air will restore him, you have done right to bring him here, there is life and health in this breeze. I came to Nice very ill myself, and see, I am quite strong now!"

"Ah, yes!" replied the peasant, with an expression of melancholy, mingled with admiration, at Sarah's beauty, as she looked from her healthful countenance to that of her own sickly child. "But what a difference between you and him!" she said; "there never could have been that awful look in your face, mademoiselle, which never leaves his features."

"Hush," rejoined Miss Herbert, "he will understand you and be shocked."

"No, he understands nothing, mademoiselle, except my caresses, or the bleating of one of our goats if it loses its way in the mountains, or the priest's blessing; these are the only things he seems to care about, or to comprehend."

"Poor thing!" said Sarah, as she looked intently on the idiot boy; and yet, she thought, perhaps you are not so much an object of contempt or commiseration as I may suppose; "you understand all that any one need care to understand, the love of those you love, and faith in Heaven."

While gazing at Sarah, René appeared to take pleasure in her loveliness. "Yes," said his mother, smiling, "every thing that is beautiful pleases him:" and as if to confirm her words, his eye was caught by the glancing of a gem on Sarah's finger, and he gesticulated vehemently, with delight at the brilliant hues of the stone, as it glittered in the sun, and she almost envied the idiot his facility of being pleased.

But the morning was now advancing, and the sun growing too fierce to remain longer exposed to its heat; she sought for a trifle from her reticule, and put the money into the mother's hand.

"Thanks, thanks, mademoiselle, and your kindness is even more than your money!"

"I shall meet you here again, and bring something for René, I hope I shall see him better," and she left them with a deep feeling of interest. When she communicated this incident to Sir Edward Mowbray, he half-envied the idiot boy, and said, reproachfully,

"Ah! Miss Herbert, your heart is open to every one except him who loves you best."

"You shall come with me to-morrow," she replied, not pretending to notice this speech, "and you will see how interesting the mother and child are."

Any thing which afforded him an excuse for being with her was welcome to Sir Edward. So he thought, "if I am summoned to be the companion of Miss Herbert's early walk, what matters it to me the cause which procures me such happiness!"

The next day at the same spot, Sarah met her new protégé. When he saw her approach, he evidently betrayed some tokens of recognition, which temporarily lit up his fine features with intelligence, and showed what they might have

been, if the mind had not owned eclipse. His dark hair hung in long curls about his shoulders, unlike the general character of the Nissard children's *chevelure*, which is generally more like a matted furze-bush than hair. But André's glossy locks were smoother and glistening like the raven's wing; for his mother's pride was in those ringlets. The general expression of his countenance was (if that can be called expression, which implied an exemption from pain or pleasure:) unruffled serenity; but at certain sights or sounds, an irradiation of the mental faculty cast a transient glory over his marble brow, and shone in his deep-sunk eyes.

Even Sir Edward Mowbray confessed himself interested in this dying boy, and he had never won so kindly a smile from Sarah, as when he evinced a participation in her feelings respecting René. Sir Edward spoke of the wonderful power of the famous Arzerotti, of Genoa, who could almost he said to awaken the dormant faculties of nature in those born deaf and dumb, or blind. "Who knows," he added, "what a judicious treatment, and constant assiduity might bring to pass towards the restoration of the senses, if they be not wholly lost?" and then he explained to the mother, what he had been saying in English, and promised, that if he could engage Arzerotti in such an attempt, he would pay the mother and son's expenses to Genoa.

"How kind you are!" said Miss Herbert to Sir Edward, in English. "How kind and how good you are!" And she looked in his face with a feeling of admiration, which was quite new to her in respect of him, but its expression put every thing out of Sir Edward's head, save the inebriation it produced, and he almost hoped, that at last he might gain a place in her affections which would lead on to love.

Like those bodies in chemistry which cannot amalgamate without the aid of an intervening power; so this approving sentiment of Sir Edward's kindly intention towards the afflicted, effected a greater union of feeling between him and Sarah Herbert, than any other circumstance had hitherto produced. It is strange to observe throughout life, how an apparently accidental incident, will bring about great events, which the labour of years perchance has failed to effect. To what can this be ascribed? Surely, not to chance; for, properly speaking, there is no such thing as chance; it is only another word for the inscrutability of the ways of Providence. A few weeks passed, and René died. The pa-

tience with which he bore his sufferings, had endeared him even to those who had no other tie than that of compassion; and the nearer he seemed to his end, the closer his mother's heart clung to him. Every kindly attention, every alleviating balm, that the tenderest pity could supply was bestowed upon her, but "she refused to be comforted," and her constant wailing repetition of "O my son, my son!" reminded Sarah of those touching words, written in the inspired book, which are the very echo of the heart's grief. To such sorrow there is no human barrier: it must, like the torrent of the mountain, spend its fury: and it was not till Sir Edward Mowbray thought of going himself to Monaco and bringing her husband to her, that the poor peasant-woman seemed to remember she had still something dear to live for. They went to their own homes again, richer than they had ever been, but in happiness far less so; and though they were grateful to their benefactors, they did not themselves feel that they were the less miserable, for being less poor. In after time, another and a softer feeling came over them, and they not only blessed their benefactors, but had a sense of being themselves blessed.

## CHAPTER XX.

'Twas strange—in youth, all action, and all life,  
 Burning for pleasure, not averse from strife;  
 Woman—the field—the ocean—all that gave,  
 Promise of gladness—peril of a grave,  
 In turn he tried.—  
 Chained to excess, the slave of each extreme,  
 How woke he from the wildness of that dream?  
 Alas! he told not, but he did awake,  
 To curse the wither'd heart that would not break,

LORD BYRON'S LARA.

WHILE such was the state of Lady Herbert's present life, and that of her associates; news reached them from England both from public and private sources, which could not fail of bringing back sad thoughts; and though already sufficiently convinced of the desperate character of Sir Charles Lennard, the tidings which now confirmed and consummated his dark career of vice, had the effect of reproducing the wretched remembrances of Lady Herbert's past life; and she said,

"I feel as if I were again in danger, on hearing that he lives to perpetrate fresh crimes."

"Sir Charles Lennard's dinner-parties had long been famous for being the most *recherché* in London, not less for the choice and quality of the wines and viands, than for the company assembled round his board: so much so, that it passed into a proverb amongst the members of what were called the first circles, when they spoke of a dinner worth going to; "That was a Lennard," or they would ask before accepting a doubtful invitation, "Will it be a Lennard?" Whatever Sir Charles might do respecting reputation, in the common acceptation of the meaning of that word, he valued *this* reputation highly, and strove to main-

tain it year after year, by seeking out the rarest novelties of the tables, and paying large sums for the invention of new dishes; employing persons both at home and abroad, to be always on the lookout for rare wines, or recondite articles of gratification for the palate. He was presiding one evening at one of these celebrated feasts, at the time Lady Herbert and her daughter were at Nice; their names were accidentally alluded to. Sir Charles never heard them mentioned without a diabolical wish arising in his breast, to blast them with destruction, if it were possible. Few were the victims which he selected out to become such, who had ever escaped him, and he thought with fiendish pleasure, "Ah! they have not altogether foiled me yet."

"Is Montmorency with Lady Herbert?" some one present asked.

"Yes," Sir Charles replied, sneeringly, "he was the friend of Lord Herbert, you know, in the lifetime of the latter, and continues to be my lady's: they are inseparable."

"What an odd connexion it is!" observed one simple person who had been invited to form one of the company, as a butt to serve for the wits of the rest.

"What an odd connexion it is! I wonder he does not marry the beautiful daughter."

The persons who heard him, repeated the word, "Marry!" shrugged their shoulders and laughed.

"But which is it that is honoured by that dull rascal's love, one or both?" asked another speaker, "for you are in the secret, Lenn?"

"Oh! at present the mother, without a doubt; and he showed his good taste there; for she is much the handsomest. Yes, yes, old Mabel for me, in preference to young Sal."

"Well, Lenn, no one ought to dispute your judgment in that respect, for you were always a favourite, I believe."

Sir Charles made no answer, but, by the cunning expression of his demoniac eyes, gave tacit assent to the slander.

The Herberts, however, soon made room for other subjects—the town, the turf, and the gaming-table, were each discussed in turn. Politics were ever carefully avoided at these orgies, as their main and avowed object was pleasure, and it was agreed upon to let that subject rest in abeyance, lest its grave concerns might interfere with the

professed object of their meetings; but as wine and good cheer proceeded till satiety ensued, some new game must be started for the amusement of the guests.

"By the by," asked one man, "By the by, Lenn, talking of handsome women, what is become of that beautiful creature who appeared only for a short season in London?"

"Ah! very true, so she was,—very handsome, a fine creature, but too *larmoyante*. Faith, I believe she is where she always was, at that farm you know—pooh! I forget the name of the place, near Newmarket."

"Come, come, Lenn, confess the truth, that was one of the very few cases in which you were not a conquering hero; that poor girl did not love you, she returned to her broken-hearted parents."

Sir Charles Lennard felt a rage he dared not show.

"Not love *me*, ah, ah!—a very good joke, indeed. Poor thing! I was really sorry for her, but it was impossible to do any thing for her, she was so unreasonable; and to have her always whimpering, was a bore; so I sent her home again."

The questioner shook his head, and replied,

"Come, come, Lenn, that won't do for *me*, I know *she* did not care for you."

"By heaven," rejoined Sir Charles, thrown off his guard by passion, and heated into imprudence by wine. "I'll bet any sum you choose to mention, that I will, over again, have Amy Hill to be my loving lady, for the asking. Name your sum."

"A thousand pounds."

"Done—done."

And a betting-book was produced, and the disgraceful paction was made.

Every one laughed, but even several of those brutes, for they deserve no better name, who sat at that iniquitous board, felt sorry for poor Amy Hill; but not one had sufficient moral courage to express this pity, lest they should be expelled from the set to which it was their boast and glory to belong. What a boast! What a glory! How horrible it is to be told, that among these were many of the noblest of the land, *noble in rank*. Let them remember the Duke of Orleans and France, and tremble! They had best beware in time, how they give such cause of offence, or they may be called to account even here, for there are

two spirits abroad in the world, at this very epoch, strong for mastery, not only a spirit of immorality and radicalism, but a spirit of retribution and righteousness, whose voice is heard in the streets, crying, shame, shame, on such men as these, be they who they may.

Sir Charles Lennard rose from his dining-table, rang the bell, gave orders that his travelling-carriage should be got ready immediately.

"This day week," he said, speaking pompously, "this day week, I invite you all to dine with me again."

Very happy, very glad, was repeated by every one, and they resumed the pleasures of the concluding bottle. Not long after, the servant entering, announced the carriage to be at the door. Sir Charles rose, "Good night to you, Fox, good night to you all," and they accompanied him to the hall-door to see him start.

"Fine horses," they said, "and by Godes what a dormouse? Well, my brave Lenn, long life and success to you!" the servant jumped up behind, "All's right," and the horses set off at a glorious pace; one man muttered something between his teeth, about "set a beggar on horse-back," &c.; but the crew dispersed for the night, and so ended that orgy.

Sir Charles arrived at his destination about eight o'clock in the morning, slept for a few hours; then rose to dress, which he did with care, and after having procured the most luxurious breakfast he could obtain, he walked into the country. It was a beautiful spring morning, nature around was luxurious, and gave out a spirit of health and joyousness, which imparted itself even to the obtuse sensations of Charles Lennard; and yet he was not so totally lost to a capability of feeling, as not to acknowledge the gentle influence of the moment. He had been a fine classical scholar, and a remnant of the pride of scholarship occasionally started forth, and he would repeat some lines from Virgil, or from Horace. How inexplicable is the human heart; this monster of depravity, for such he was, could be setting about a systematic piece of villany, and yet the balmy air, the pleasant fields, the innocence and quiet of the country could awaken in him the elegant taste of the lettered man. These anomalies are every-day occurrences in the student's book of human nature. As Sir Charles walked along, he repeated at intervals, the *Beate Ille*, and a stranger hearing him, might have supposed he

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was the devoted lover of a country life. When he had nearly reached the well-known farmhouse where Amy Hill resided, he heard the village-bells ringing, and he saw long lines of peasantry wending their way to worship.

"Deuce take it, how unlucky! it's Sunday, I declare. How very tiresome! I dare say Amy is on her road to church. What shall I do! By all that is most unlucky, I must lose the next two hours without making any way in the business I am come upon. I'll not do that either, I will go and disturb her devotions, and turn the time to some account. Having determined on this measure, he took the path which led to the church, and crossing some stiles, followed the track of a green lane, which in former days had been the scene of his loves with the unfortunate Amy Hill. The new spring grass was vividly green; it was filled with insects, humming their tiny tunes of gratulation, and the scent of the violet, came from time to time, wafted on the air. Every thing around was peaceful and beautiful, and sweet; but the presence of this evil one was like the tempter in Paradise, blasting the scene with his demoniac spirit. Even he, even Sir Charles Lennard felt abashed at the look of innocence which the peasantry bore, as they passed by him, curtsying or bowing in respect to his rank. The single worshipper, or the happy family group, all contrasted reproachfully with his own wicked thoughts and intentions. He hesitated at the porch of the church, whether to go in or not; but he said, "if she is not there I can creep away again unperceived." He was the last who entered, and the beadle seeing a stranger, and one, whose dress and appearance was of higher station than the rest of the congregation, showed him into the clergyman's pew. He felt a moment of awkwardness, it might almost have amounted to awe, for he had not been in a place of worship for years; but true to his long hardened spirit, he thought only of his bet, and his eyes wandered round the church in search of his victim, and soon rested on Amy Hill. She sat alone, in the little gallery, before the humble choristers, her young sister was with her, but not her father, that was a fortunate circumstance for Sir Charles.

"Yes, she is still beautiful," thought Sir Charles; though happiness and health no longer sparkled in her eye, or coloured her cheek. Her expression was that of a resigned sorrow—her whole air evinced a broken heart.

"What a wreck you are, my poor Amy!" said Sir

Charles Lennard, as he still continued to gaze at her. And even his heart shrunk from the idea of again laying her low, and breaking in upon the calm which she had evidently attained; for it was peace that sat on her resigned countenance, though of a far different nature from the joyousness in which he had first found and known her, and of which he had so cruelly robbed her.

"Poor Amy! I will not, I cannot wound you more.—But, my bet—my character—my word with Saville.—For *my oath's sake*—for the sake of avoiding ridicule, away with this mawkish qualm!—once out of this place, I shall remember it no more."

And the last whisper of his better angel was silenced for ever, in the infamous conclusion of—"She is done for already; what matters it that she should again come forward as my mistress."

His impatience now became great for the closing of the service; and the attentive listeners provoked him by their contrast to his own feelings. The congregation was composed entirely of the middle and lowest classes; day-labourers, tillers of the field, hewers of wood, and drawers of water. They were decent and respectable people; and their old pastor's sermon was as simple as his parishioners; it had no beauty of eloquence, and pretended to no argument; but it was given in faith, and received in gratitude.

"When will this horrible twaddle end?" thought Sir Charles, as he vainly tried to catch Amy Hill's eye; for though he could see *her*, he could not himself be well seen. Besides, she was holding her little sister on her knee, and half chiding, half coaxing her into patience. The bonnet had fallen from the child's head; its rosy countenance, and short clustering golden curls, resembling one of Correggio's angels, contrasted beautifully with the pale drooping lily which bent over her.

At length, the service was over; Amy hastened through the crowded congregation; *they* lingered in the porch, and in the churchyard to greet one another; but Amy silently moved along unheeding and unheeded. No one now spoke to poor Amy Hill. She, who had formerly been the beauty and pride of her village, was, since her fall, a scorned and avoided girl—one, whom the good commiserated, but passed by, and at whom, the ill-tempered never omitted to point the finger of scorn. They forgot, in their zeal for

virtue, that mercy is, of all virtues, the attribute of the heavenly-minded; and most certainly, it is the one least practised by the world in general.

Sir Charles Lennard followed Amy's path, and when she reached a lonely field, he approached her in his most deferential manner, saying, in his soft low tone, the music of which she had never forgotten,

"Amy Hill, do I indeed see you once again? How are you?"

She started, looked up, beheld him, and nearly dropped to the ground; but she endeavoured not to betray herself, a deep blush dyed her face with crimson as she turned and stood still; and she could not speak.

"Sit down, Amy," said Sir Charles; "I am afraid I have alarmed you. Come to yonder bank: lean on my arm."

"No, Sir Charles, thank you, I must go home, and cannot stay a moment with you."

How her very fears spoke her love!!

"Nonsense, my pretty one! what, not give me one hour of your society, I whom you have not seen for so long a time?"

"I did not ever expect, Sir Charles, to see you again; and, indeed, I did not wish it."

"Nay, now, that is very uncourteous—very unkind, I should *once* have said; but as it is, Miss Hill, I shall only say you have forgotten even to be civil. Perhaps you will resume something of your former gentleness, when I tell you I am come to pay you a friendly visit, and to see your child, and to supply what it may want."

"It wants nothing, Sir Charles; my child is dead; and I want nothing for myself that you can give me. My father forgave—took me back to his home and his heart, wicked as I had been, and I am well in health, and you can do me no good now; so I pray you, sir," struggling to free her hand, which he held, "do not detain me—do not bring me to shame before the neighbours, who would again scorn me if they saw me talking to you. Some one is coming!" she said; and, breaking away from his grasp, she sprang across the stile, with her little sister in her arms, and ran so swiftly along the intervening field which led to her home, that Sir Charles Lennard did not think it would avail him to persist farther at the moment. He stood still, looking after her for several moments, and began to think he should lose

his bet. The rest of the day he passed at the inn, bored to death, as he said to himself.

"There is but one way," he thought, "to settle the business. I must again promise her marriage, and she will again fall into the snare."

So he laid in wait for the poor girl, and too surely found her.

"I have much to say to you, Amy," he began. "You cannot refuse me, for it is the last time I shall ever trouble you—you cannot refuse me a few minutes' conversation."

Her own heart, poor thing, pleaded for the tempter; and she sauntered on by his side, lured by the sound of his voice again to hearken to his deceitful words. He spoke of his love for her—told her innumerable lies of his misery since he had parted from her, and used all those arts, which he had practised a thousand times before, to win her once more into his snare. Finally, she confessed that she still loved him. But this time she was firm in her resolve not to run off with him. So he changed his attack, and said,

"Why, Amy—not to be married?"

"You would not marry me," she said, looking in his face with pleasure and surprise.

"How do you know that?" he replied. "What if I were to say I would marry you, Amy, would you consent to go with me?"

"Are you not jesting?" Are you not deceiving me again? Will you swear to me you are not?"

"As a man of honour, before you and Heaven, Amy, I swear I am not! I promise to make you my wedded wife before four-and-twenty hours are passed, if you choose to become my wife. Say yes, dearest Amy! I will try to make you so very happy; and I think we shall be happy. Put your trust in me."

"If I dared, Sir Charles, I should be very glad. But is it possible, that after—after my wretchedness, you still wish to marry me? Why, I thought no one would marry a poor fallen girl. And do you really say, you would still make me your wife?"

"I do say so! I do wish it! I shall never remember the past to your disadvantage: I shall think only of my own fault. Do you imagine I could ever be so cruel as to reproach you? No, Amy, no! Cast aside all your fears—

come away with me—not to be my love only, as the song says, but to be my wife.”

“And my father!” said the faltering failing girl.

“I will bring you back to your father a happy bride.”

Again she said, mournfully, “My father,—my little sister Emma! what will they do without me?”

“Nay, Amy, that is unkind,—and no thought of me! Say, rather, what shall I do without you?”

All this, and much more, did Sir Charles Lennard say and promise to the poor girl, until love conquered once again, and she fled with him. They stopped two nights on the road; and the next day, in the middle of the high road between — and — Sir Charles Lennard made her get out of the carriage to walk up a hill, as he said. No sooner was she out, than he called to the postillions to drive on as fast as possible; and, looking back, he saw the wretched Amy fling her arms up in the air, and heard her utter one fearful shriek, which rung in his ears for the rest of his life, and then fall down by the way-side.

“I have won my bet,” he repeated, the whole way to town, in order to keep up his spirits; but even that consideration would not quite do to still the sound of that cry; when he arrived in his own luxurious house, and found his dinner-table laid, on the day appointed, he dressed quickly to receive his guests, and make known his success.

Sir Charles received the wages of his iniquity, the story was told in the circle of his associates as one worthy of being enrolled in their dark records, and he was more firmly than ever, seated on the throne of the renown, at which he aimed.

The newspapers announced a few days afterwards, that a fair girl, whose name and place of abode had not yet transpired, was found drowned in the canal which crosses from — to London; the description of her person and dress, answered exactly to that of Amy Hill, but as these were known only to Sir Charles and a few of his intimates, the matter excited no interest, and her untimely end was never farther inquired into. Many a tale equally true, has passed away in like manner, without farther comment in this world.

## CHAPTER XXI.

My lacerated heart is torn,  
 By various sorrows spent and worn;  
 The summer of my life is gone,  
 And I am journeying fast alone,  
 To tenant soon the silent cell,  
 Forgotten, with the worm to dwell.  
 Yet ere I go, and be no more,  
 Oh! might I ope the golden door,  
 Where fancy long has stored delight,  
 And kindred soul would soul requite;  
 Drink of the cup, which makes the dream  
 Of lifeless life, enchanting seem;  
 Taste of the joy so long pursued,  
 The fainting heart's ambrosial food,  
 Then should I not in anguish say,  
 I die—and have *not lived* a day.

M. S.

WHILE this true history of some of the fine gentlemen's loves of London was passing in that metropolis, a scene of far different nature was occurring on the shores of Provence.

As time went on, and that Miss Herbert saw there was no hope of her obtaining Lord de Montmorenci's love, an honest pride came to her assistance, and she began courageously to try her own heart, and discover whether it could not be contented with Sir Edward Mowbray's attachment. She was making this inquiry one morning, when Lord de Montmorenci entered, and looking round the apartment, in search of Lady Herbert, holding a nosegay of beautiful tuberoses in his hand.

"Oh!" said Sarah, rising quickly, and approaching him, "what beautiful flowers! they remind me of a picture by Baptiste."

He tended them to her, that she might inhale their fragrance.

"Oh!" thank you," said Sarah, her eyes glistening with pleasure, and thinking they were destined for her acceptance; "thank you very much," and she gently attempted to take them from his hand.

"Pardon me, they are not for you, Miss Herbert, they are for your mamma."

He said these words coldly, and Sarah turned away to conceal the tears which started to her eyes; in a moment, however, she recovered herself so far, as to be able to say, "I will let mamma know you are here," and left the room.

"Love me, oh, never," she said to herself. "How could I ever suppose it possible? Why have I wasted feeling upon him?" Sarah Herbert was not the first, and it is feared will not be the last, who has asked herself the same unavailing question; for a woman's love is too unselfish to be reasonable. Women love on for a length of time, without any probability of being loved in return; they think, by the very intensity of their passion, to master the heart they desire to subdue. Their love rests on a hope beyond hope, they may be treated with indifference, with wrong, with scorn, and still they will love on; but, on the present occasion, Sarah repeated the words, "they are not for you, Miss Herbert, they are for your mamma," and the truth to which she had been blind for such a length of time, burst at once upon her, and she exclaimed,

"It is her he loves!"

A brief feeling of agony, and a briefer still of jealousy towards the one who had gained Lord de Montmorenci's love, and Sarah had forgiven her rival, and she felt to love her mother with greater love even, than before she knew that she was her rival, for she thought "How much you have borne for my sake, how miserable I must have made you by confessing my passion for De Montmorenci!"

"Poor dear mamma, is it Sarah who has caused you such sorrow? Oh! how I hate myself for it. Yet, I did so love him, I could not keep the secret." Then Miss Herbert reflected on her mother's conduct, during the last month especially, and the more she reflected, the more highly she esteemed and loved her. For Sarah Herbert understood what bitter and hard trial she must have gone through, in being cold even to unkindness, sometimes, to

an object so loved, and she summed up all, by saying, "This she has borne for me, and for my sake, has vowed herself to a second life of wretchedness. Oh! cruel that I have been; but still more cruel should I be, were I not to forget myself for her dear sake, who has done so much for mine. No, dearest mother, your child shall no longer endeavour to come between you and happiness, I will not combat for his love; his love, that never was, that never can be mine,"

Some will say, perhaps, that Sarah was aware of the uselessness of endeavouring to obtain the prize, and therefore resigned the contest; but those who judge her thus, do her wrong. Lord de Montmorenci was Sarah's first love, and like her mother, it might be said of her, *Je meurs ou je m'attache*. She had seen many handsome, or at least, as handsome, and many younger, at all events, but Lord de Montmorenci was the only person whose love she had ever coveted; the feeling had grown up with her from infancy, which gradually ripened into its full perfection, and stood confessed before her in all its

"Rage, and dread, and grief, and care,  
Its complement of stores, and total war."

It was therefore no baby anguish to Sarah, to find that the hope which she cherished so long, even against hope, was at an end; that it would have been sinful in her to have indulged in it any longer. She wept long and bitterly, and the gorgeousness of nature, on which she lifted her eyes, seemed to her, for the first time, distasteful, its brightness was as mockery, to see every thing so gay and happy, to hear the glad scream of the joyous child, and the voice of the happy maiden, as she carolled some native air, light at heart, was a cruel contrast to her own desolate feelings.

"I could be so happy, I could be even as that sunny landscape, even as those festive sounds, all brightness. Oh! why am I to be thus miserable?" ejaculated the young Sarah. "Why thus old and withered, in the very bud and bloom of youth? Do I deserve it?" No, that innocent one deserved it not; but she had yet to learn, that the sun shines on the just and the unjust, and that none are wholly exempted from happiness, none wholly exempt from sorrow; but it is not when a person is very young,



that they can agree to this truth, it requires long years of sad experience in others' histories, as well as in their own, to convince them that it is so. And Sarah Herbert, at that time, only thought, "Why am I not like the smiling sights and sounds I see and hear around me? "Why do I not give out a note of joy?" She thought not that the heart of her who sang the melody, was perhaps, like her own, breaking all the while; but Sarah was not of an age to reflect beyond a certain point, feeling took the lead of reflection. And this it is which makes bliss in youth so much more perfect, than it can be in after years; there is no pause to afford time to think how brief its duration may be, how fallible its promises, but we take it for what it seems, an imperishable and perfect good. Oh! period of existence, too bright to be lasting, to those who do enjoy it, it is a sad preparation for the evil to come, and by those who never have enjoyed it, it is a constant retrospective sadness and regret, which casts a shade over a whole existence.

Lady Herbert entered the room suddenly, and broke in upon Sarah's revery, she spoke rather in an agitated manner, but it was evidently a pleasurable agitation.

"I am come to tell you, dear, that, in despite of my usual cowardice upon the water, I have been persuaded to take a sail this evening, the sea is so calm, and the weather so settled, that not even I can feel afraid, and Sir Edward Mowbray tells me the view of Nice, from the sea, is finer than any other; so, to please him (and she blushed as she spoke,) to please him I have consented. I wish you to accompany us though, Sarah, for you know the excursion will afford him no pleasure, unless you are of the party."

Lady Herbert felt, that she was not open to her child, that the truth was not in her, and she said no more.

"Oh! yes to be sure, mamma, I will do any thing you like, I will go." And she turned from the window, where she had been sitting, and Lady Herbert observed the paleness of her countenance.

"You are not well, dearest," she said, alarmed at her appearance, and forgetting every other thing at the moment but her. "You are not well," and all her anticipations of pleasure vanished in anxiety for her child.

"I am not ill, I assure you, mamma; and I shall enjoy going on the water."

They both tenderly disputed the point for some time;

but, at last, Sarah conquered, and she brought the discussion to a conclusion by saying somewhat peevishly, "I have told you, dear mamma, that I prefer going, so pray let the thing be so decided."

Lady Herbert's hoped-for pleasure was clouded, by this mood of her child's.

The fact is, that though there was much of her mother's disposition in her, she did not possess that even tenour of temper which characterized Lady Herbert, the sweetness of whose disposition had never been denied, even by her enemies; but those who knew her best, and who witnessed the trials to which she had been subjected, were those alone who knew that her deportment through life was not the result of mere constitutional good nature (though that also was her gift,) but the consequence of sound principle, and an unerring adherence to married duty. It was, it ever had been, a cause of regret to her to observe in her child, a want of that equanimity of temper which sweetens existence even in its bitterest moments; but it was her consolation to know, that the nobility of soul, and firm integrity, of her daughter's character, founded on religion, were equal sureties for her upright conduct throughout life.

When Miss Herbert joined her mother and the gentlemen that evening, she endeavoured to smile and to express how glad she was, that they should, for once, at least, look at the view of Nice from the sea.

"I have always been anxious to behold its beauties from that point of view, but I never proposed a water expedition, thinking that mamma would be in such terror all the while, we could not enjoy it." Sarah talked on hurriedly, as if to escape from her own feelings; and her mother smiled in sadness, for she read her heart.

As they walked down towards the port where they were to embark, Miss Herbert relapsed into silence, and when they rested on the ramparts while the boat was preparing, she seemed wrapped in thought. Her eyes wandered unconsciously, in search of Lord de Montmorenci's, and when they met hers, she shrunk within herself, as it were abashed, from their open and confiding gaze, and the sound of his voice when he spoke, made her feel ready to faint, as her heart stopped its pulsation, and then rebounded again with accelerated motion. When Sir Edward Mowbray announced that the boat was ready, she took his arm before

he could offer it, and went hastily down the steps from the rampart and entered the boat before her mother and Lord de Montmorenci. This little incident did not pass unobserved by them. Lord de Montmorenci said exultingly, as though his happiness depended upon it,

"Did you see *that*? Poor Edward! he will be happy for the next week. Do you know, I think Miss Herbert is rather partial to him. Fondness is oftentimes a stepping-stone to love, and I hope it may be so in this instance. Fond, is a good designation for that feeling which precedes love, is it not?"

"Yes, you always give the appropriate word to every shade of feeling."

Lord de Montmorenci slightly pressed the arm which rested upon his, they enjoyed a brief moment of felicity.

"Seated side by side in the boat, they became silent, but how eloquent is such silence! how full of existence are similar moments of unexpressed delight! The town of Nice, the harbour, its sheltering rock, the ramparts, the high mountains beyond, the glowing colouring of sunset, giving richness to the orange-groves and caroubier,\* a thousand light barks skimming the waters in all directions, were objects of such beauty, and harmonized into such a perfect picture, that the delighted eye wandered over the scene and owned no satiety: so novel, so fresh, so animated, was the picture, to be by the side of a beloved object in a small boat, when so slight a barrier divides the persons thus situated, from a life of love here, to a life of eternal love hereafter; when they seem to be parted from all the world beside, and to depend solely on each other, is to be in the most dangerous, or the most delightful of all possible situations.

Sir Edward Mowbray turned to Sarah Herbert, admiring the scene with an expression of enthusiasm, rare in any man, and still more so in an Englishman. He spoke of the enchantment of being in such climates, such scenery, and above all, with such society, in a tone of voice and with such an animated countenance, beaming with truth and love, and intelligence, as could not fail to please any disengaged heart. Miss Herbert tried to smile, tried to be interested, but the attempt was a failure. Sir Edward saw that her

\* A particular evergreen of pale and bright green foliage.

thoughts were wandering, her feelings dead to enjoyment, at last, breaking forth, he said,

"Tell me, Miss Herbert, what *has* power to awaken interest in your breast, to arouse you from this unnatural lethargy; do all these treasures of nature, on which we are gazing, exercise no witchery over you? Could any happy person, or any happy scene have power to move you; do tell me," he said, earnestly; "for if I could obtain for you what you wish, even at the expense of my own happiness, it would be the pride of my existence to think I was instrumental in promoting it. Do not think me presumptuous, indiscreet, in speaking thus: forgive me, if I have offended you."

"No," she replied, in a gentle tone of voice, but it was melancholy, and went to Sir Edward's inmost heart. "No, on the contrary, I am neither insensible to the charms of nature, or to those of kindness."

Sir Edward knew not what interpretation to give these words: he relapsed into silence, and he thought, "This may be true, but it does not affect me." And he made a half-formed resolution that he would leave Nice and try to forget her. "After all," he said with a lover's anger, "there are many other pretty women in the world who would be glad to love me;" and then he sighed, as he added, "but not one other Sarah Herbert in the world!"

The breeze freshened, Lady Herbert called from the opposite side of the boat, "Take care of Sarah, Sir Edward, put another cloak around her," and he did so, and inquired with such tender earnestness how she was, and feared that he had not soon enough thought of offering her another shawl, that even her preoccupied heart, owned his feelings were worthy of being prized; so she aroused herself from the selfish indifference, in which she had indulged, and inquired of Sir Edward with a real interest, if he had lately heard from his favourite sister Clara, who was ill in Devonshire. In an instant he forgave her, her previous coldness and apathy.

"Thank you for inquiring for her; dear Clara is better."

"I am glad of it," Sarah rejoined, "then you will not be obliged to leave Nice till we do."

"Certainly not; I can stay here, and remain where alone I can be happy; but, Miss Herbert, do you care whether I go or stay, or what becomes of me? I dare not flatter my-

self you do—but still—I hope—perhaps—you do not altogether dislike my staying.”

“Dislike, oh, no! on the contrary, I am glad you do; for an English friend in a foreign country, even where that country is as beautiful as this, is a great pleasure, an English countenance is doubly cheering amongst foreign faces.”

It was a pleasant speech, sweet to his hearing; but he dared not at that moment make any farther reply. He feared to break the spell, to awaken from the dream into which he had fallen: they were both silent.

“It is time now,” said Lady Herbert, “to return home; give orders to the boatmen to put us ashore.”

“Not yet, not yet, I beseech you,” said Lord de Montmorenci: “Miss Herbert is well wrapped up, the night is very mild, do not be afraid on her account, let us enjoy this felicity while we may;” and then added, whispering as he spoke, “Dear Mabel, every day, every hour, during our sojourn in this land of Gilead, has brought balm and joy to me, but this evening has been peculiarly redolent of happiness; you have been so natural, so kind, make the remembrance of it perfect, dearest, name the time for our wedding-day. Your child is well now, why should you longer delay to bless me?”

That request startled Lady Herbert from the dream of pleasure in which she had indulged, when, without the definite certainty of bliss, she allowed herself to be rocked into temporary delusion, that it yet existed for her, but the words, “name our wedding-day,” cruelly dispelled her dream, and she knew not what to answer.

“Come, Mabel, do not try my patience longer.”

“To-day is Friday,” said Lady Herbert, with a mournful smile, which she intended should be playful; and seizing upon a superstitious legend of its being an unlucky day, she added, “and so—and so—I will not tell you any thing about the matter at present, but to-morrow or next day I will.”

“Nay, now, Mabel, that is silly,” and he looked hurt and grave: the pleasure of that evening was over for them.

Miss Herbert had mean while been engaged in earnest conversation with Sir Edward; she had replied with apparent interest, to the subject on which he addressed her. She had said something kind, in reference to himself and

to his sister, and then he was imboldened to introduce the subject nearest to his heart.

"It is very good in you," he said, "to think of others' sorrows, for yours is such a happy lot, that the name of sorrow must be unknown to you. Would it could ever remain so!"

Sarah Herbert shook her head: "How little do you know the truth! My youth has been passed in sorrow—in disappointment."

"What can you mean, Miss Herbert? Lady Herbert idolizes you—De Montmorenci loves you—" she gasped for breath till he completed the sentence, "De Montmorenci loves you as his own child—every one loves, every one admires you: rank, fortune, beauty, youth are yours—what can you require more?"

"To be loved by one who loves me not:" she blushed deeply and bowed her head.

"By whom?"

"That I can never tell to mortal."

"It cannot, then, be my love she wishes for," Sir Edward thought; "yet, since she says *her* love is hopeless, that lends a hope to mine. Oh! tell me all," he said, with a tender tremulousness in his voice, which is so touching, so winning to the ear of woman. "Oh! tell me all your sorrows, and if my poor love could in any way obliterate the past, or prove acceptable as a soothing guerdon to your sorrows, how earnestly would I press it on your acceptance. This much I will say of my humble love, that it is as sincere, honest, and undivided, as it is fervent; you and you only, I love, my own relations excepted, and they (shame to me,) they are nothing to me, compared with what I feel for you. I have never till this moment dared to tell you this, and it is strange, that I should do so now—now, when you tell me that your heart is engaged; but love is strange, and builds up hope on the other's failures. You cannot, perhaps, love me as I do you, but even the thousandth part of your heart, would be more than another's whole of feeling. Does this confession meet with an indulgent hearing, or must I leave you for ever? Tell me, Miss Herbert, may I go on loving you thus? Will you let me try to win you? Speak, I conjure you, dearest Miss Herbert!"

His eyes, his manner, his tone of voice, guaranteed his sincerity. He was not the one she loved—but he loved her—she felt that he was honest and true—that she might

waste all her young years in vain regret, for the love of one who would never care for her, and she might continue to be a bar to her mother's happiness, without obtaining her own; pride too, strove with weakness, and she heard Sir Edward's declaration, with a reflected sort of pleasure; it consoled her to think she was loved by some one, even as she could have loved; so she tried all the while to take courage and pity upon herself, and she thought too, upon her mother—that mother so tenderly beloved by her, and without allowing herself time for farther reflection, lest she should quail from her resolve. She replied,

"If you are sure you do thus love me, I am glad to put myself under the shelter of your kindly protection, and am happy to accept you as my husband."

"Then you will be mine, Sarah, till death us do part?"

"Yes," she repeated; "Till death us do part."

He took her hand—he kissed it rapturously. She pressed the hand which held hers with a kindly pressure; and now the boat neared the shore, and now they landed.

Sarah Herbert felt, as they walked home to the *Maison Baryllis* together, "He will do all in his power to make me happy," and she was grateful—but the whole scene through which she had just passed, seemed to her like a troubled dream; it appeared to her so sudden, so incredible, that she should have left the shore a few hours before—in secret, a self-immolated victim—devoted to a passion, hopeless of return, and that now she should have bound herself for life, to one, whom she did *not* love: she did not, however, repent of what she had done; for she was certain her trust in Sir Edward was not misplaced. She foresaw for herself, in all human probability, a quiet peaceful mediocrity of happiness, and she said, "I ought to be thankful." But the heart is rebellious, even after it has been subdued; and it was not such a nature as Sarah Herbert's, or the nature of so young a heart, as to be at once happy, under the prospect of a sober bliss. There is such a thing as a woman's determining to act prudently against all the dictates of feeling, and that not from vanity and ambition, but from a sense of rectitude and duty. Is it right or wrong in her to do so? It is a hard question to answer. Certain it is, that the person who could persuade any one so to act, would incur a fearful responsibility, and yet how many parents, mothers especially, in the conviction that they are serving their children's interests, pursue this dangerous

system; they forget they once were young, and the fond beating of the youthful heart, they coolly consign to be stilled for ever.

When the party reached their home, the brilliant moon which had succeeded to the gorgeous sunset had gone down, and the darkness of a starless night closed upon the scene.



## CHAPTER XXII.

Here lies a wretched corse,  
Of wretched soul bereft,  
Seek not my name——

TIMON OF ATHENS.

IT had often been remarked, and wondered at by a certain class of wise persons, who stand aloof and look on at fashionable society, with a mixture of pity and amazement, how Sir Charles Lennard continued to find means to live in the expensive style he did; many envied his *scavoir faire*, and would have done the same if they could; some blamed, but the generality of the people contented themselves with that common-place vulgarity of occupation, *wondering*. His house, his dress, equipage, stud, table, mistress, were all of the first order, and his real income was known to be totally inadequate to any one of these expensive pleasures. How then did he obtain them? Some shook their heads and said, "in no honest way;" others declared Miss Clermont was his banker, "that is the secret spell by which she retains him in her train," may be so, but (said another better informed person) "I suspect he lives by still less honest means." And it was a suspicion entertained by a great majority of the respectable members of society. However, as in this blessed land, no person can be criminated on suspicion, the charge of which they stand accused must be brought against them openly and proved, or else discarded and silenced for evermore. So hitherto Sir Charles passed current in society, and by his own set was made much of, praised, imitated, *proné*. He was of an ancient family—his ancestor was the famous Sir Godfrey Lennard, and his nearer forefathers were of high reputation; but his father and grandfather had been extravagant, and impoverished themselves to so vast an extent, that the princely fortune his illustrious ancestor, Sir Godfrey, had honourably amassed was reduced to a bare suffi-

ciency, and, had it not been that Sir Charles had a long minority, he would not have had wherewithal to keep himself afloat in his own station.

There is a fall and rise in families which is generally to be traced to the conduct of some of its members: that which the unreflecting call good fortune, may almost always be resolved into good conduct; the sudden windfalls of riches and prosperity which at times occur to most people are as unsteady in the choice of those on whom they light, and as unstable in their duration, as the wind that blows away chaff and seed together.

In the time of the good Sir Godfrey, the Lennard family was at its height of splendour and prosperity, and then also was its chief, a man renowned for virtue, as for deeds of glory; so his house was established in righteousness; but, after his death, the first blot in their escutcheon was the dishonour of one of its female members, who proved faithless to her husband, and it was rumoured at the time, and passed on by tradition, brought a spurious heir into the family; certain it is, from that time, the Lennard star was no longer in the ascendant, and it gradually decreased in splendour even to the present day. For though the representative of the family did not in his manners and bearing belie his high descent, still he was tacitly allowed to be one of the most dissolute characters of his class and time.

The family seat of the Lennard family, Lennard Hall, was still in his possession, thanks to its having been strictly entailed; so that if he had desired it ever so anxiously, he could not have disposed of it; but, strange to say, though he had no care to retrieve the fallen fortunes of his house, or lure back fame, or at least virtue to his name, he yet had a feeling of attachment to, and pride in Lennard Hall; and he liked to talk of Sir Godfrey's armour, quizzingly, but in reality with infinite self-pride; and to look at the faded trophies he had gained in battle, which hung in tattered remnants in the great hall, and he remembered every tradition attached to the place; and, though every acre of ground, even up to the door of the entrance, was let out to graziers and farmers, and the whole scene wore an appearance of desertion and decayed grandeur, yet he never missed going there once or twice a year; and sometimes whilst walking up and down the noble library, formed by Sir Godfrey, whose bust or picture was in every part of the building, Sir Charles would sigh unconsciously, and wish

he could live in the halls of his ancestors, and see the glory of his house revive again. Yes, he wished these barren, fruitless wishes, without changing an iota of his riotous, idle, worthless existence. Like many other better men in the same circumstances, he did not like residing on his domains, from a false mistaken pride, which prevents people from living on their estates, because they cannot maintain the show and parade which was kept up in the time of their forefathers.

Sir Charles had once taken Miss Clermont there, and shown her the remnants of its by gone greatness, and with vainglory drove her over the park, although it could no longer boast its thousand head of deer, and its vast unenclosed grass-lands, ploughed up as it was, in part, and affording fodder to the cattle who were on their way to the London market. But it had still the monument erected to the great Sir Godfrey, and the triumphal arch under which he passed after his last great victory, and the obelisk on which his achievements were recorded, and which his ancestors accounted to be more precious even than his possessions. Miss Clermont, however, only sneered when he talked of his departed greatness, and asked him, laughing, "Why he did not imitate Sir Godfrey, since he admired him so much." Sir Charles tried to laugh, too, but it was a forced laugh—it was a bad joke there, in that particular spot, where every dormant remnant of feeling or of pride, was aroused to goad him; so he felt wounded to the heart's core, but he did not dare to say so, and he hastened his departure, to return to his accustomed mode of life, and drown reflection, in what he called pleasure. But the woman who had once been instrumental to that pleasure, was now loathsome to him, and he was punished by one of the chief instigators of his crimes; he was dependent upon her, and he hated her.

"No," he thought as he passed under the triumphal gateway, which was never opened but to himself, and as the old porter bowed low to the sometimes master of the domains, "No, I will never bring you here again; you are not worthy of beholding such a scene. When I come, if ever, it shall be alone, as though to visit the sepulchre of my fathers; you have no business here to scorn their shades." It seems strange that such a man, leading such a life, should mingle reflections like these with his habitual desecrations of every thing that was pure, every thing that was noble;

but of such mixed texture will be found the human mind, and seldom is it wove in a web of even tissue, whether it be of a bright or of a dark hue.

So Sir Charles felt sorry that he had ever taken his mistress to Lennard Hall, and he reddened with anger, as he remembered that she had with her usual impudence hung her own miniature under the portrait of Sir Godfrey, painted by Vandyck. It was an indifferently-executed miniature, and represented the likeness of Miss Clermont not as she had been, in the days of her beauty, before vice had set its seal on her forehead, but as she was *now*, with a bold expression of defiance on her countenance, and a meretricious air, which marked her out for what she was. "I shall order it to be taken down," he thought, and he looked with additional dislike at the original. But, either he forgot to do so, or he dared not; for there is no tyranny equal to that which a bad bold woman exercises over the man she has subjugated and taken within her toils. So the miniature is there where Miss Clermont placed it, to this day; and the person who shows Lennard Hall, when he points to Vandyck's portrait of the great Sir Godfrey, and that visitors look at the daub beneath with surprise, says, "That is one of the family,—Miss Clermont!" So much for family pride.

Sir Charles continued to lead the same life, and shortly after the dinner-party described in the preceding chapter, he gave a *fête* at his villa at Blackheath, to which all the great, or those who had any claims to beauty or talent in fashionable society were invited; but, strange to say, not half a dozen persons went,—not even some of his own particular friends, as he had styled them. The circumstance, however, was not taken public notice of at the time; but, in a few weeks, the *bruit sourd*, that had long muttered disgrace, coupled with his name, now broke into open rumour, and Sir Charles Lennard was accused of cheating at play, and on the turf. For many years he had braved the charge,—a strong party was in his favour; some very upright and honourable persons said, he was an injured man, and the victim of slander, that they would support him and prove the charge untrue. But it would not do; he was proved beyond a doubt to have cheated at play, and society scouted him. For a time, the lower orders of persons, who it must be allowed, are generally lenient to their superiors, said, "It is impossible that one of the nobles should have

done such a thing as cheat at play!" for his family was too well known and too much looked up to, not to make the business one, which was discussed from the ale-house to the drawing-room; and there were voices who were heard to declare that they thought some of his associates had covertly gone shares with him in fraud; but they all made plausible excuses of "not liking to be the first to *blow a friend*," and in such a business it is so difficult to sift the wrong from the right, that it is better to let a few rogues off, than cast an undeserved imputation on the innocent. Yet though the world, in general, suffered this lenient sentence to pass current, it was one of those verdicts, which leaves an indelible stain on the integrity of character. So the upright and the strict, pronounced Sir Charles Lennard's intimates to be little better than himself.

It was thought Sir Charles would not be able to stand the disgrace which had at last fallen upon him; but, on the contrary, he seemed at first to make very light of the matter—braved the opinion of the world, which he pronounced to be one universal humbug—and appeared after a short time at his old haunts—addressed his former acquaintances as usual, and tried to bully public opinion. But the game was up—his day was over—those who from extreme good nature (and there are a few such in the world,) felt inclined not to cut him, dared not hold out their hand, for fear of suspicion being cast upon themselves if they appeared to take his part; and he found himself passed unnoticed as a stranger, by all those who had sat at his board, and shared his crimes. He felt this was unjust, but he found to his cost, in despite of the proverb, that there is no "honour among thieves." So nothing that he could do, would restore him to his lost post in society, as a gentleman and a man of honour—the only reputation, which it is moral death to a man to lose in the gay world, since your man of honour has a wide field to roam in, providing only, that he cheats not at play.

Sir Charles Lennard, therefore, left England, and wandered about from place to place, seeking rest and finding none, bearing the feigned name of Sir Launcelot Stevenson. For the rest of his wretched existence, he roamed about a marked man, and his only pleasure was hovering on the shores of France, to catch a glimpse sometimes at some well known face, or receive a sort of frightened "How d'ye do, Lennard?" from a passing acquaintance, who looked

round to see that no one else observed the recognition. And yet this man would take the same pains with his toilette—with the superintendence of his dinner, and the appearance of some novel debutante at a provincial theatre, as he was wont to do in Paris and London. At length, lapsing again into his propensities at the gambling-tables, he was discovered—ruined by one of his own class, more expert than himself, and stripped of all means to procure himself those pleasures which alone made life, to him, desirable. He wished to put an end to his existence, but had not the nerve left to commit that crime. So he lived on, to extreme old age, a miserable spectacle of fallen humanity, and a warning to all, who may be tempted to follow the same career. He literally died, without leaving wherewithal to bury him.

Miss Clermont was now grown old; prematurely, it might be said; but, strange to add, she still held a sort of court, and commanded attention from the circle which she had contrived to keep around her by means of money and flattery, the two great keys of power. Loved by no one, and loving none, her punishment was to live on, without enjoyment here, or hope of an enjoyment hereafter.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Je t'aime tant, je t'aime tant,  
 Je ne puis assez te le dire,  
 Et je le répète pourtant  
 A chaque instant que je respire;  
 Absent, présent, de près, de loin,  
 T'aimer est le mot que je trouve,  
 Seul, avec toi, devant témoins,  
 On je le pense, on je l'éprouve.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Ton Cœur est tout mon bien ma Loï  
 Te plaire est tout mon envie:  
 Enfin *en toi, par toi, pour toi*  
 Je respire et tiens à la vie,  
 Ma bien aimée, oh! mon trésor  
 Qu'ajouterai-je à ce langage?  
 Dieu que je t'aime! et bien encore  
 Je voudrais t'aimer d'avantage.

THE day after the excursion of Lady Herbert and her party on the Mediterranean, Sarah, in a few words, informed her mother that she had consented to marry Sir Edward Mowbray.

Lady Herbert's first feeling on hearing this unexpected announcement was one of joy, and she exclaimed, "Have you, indeed, Sarah, consented to become Sir Edward's wife, how happy I am!" but she had scarcely pronounced these words, when a fear succeeded that her child would *not* be happy. How could she? marrying one man and loving another; and Lady Herbert casting away all thought of self, and stifling the wish that it should be so, replied to her child.

"Sarah, dearest, are you very sure you will not repent of having made this promise? Have no concealment from me, your loving mother (and she endeavoured to still the beating of her heart as she spoke.) Have you then conquered your love for Lord de Montmorenci? Can you, without perjury, swear eternal fealty to another? If so, I rejoice at your having consented to marry Sir Edward Mowbray, for he is a good man, and dotingly fond of you. If you marry him, willingly, cheerfully, I am happy to intrust you to his care for life; because I am certain he will prove a good husband. Sarah, from my own sad experience, I have proved, it is not beauty of person, or fascination of manner, or an ideal kind of love, (which finds no habitation upon this earth,) that constitutes felicity; steady affection, good temper, good principle, are the ingredients which form true and abiding happiness. I think Sir Edward Mowbray possesses all these qualities, but I am afraid, my dear child," she added, with a melancholy smile, "it is of no avail, that I speak the sober language of truth to you, now, for I set you a bad example, one that belies my precepts; yes, I have pursued a vision, and you saw the result. Yet it is my duty to set these views of life before you, the real and the ideal. I fear, my poor dear, you are not formed to be content with merely esteeming your husband—your heart will pine in the midst of plenty—you will sigh for the unattained—the imagined happiness, and loathe the true. Think well, Sarah, if you will have sufficient courage and virtue, never to wish for other love than that which Sir Edward Mowbray can bestow; for it is better not to vow allegiance, than vow, and not pay;—better perhaps, in short, to love some one with the full tide of the young heart's affections, even should they fail to realize our dream of bliss, than never to dream that dream; to feel that 'We die, and have not lived a day,' to suffer any thing, every thing, in short, sooner than wither in a joyless existence with all the means of happiness around, but no power to taste that happiness. Some would think, Sarah, that I did you wrong in speaking thus to you, my child, and that I turned your mind, from a state of abiding and sober happiness, to one of romance and illusion; but I feel I am fulfilling a duty to you. Few there are, who think and feel as I do; but doing so, and believing my child to share her mother's disposition, I



only warn you to examine your own feelings thoroughly, and not to attempt from any pique, or temporary disappointment, to rush into a situation which you may repent."

"Dearest mamma, all you say is most kind—most true; but fear not for me: if I marry Sir Edward Mowbray, I will never break my faith to him—I will never allow myself to recur to the past, or to think of a future, apart from him. I do not love him—I will not say I do—but I like him, and he is fond of me—and it is in vain, you know it is in vain, that I wait for Lord de Montmorenci's love, it never can be mine—so I have determined to marry Sir Edward Mowbray."

These words made Lady Herbert turn sick at heart; she thought for the first time, "Sarah knows he loves me!" but ere she could give utterance to what she wished to say, her daughter continued speaking: "I should only pine away my youth, in a vain indulgence of a misplaced affection. Hitherto, I think I have never betrayed my love for him to himself, but I have felt my courage failing me lately. Several times I have been near betraying myself, and, if I had done so, I never should have recovered the humiliation;—that is, not a way of speaking, dearest mamma, it is the truth:" and Sarah drew herself up, and her lip curved with that expression of beautiful scorn, which personified the Grecian sculptor's imagery of disdain. "No," she went on to say, "no, dearest mamma, no one knows my weakness, save yourself. My best chance of conquering it, is to bind myself to another. I will place an impassible gulf between De Montmorenci and myself, and then my task will be easier. I could not trifle with Sir Edward Mowbray any longer; it would have been cruel, dishonourable, to have done so. I have not formed my determination hastily, though its execution was sudden. I do not repent the step I have taken. I have done what is best for my own tranquillity, and will endeavour to make Sir Edward Mowbray's happiness."

"May it prove so, my own dear Sarah; but remember it is not loving first, but loving wrong that is shame! Your love for De Montmorenci is pure and honourable; perhaps in time it might meet with its return." "How can you so deceive her!" whispered the mother's conscience, as she faintly spoke these words; "but it is my duty to speak

thus; I must leave nothing unsaid, which could save my child from a rash vow."

"No, mamma, give me no such hope, for there is none, I will marry Sir Edward Mowbray; I will be a good wife, and make him happy; there is joy in making another's happiness, and that joy will be mine—give me your blessing, dearest mamma, and let us not talk any more on the subject. Will you announce my marriage to De Montmorenci, for though its announcement will give him a friendly joy, I am so weak, I dare not trust myself to hear his congratulations." And she put her arms fondly round her mother's neck, and they mutually felt that they could sacrifice all that made life precious to them for each other's sake. But it was Lady Herbert only who wept, and whose tears fell on her child.

"Do not weep, dearest mamma; your tears I cannot bear. I had hoped to have passed through existence, without ever causing you to shed one tear—at least, one of which I should have been the willing occasion; let that proud boast be mine still." And she smiled a radiant smile, which bursting through the gloom of her previous expression, only served to rend her mother's heart, not sooth its grief.

It is fortunate that the trivial circumstances attendant upon the common cares of daily life, break in upon moments of trial, and lower the tone of feeling, whether we will it or not, and by their own uninteresting character, act as sedatives to the excited feelings. Both mother and daughter felt relieved when the entrance of a servant to ask orders respecting the hour of dinner broke in upon their conversation, and that other interruptions followed of the same kind. There is no continued train of feeling, which lasts long undisturbed or unbroken—the sombre and the brilliant mingle with each other, the tear and the smile, the sublime and the ridiculous, alternately appear to our view, in rapid succession. It is scarcely possible to separate the one from the other for any length of time; these changes, this mutability, preaches to all a lesson—happy those to whom it is not preached in vain!

After Miss Herbert's marriage had been announced to Lord de Montmorenci, the whole faubourg rung with the news, and baskets of flowers came from all the venders of them, in token of congratulation.

Lord de Montmorenci's joy became visible; he tried to conceal it, but it was in vain; it manifested itself in a thousand ways, and Sarah Herbert felt more than ever confirmed in her idea of having done right in accepting Sir Edward Mowbray; and she succeeded in assuming a joyousness of spirits, which she did not feel, and Sir Edward Mowbray was deceived. Self-love whispered to him, that her former coldness had originated in doubt of his attachment to her. How fortunate that there is such a thing as self-love! how often it bestows a contentment we should never otherwise enjoy! it is only the overweening excess of it, which renders us unamiable or ridiculous.

But Lady Herbert was not deceived—from the moment her child had taken the resolution of becoming Sir Edward's wife, she had known no peace: previously, she had during her stay at Nice, avoided coming to any definite conclusion. She had not allowed herself to brood over the painful situation in which she was placed, with regard to her daughter, and had let day go by after day, enjoying the false calm, and dangerous illusion by which she was surrounded. But now, when there was a clear view presented to her of actual life; it was impossible she should longer indulge in this unsubstantial enjoyment; and she could not endure to think in despite of every thing which Sarah had said to reconcile her to the thought—that her young darling should have chosen a dry path of duty—bound with a heavy chain, to render her youth arid, and rugged even in its earliest season of opening existence, when something of flower and of sunshine, generally gilds and decorates the path of life. “But can I reverse the decree? No, it is in vain. Were I to tell her love to De Montmorenci—were I to say to him, transfer your love from me to my child—were I to point out her superior beauty—alas! have I not done so?—her youth, her freshness, her virtues, her talents, and say, there she is as part of myself, as dear to me as my heart's blood, love her instead of me; would he so love her? could he so love her? No.” And Lady Herbert's feelings chafed and boiled with contradictory emotions, as she pronounced that *no*. But she thought, “My child shall never know for certain that I have been a bar to her felicity—I will never become his wife. The same sacrifice shall be made on my part, as though Sarah had never married another. I will not taste a happiness so

dearly bought, as that of wounding my child's feelings by the knowledge that her mother was her rival." Whether or not, Lady Herbert could have fulfilled her determination, may be questioned; the sequel will show the close of this romantic story of a real life.

Under the influence of this determination, Lady Herbert's countenance again became sad; and, in despite of her strenuous endeavours to conceal the gloom which took possession of her, it was too plain to those who did so dearly love her, as her child and Lord de Montmorenci loved her, that she was suffering anguish. So Sarah guessed, and Lord de Montmorenci caught the infection of her gloom; and when he tenderly questioned her as to the cause of this change, she denied that there was any truth in the supposition; and he would cease to urge her to be open with him, and become very grave, almost displeased. This would last for some days, and then again forgetting the past, she tried to act—she threw off the cold reserve of her manner towards him; her welcome was as warm when he came to pay his daily visits to the *Maison Baryllis* as formerly. She smiled fondly on him, and he knew not what to think; and he became seriously displeased, and thoroughly unhappy.

At length, he asked her the reason of her strange unequal deportment towards him, and she burst into tears, and said, "Do not, I beseech you, press me upon the subject; let it suffice you to know, I have cause for misery—hopeless misery. Do not add to my distress by being angry with me."

"Angry with *you*, Mabel! that is not the word for what I feel; but allow me to say, you are unjust to me, to yourself, to have any secrets from me now. I am not of a humour to bear this long; I love you too well, too deeply; either I must be all to you, or nothing." He spoke with a grave serenity, which made her tremble, for she thought she perceived a determination to break from, and to forget her.

"Wait," she said, "till we are in England, and that Sarah's marriage has taken place, before you pronounce irrevocably, what your determination respecting me may be. I implore of you, dearest De Montmorenci, by all our past trials, by all our past hopes, I implore of your goodness,

your justice, to suspend all judgment of me, till the epoch I have named—that of Sarah's wedding-day."

From the time of this conversation, there was no more brightness in the sunshine of Nice for them, nor in its flowery shores, and they took their departure to England, with the consciousness, "that brief's the joy of all that passeth here."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,  
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
 Give warning to the world that I am fled  
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;  
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it; for I love you so,  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 Oh! if (I say) you look upon this verse,  
 When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;  
 But let your love even with my life decay:  
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

THE Herberts are once more in London, where, after necessary arrangements with lawyers, and other preliminaries attendant upon a marriage were settled, to the satisfaction of Lady Herbert, and Sarah's guardian, Lord de Montmorenci, she was united to Sir Edward Mowbray. From the time of her having informed Lady Herbert, that she had decided to accept him, she never wavered, but maintained the same composure of demeanour, and assured her mother, that she believed in time she should forget the past.

"Sarah," replied the former, "I hope so; but I tremble for you. Remember, even at the altar's foot, should you repent, it is not too late to retract."

"Dearest mamma, I have only one favour to implore of you; from this moment, let us never resume the subject." And they sealed the promise, that they would not, with a kiss.

Miss Herbert had desired that her wedding should take place privately in St. George's church. As Sir Edward's mother was attending his sick sister, there was no opposition to this her wish; and, accompanied by Lady Herbert, her guardian, and attended by her old nurse, Martha, she took her way to the altar, without bridemaids, without orange-flowers, without any of the usual appendages, which accompany the marriage rites. During the service she was rigidly composed; but, at its close, and that the moment came when every child feels a natural pang at the thought that they are to leave their parent, and become another's, even under the brightest auspices, the most inebriating love at that parting moment, there is a pang of sorrow. Sarah Herbert could bear the mask no longer; she threw herself into her mother's arms, and asked her blessing, and wept long and with a bitterness which distressed Lady Herbert: in vain, the latter endeavoured to whisper peace and joy in her child's ear; in vain, she tried to think and to believe the words she spoke to sooth her.

Sarah Herbert, now Sarah Mowbray, said, "For the last time I will not be controlled; I will weep without stint or measure, and then after this indulgence to my full heart, you shall not have to blush for your child, dearest mother—you shall see that I am happy."

By the time the bride had changed her apparel, she had again resumed her composure, and she walked to the carriage which was to convey her away, leaning on the arms of Lady Herbert and Lord de Montmorenci; another pressure to her mother's heart, another blessing, and then she said in an impressive manner, "Lord de Montmorenci, take care of mamma till we meet again." And, then accepting her husband's extended hand, she leaped into the carriage, which awaited to take them to the villa, where they were to pass the first months of their marriage, and where Lady Herbert was to follow them.

When the latter found herself alone, after the excitement had passed away—alone with all her misery—she said, "There remains but one trial more. I cannot go through it to-day, but to-morrow I will, for the sooner it is over the better!" and she requested Lord de Montmorenci to come to her at an early hour.

The long summer evening passed slowly away; Lady Herbert endeavoured to make a dispassionate review of her whole life, from its earliest epoch to the present. She

wrote down what she felt and what she thought; for to her it was more natural to give out her thoughts in writing than by words, and perhaps, too, she imagined it would be more easy to give this transcript of herself in writing, than by spoken words.

"Never to have remembered my parents, was the first misfortune I can note down in the records of my book of life. Fond and good as my aunt was, still I asked for papa and mamma, and never was weary of asking about them; the romance (since it is thus all feelings must be called, which overpass the measured space allotted to their exercise,) the romance of my affections first spent themselves on flowers and animals: the birth of the first violets, were for me an epoch of delight; my birds, my dogs, above all, lived with me as dear friends. I lisped 'in numbers for the numbers came,' the very look of poetry attracted my attention, and I devoured at first, with indiscriminate ardour, all that was placed within my reach. But soon my aunt's fine and correct judgment turned me away from this trash, to a better choice of literature; and, at a very early age, I knew great portions of the best poets by heart, reciting them to myself, as I walked, and peopling the very air with imagery. But this vague indefinite enchantment soon made me long to embody my thoughts on some one dearer than the rest. I longed to love—and then with what fictitious colouring I painted to myself the object to whom I should devote myself. My aunt soon brought me forward on the scene of life—I enjoyed the full tide of admiration, which flowed in upon me—but I was not vain of my beauty, still less envious of another's: it seemed to me an hereditary right. I wore it meekly as a garment that was mine, but not with any overweening pride, or any astonishment at my own superiority. I looked around all the gay throng, and still I was alone;—*to be alone* was the terrible doom pronounced against me. I am still alone—I must live and die *alone*—the first pulses of my heart were awoke by beauty. Yes, it seems to me now, strange that it should have been so; but so it was—my eyes betrayed my judgment. I loved as I alone can love; and I invested the object of my passion with all those qualities which I wished him to possess; in fine, I bestowed the love which I imagined I received; to give you one illustration, which may serve for all the rest: I was in the habit of writing in most of my books, *given by H.*, by way of proving that he loved and understood like-



nature, which he did not;—in short, nothing could be more dissimilar in all that constitutes the charm of intimacy; yet was it not a crime in him, that thus it should have been; it was as unreasonable to quarrel with him on this score, as to quarrel with one who is blind, because he is blind. It was the unusual mould into which my being was cast, which rendered me the sport and derision of cooler hearts and heads. I married—the enchantments I had woven of bliss, fell like scales from my eyes, and I saw no longer the ideal, but the real world. The whole of that tragedy makes me shudder! again a transport sprung up for me in my child—alas! and mutually we have made each other's wretchedness. But her noble sacrifice shall not be left unrequited; if she has not obtained the meed of felicity, her mother shall never wound her by a too painful contrast of her own fate with her child's, or by the knowledge, that she is the being who has stood between her and the bliss, which without her, she might have enjoyed. But to think soberly of all this, what ought it to inculcate? What is the lesson to be deduced from it? My sad history of love! perhaps, it is that there can be no perfect bliss on earth, that this love of mine was idolatrous—that it is inconsistent with the state of things below, and that in some way or other where it does exist, and oh! how seldom that is, it never ends happily—never conduces to the welfare of ourselves or others. The evening of my days is now fast closing in—I must look to other far-off lands—I must wean myself gradually from all below. Dear De Montmorenci, the task I own is hard, but it must be attempted; yes, I must burst these terrestrial bonds, and other regions try.”

When Lord de Montmorenci came the next day at the appointed hour, Lady Herbert placed the foregoing paper in his hand.

“Alas! what need of writing now,” he said, reproachfully, as he received the paper; but he sat down and read it—that which he had long feared, was plainly detailed, and confirmed to him by Lady Herbert's note. Lady Mowbray had loved him—he saw at once all the delicacy which had actuated the conduct both of mother and daughter. Hitherto, he had only faintly guessed at the cause of Lady Herbert's apparent caprice of manner, but now, every doubt was made clear—all was divulged.

After the first moment of disappointment of that joy, which he had conceived to be absolutely within his reach,

he had recourse to such persuasion, such reasoning, such entreaty, as Lady Herbert would have been made of stone altogether, to resist; but all he could obtain, however, was a promise that if, in a year's time, Sarah's happiness with Sir Edward Mowbray, appeared to be sincere and secure, that then she would become his wife; in despite of all her gentleness—of all her avowed love for Lord de Montmorenci. He left her that day, evidently wounded in spirit, and with an avowal, that he thought he was only secondary in her heart. What a pang this unjust and untrue reproach cost her, can only be understood by those who have loved as she loved, and sacrificed herself as she did, to a sense of tenderness and duty.

When next he met Lady Herbert, it was to find her daughter, Lady Mowbray, hanging over her in intense anxiety. She had been summoned by the faithful Martha to come to her mother, who had been suddenly taken ill, and she had not lost a moment in returning to Herbert House.

About this time, the cholera was raging in many parts of England, and several persons had fallen victims to it in London. The pestilence, for such it might be called, was spreading rapidly throughout the City, and many fled, thinking to escape its contagion by change of place. Hitherto, however, it had been confined to the lowest rank of persons—to the poor, and those destitute of the luxuries of rich food and clothing—and those who were of this class, thought it would never come nigh them. Still every one looked daily in the newspapers, to see what number had fallen a prey to the disease. But, notwithstanding that active and zealous human means were resorted to, for giving instant relief to the sufferers, still they—that is to say, the great and the rich of the land, had never yet been visited by the plague; it had never entered their palaces; and hitherto, their door-posts seemed to have been marked out by the angel of mercy, to pass over without injuring them. So by the greater part of the thoughtless and dissipated members of society, the cholera was bid defiance to; and they dreamt not of the award which might be pronounced any moment against themselves. But all were not so hardened, and in the mean while every precaution which human reason and skill could devise, was resorted to, to prevent or alleviate the scourge. Families busied themselves in preparations to afford succour to the necessitous, and public prayers were offered up for the national safety.

Still the presumptuous and the unreflecting, saw nothing in this visitation of Providence, but a casualty.

It was the season of revels, when the pestilence was most rife, the weather was bright, and warm, vegetation was rich, and luxurious; the gaiety of nature contrasted painfully with the mourning, in which so many were plunged. But still the gay world danced on its round of pleasure, as though no such evil existed. Thus it was in former times: few of the great and wealthy of the land repented them of the evil of their ways, or bethought them of their sins. On the contrary, pleasure was more eagerly pursued than ever, to drown all thought; nor was there any check to this presumptuous folly, till the warning came down upon their own class, and that they saw it was not luxury or wealth which could preserve them from the commissioned scourge.

The first among the nobility who fell a victim to cholera, was a very young and beautiful woman; she had been for weeks previously the gayest of the gay throng in which she lived and moved, and had her being. Night after night, that beautiful countenance had been seen mingling among themselves, when suddenly one morning, she was declared to be dying of the fatal disease, for which no remedy was known. A few hours of excruciating agony—then the collapse—and she was dead. Her astonished friends and relatives stood around in speechless sorrow and amaze.

This lady was related to too many noble families, for her awful and sudden end not to strike them with astonishment and horror, and awaken some from their presumptuous security; still does the example of *one*, however great, however beautiful, whether they fall the victim to sin, or shame, or death, ever rouse the general mass of persons from the danger of pursuing a similar course? How many among the number of the gayest, the most noble, as well as in lower life, have forsaken duty, and all that the world can give of good, to pursue some darling vice to which they have fallen victims, and how many of the young and fair, have been called away suddenly, in the midst of a brilliant career, yet none of these things seem to deter others from following in the same track, or remembering that they, too, are mortal!

Thus was it, when Lady ——'s death was the theme of general regret, and topic of conversation for a few brief days. Yet never, perhaps, was there a more striking instance than in hers, of how small consequence any one in-

dividual is to society in general. It was curious and melancholy to observe, how a person, who but a few days previously to her death, was courted and adulated above all others, after the first week of her decease, was remembered no more.

There was no empty space in the crowded ball room at ——— House, the night after her death; there never is at any gay assemblage of persons. One idol succeeds another to which the world pays homage, and the world's idol *never dies*. It would not be consistent with the nature of its government, were death and change permitted to make any visible effect amongst its members. So Lady S——'s removal out of their sight, was not distinguishable by any marked difference, in the manners, or on the countenance of those who frequented the parties, and balls, and theatres, where she had shone amongst them, fairest!

But she was not the only victim, who was attacked by the disease; the awful pestilence now made its way among the wealthy, as well as amongst the poor of the land, and there was no rank, or set, or age, exempt from its malignant influence.

Lady Herbert and her daughter had never been of those who mocked, when the fear first came upon the land, neither had they been of those who were so terrified, that they spent their days in guarding or preparing against its attack, with a busy activity of preparation, which seemed to put a trust in Providence aside; for as Lady Herbert often said: "if God wills that we should be seized with this malady, we shall be so; common prudence is to be observed, and those human means resorted to, which are said to be safeguards; but our security should not rest in these." Under this alarm, as under all previous trials, Lady Herbert had preserved the same beautiful trust in and entire dependence upon a higher power, and it might have been supposed, that if one being existed, who deserved to escape the phials of wrath, that were at that time poured out upon the nation, she was that person. But man seeth, not as God seeth.

If Lady Herbert's life and her sorrows have been faithfully narrated—if the portraiture of her very peculiar character has been truly delineated—if the reader has entered into, and understood the minute and delicate shades of which it is composed, it must appear surprising how her youth of heart and vigour of mind survived the various trials which she passed through. So long as bodily strength enabled her

to struggle with sorrow, she had never been entirely laid low; but the last hope of a happiness, such as she had represented that ideal happiness to be, of which the image had never been effaced from her mind, since it formed a part of her being, and could only cease to be, when she ceased to exist; that last hope, being cut off, she sank under the privation. Her early days of youth, and bodily strength were past, and the malady, now ravaging the metropolis, ever seized upon those whose frames were most debilitated, and whose minds had been most shook by sorrow.

From the instant of her seizure every remedy was applied; and various physicians were in attendance; but from the first moment, when they saw Lady Herbert, they declared it was a bad case, particularly as they said, she appeared to be so extremely weak, and from the very first, so unable to battle with the disease.

The medical men advised Lady Mowbray to leave her mother. "You can do no good," said the physicians, "by remaining, and, if the disease is infectious, you will assuredly catch it;" but she only looked at them disdainfully, and her amiable husband said, "Do not attempt to make Sarah leave her mother. I know it would be vain."

So she continued to offer every assistance, and concealed her own feelings, in order to be useful; but she offered up silent prayers of fervent earnestness for relief from on high.

The mother had taught the child where to seek for succour, and the lesson could not be forgotten in this their hour of need. It is a stumbling-block to faith, when such prayers appear to be unheard and unanswered. But though even such prayers as these should not be answered in the way the suppliant wishes they should—still they are heard—none ever prayed the prayer of faith in vain!—still they are blessed—though we cannot at the moment, or perhaps never can in this world, know how—and still we must pray on and not faint, though our dearest wishes be denied to our supplications.

"Ah!" exclaimed Lady Mowbray, in the bitterness of her heart, "on how many might this plague have fallen to whom it would have been a mercy to die! Are there not plenty of the wicked, the unloved, the wretched, to whom death would have been welcome? But to seize on one who

is so loved, so good, so beautiful; to bereave one who loves as I love. Oh! it is hard, very hard," and she sobbed and wept the bitterest tears she had ever shed.

But the sufferer herself had never said, "it is hard," not even in the paroxysms of agony, when nature's groans burst from her, no *murmur* escaped her lips, nor did she ever say; "God's will is hard!" She gently rebuked her child, when a few words expressive of a murmur burst from her; so Sarah tried to hush the rebellious misery that was awoke by grief.

And where was Lord de Montmorenci? he to whom the child's sorrows were in comparison light. He was fixed like a statue at the door of Lady Herbert's apartment, holding his breath, that he might listen the more attentively to every word, and with every groan she uttered, his heart's blood seemed to congeal.

Oh! it is a bitter agony to witness those we love, enduring great torture, without the power of alleviating their sufferings—it breaks the heart—it maddens the brain.

In the course of twelve hours, Lady Herbert fell into the stupor which succeeds to pain, in that fearful malady. Her child, and Lord de Montmorenci, were thankful to Heaven—they hoped it was a favourable change, yet, neither dared say, "She is better!"

Again the principal physician returned.

"She is ——" said Sarah, and she stopped, and looked in his countenance, to read there what he thought, but she saw an expression which checked all hope.

"Lady Herbert is better," said Lord de Montmorenci quickly, as if he could confirm his wish by words.

"Do not ask—do not ask," said Sarah, wildly. "Why will you ask?" and taking his arm she drew him violently away. "Let us hope on still," she added, with a calmness of desperation, which deprived the person she addressed of all hope.

Both returned to the bedside of Lady Herbert. The nurse endeavoured to administer some remedy, but in vain, she could not swallow.

"Nothing can be done," said the physician, "unless the symptoms change, but I fear it is my duty to prepare you for the worst."

They knelt down—they spoke not—there are no words

for the awe of such a moment. Lady Herbert opened her eyes—she endeavoured to speak: they bent over her to catch her accents—in vain: she feebly lifted their hands to her lips, and kissed them both—she dropped back on her pillow, and expired.

*Part of a Journal found in the writing-desk of Lady Herbert's early friend, Emily Sandon.*

"Some years after Lady Herbert's death, I went into an auction room, and, whilst turning back various old frames, I discovered a picture which I recognised as being her portrait. I extricated it from its hiding place, and, after having had it dusted and examined, I recognised it to have been undoubtedly painted for her, although it gave but a feeble transcript of her beauty.

"I inquired of the auctioneer, when it would be put up for sale? He replied 'that some time past, it had been bought up for a trifle, as no one would bid for it.' I asked, 'if I could purchase it, without its going again into a public sale.' 'The article is of no value, ma'am, and if you will give a sovereign, I will take upon me to have it, from the party to whom it belongs; indeed, he may be glad of getting that money for it, as it is only lumber!'

"I paid the pound, and the treasure was mine. 'And is Mabel Herbert's portrait,' I said, 'accounted lumber? Is the representative of one so fair, so worshipped, come to this? And is there no relation or friend, of all those who courted and adulated and truly loved her, to claim this copy of your image! It is passing strange, and yet how many share the same fate! Is it not part of the great lesson, that all on earth is passing away? But your child, would *she* not value your portrait? De Montmorenci, also, would he not prize it? Oh, yes, surely! and I looked forward with gratification, to think, I could restore to them the likeness of her they loved.'

"The portrait, though less beautiful than the original, was a faithful resemblance; as I looked intently at it, it recalled Lady Herbert so distinctly to my sight, that for a few moments I endued the image with life, and was cheated into the belief that the lips would open, and the tongue would speak. The recollection, however, that in this world, I should never see that beauteous form—never hear that musical voice more—gave me back to the sorrow I felt when I first heard of her death.



"I took the portrait to her daughter, Lady Mowbray. She looked at it steadfastly without speaking for some moments; then said, turning pale to ghastliness, 'Take it away, I cannot bear to look at it. No,' she added, grasping my arm with great agitation, 'I could not endure to look at it, not yet, at least'—and bursting into passionate weeping. I knew that, strange as her feelings seemed, they were feelings of intense love. What different shapes, grief and regret assume in different characters!

"'Is there no one,' I asked, 'to whom this picture ought in justice to be given? one who will bear its presence, and cherish it.'

"'Oh! yes,' she replied, 'Lord de Montmorenci, give it to him.'

"'What, will he value it more than yourself?' I asked.

"'No, not more than I do, but differently; she ought to have been his in life. I will not a second time keep her image from him. Do not wrong me—do not mistake me—I am not wanting in love to my sainted mother's memory.' Still I could not understand her parting with her mother's picture.

"Lord de Montmorenci gratefully accepted the portrait. As long as he lived, that was not long, it occupied the room which he inhabited, and his eyes were seldom off it, till they closed for ever. He had it brought into the room where he died, and placed at the foot of his bed.

"To-day, I visited De Montmorenci castle, and learnt these particulars.

"It is now the property of the late lord's uncle. I searched for the portrait in the gallery—I searched for it in his bed-room; at last, in the servant's room half hid behind a bed, I saw the portrait again, the lower part of the canvass was torn, but the beautiful serene countenance, was uninjured. 'Such,' I exclaimed is the fate of the loved, the admired, the beautiful!' I remembered Lady Herbert's own words, which I had once heard her utter, on beholding a similar circumstance, in an old manor house in —shire: 'I never would leave the portrait of any one I loved behind me, for in a few years, most portraits share this fate; those who loved the originals die, and progenitors care little for their ancestors. I never see a neglected portrait, that I am not deeply impressed with melancholy.'

"So again Lady Herbert's portrait became mine; I determined that I would at least rescue her picture from such

a fate; and if those bound to her by near ties cannot bear to look upon her image, because it gives them pain; if those who gazed on her beauty, wish to forget Mabel Herbert, because she reminds them of their youth gone by, there yet remains *one* humble friend, who, living in a different sphere and circle from that in which she moved, and who for years heard of her only by accident, still cherishes the remembrance of an early friendship, which at the time partook of the romance which dwelt in her, and which invests her memory still with the only illusory feeling, which it was given me in my sober walk of life to entertain. I think I hear her now, framing imaginary schemes of happiness, whose vivid hues were to last for ever. I think I hear her uttering those words which I never can forget; when I recommended her to be ambitious, thinking it would be an antidote to the greater danger of love, and she replied, 'Pardon me, I am ambitious, but it is of love.'

"I feared, then, that she was destined to be unhappy, and I am more than ever confirmed in my early belief, that those who aspire to a bliss, beyond the common standard of happiness invariably fall below it.

"I gaze with melancholy interest at her portrait, which is hung in my little back drawing-room, in a dull street in London. There is nothing of romance, nothing of beauty in my chamber, except her picture. The furniture is scant and plain; the books which fill the shelves are in homely bindings, neither antique nor rare enough to be courted by the bibliomanist, or sufficiently decorated for a lady's table; plain, useful, readable books. The dog which lies stretched upon my hearth rug, has outlived his youth; he is no longer an ornament, but as some might think a nuisance. The tenant of this room, myself—like my dog, am far advanced in age—have long since lost the husband of my youth—my two children are separated from me, the one married, the other pursuing his profession in a distant land; yet I sit alone in cheerful contentment, by my fireside in winter, or my window in summer, with a pot of mignonette on the balcony, and a speck of blue heaven seen between the chimney tops, which is the only difference I know between summer and winter. Yet when I look up at Lady Herbert's portrait, and compare her fate with my own, I feel I ought not to complain; and though it was my lot to marry a plain man in person and in mind—to be busied all my life with the commonplaces of existence—nursing my children,

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